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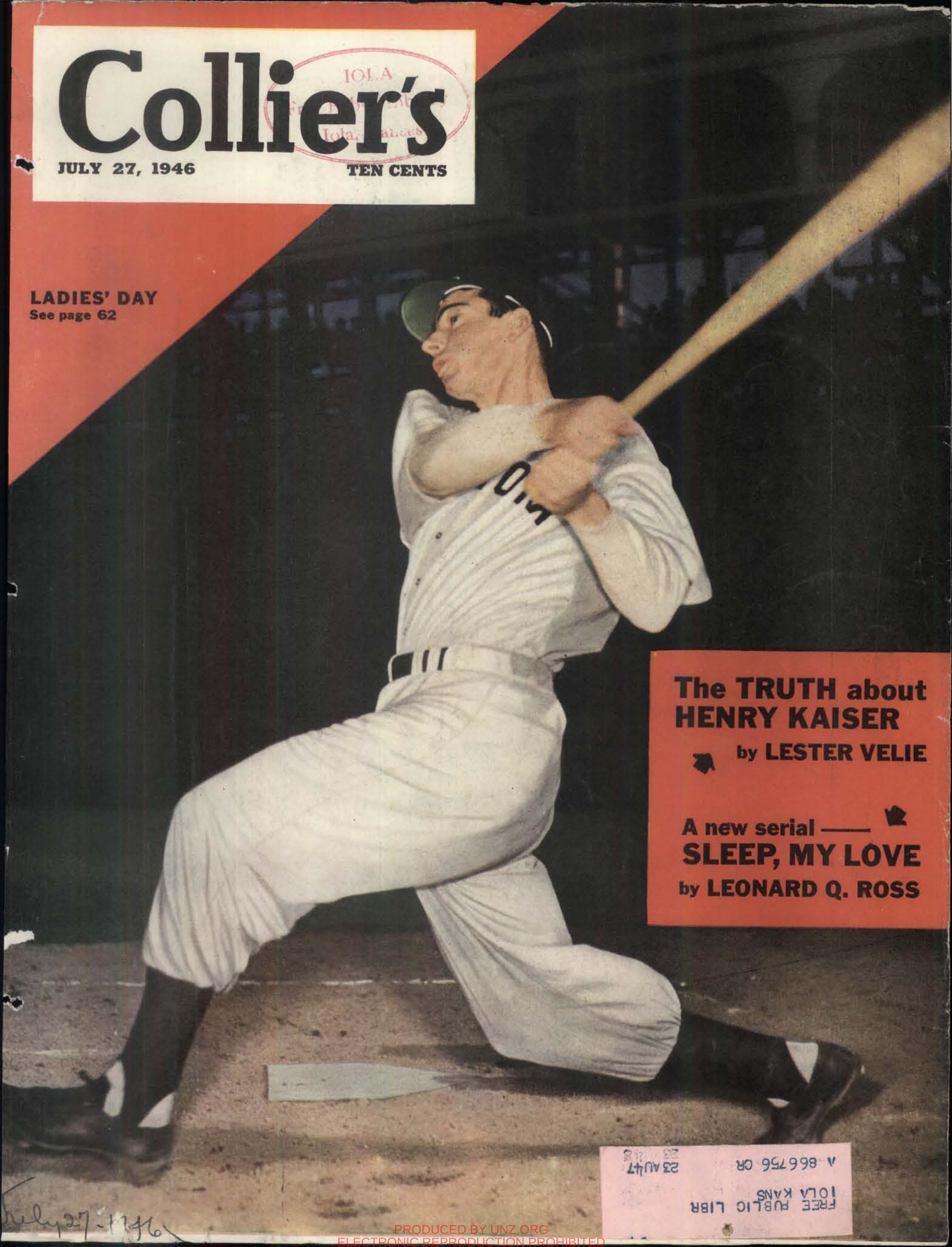

LADIES' DAY
See page 62

The TRUTH about HENRY KAISER

by LESTER VELIE

A new serial — SLEEP, MY LOVE

by LEONARD Q. ROSS

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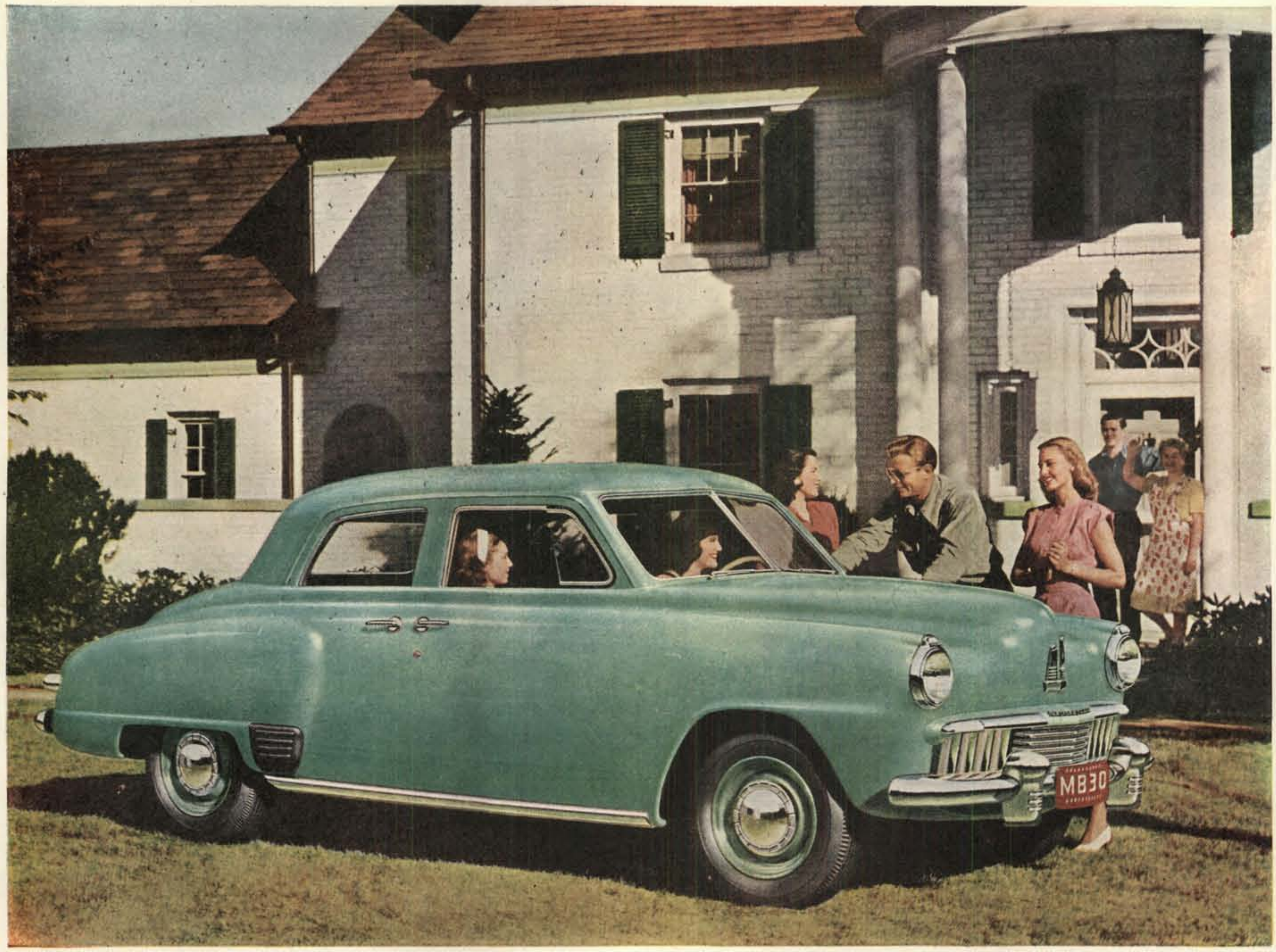

Actual Color Photograph of New 1947 Studebaker Champion Regal De Luxe 4-Door Sedan

Sweet and low... a melody in metal

...the completely new 1947 Studebaker

Here's the 1947 Studebaker Commander Regal De Luxe Coupe for five—Like all Studebakers, it's a standout in operating economy. Both Champion and Commander models are available in 4-door and 2-door sedans, 3-passenger and 5-passenger coupes. Alluring new 1947 convertibles are coming shortly.

THIS is it—the 1947 car that you've been hoping someone would build—a car even finer than you dreamed of.

That picture of it you see above is a color photograph of the real thing—the new 1947 Studebaker "in person."

Here's more than a car out ahead in point of time—it's unmistakably far ahead in distinctive postwar styling—completely new from every view—brand new bodies—advanced new chassis—a low, long, luxurious motor car that's a melody in metal.

Featured here is the big, roomy, new Studebaker Champion 6-passenger, 4-door sedan—and there's a full range of other thrilling body types in Commander as well as Champion models.

These cars are ready months in advance, because Studebaker had the earnest co-operation of the finest group of employees in the motor car industry in producing them.

Go to the nearest Studebaker dealer's showroom and see these beauties now. And remember, they excel by far in riding comfort and handling ease as well as in exclusive smartness.

STUDEBAKER

First by far with a
postwar car

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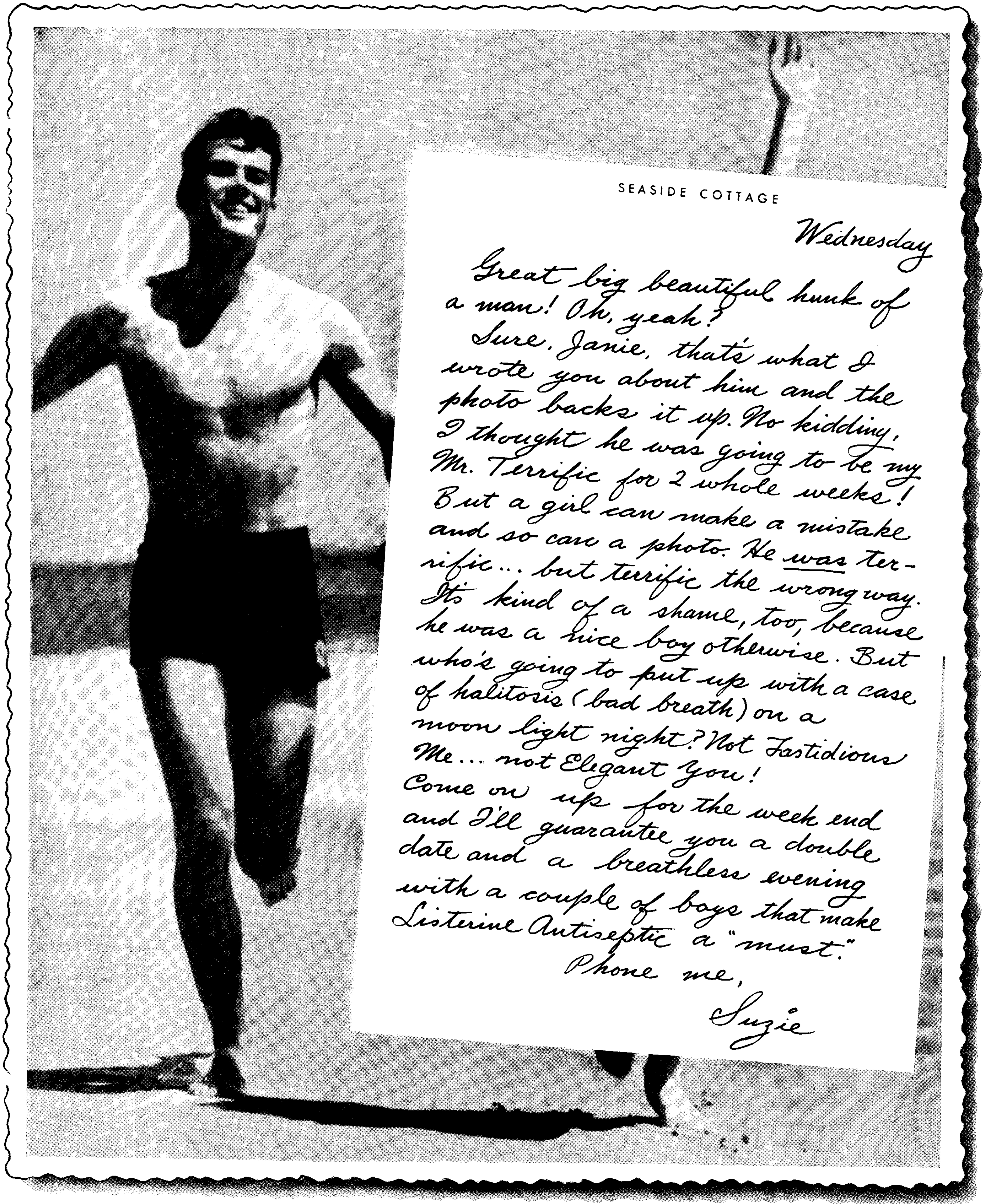

SEASIDE COTTAGE

Wednesday

Great big beautiful hunk of a man! Oh, yeah?

Sure, Janie, that's what I wrote you about him and the photo backs it up. No kidding, I thought he was going to be my Mr. Terrific for 2 whole weeks! But a girl can make a mistake and so can a photo. He was terrific... but terrific the wrong way. It's kind of a shame, too, because he was a nice boy otherwise. But who's going to put up with a case of halitosis (bad breath) on a moon light night? Not Fastidious Me... not Elegant You!

Come on up for the week end and I'll guarantee you a double date and a breathless evening with a couple of boys that make Listerine Antiseptic a "must."

Phone me,

Suzie

Vacation Hint: Before any date where you want to be at your best don't take chances with your breath. Use Listerine Antiseptic. It's the easy, delightful precaution against non-systemic halitosis that millions rely on. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"HOLIDAY IN MEXICO"

Starring **WALTER PIDGEON**
with **JOSE ITURBI**
RODDY McDOWALL • JANE POWELL
ILONA MASSEY
XAVIER CUGAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Photographed in Technicolor

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART
Original Story by WILLIAM KOZLENKO
Directed by..........GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by.........JOE PASTERNAK

We have a strange, dreamy feeling today, a definite holiday mood, a touch of travel-fever. Palm trees and flower-filled lagoons float before our eyes. Our pulse has a rhumba beat. That's because we're still under the spell of M-G-M's Technicolorful carnival of romance and rhythm, "Holiday in Mexico".

When we settled into our seat at the preview theatre, we were fully prepared for some more of that incredible musical-romance wizardry that seems to have made M-G-M synonymous with hit musicals.

But, high as our expectations were, "Holiday in Mexico" went rocketing past and burst upon the screen with more dash and dazzlement than we believed possible.

If you think you've seen lovely Technicolor, wait till you see what happens when the camera swings south of the Rio Grande. If you think you've listened to provocative music, wait until you hear the rippling keyboard magic of Jose Iturbi and the intoxicating Latin melodies of Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. And there's exciting young Jane Powell with a voice like a vocal rainbow, and some throbbingly throaty singing by lovely Ilona Massey.

For super-charged love interest, "Holiday in Mexico" stars suave, handsome Walter Pidgeon, who finds new excitement in a tropical love affair with Ilona Massey. Then, on the lighter side of romance, there's Roddy McDowall, and his "pash" on Jane Powell. It's a howl. (It takes no clairvoyance to predict overnight stardom for the remarkable Miss Powell.)

True to form, the director-producer team of George Sidney and Joe Pasternak, which delighted us with "Anchors Aweigh", has evidenced again its remarkable skill in "Holiday in Mexico". With its rhythmic music, its lighthearted gaiety, its romance under the velvety Mexican sky, it has all the enchantment of a fabulous fiesta. Put us down as saying that "Holiday in Mexico" is the happiest film holiday of the year.

Collier's
FOR JULY 27, 1946

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		HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*			MAC LENNAN FARRELL	*Fiction*

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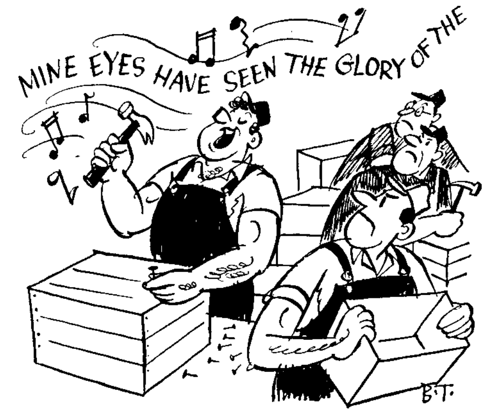
any week

THE Honorable Ole Gene Talmadge of Georgia was about to give out with a press conference. As a preamble he addressed his secretary: "If any of them lyin' reporters come in, Miss B, throw them out bodily. But I want to make it plain I ain't angry at nobody."

ALSO angry at no one is Mr. Cord Tittle of St. Louis, Missouri, who admits, however, that he's a bit puzzled. Mr. Tittle has been fired by his foreman in a box factory because he persisted in singing as he worked. He had been warned five times. Delegations of his fellow workers waited on Mr. Tittle begging him to desist, lay off, shut up and have a heart. But Mr. Tittle went right on singing such old stand-bys as Brighten the Corner Where You Are, Flow Gently Sweet Afton, The Farmer and His Wife, Happy Days Are Here Again and The Battle Hymn of the Republic. No crooning or humming about it either but strong, sturdy singing with rasps, quavers and trills. "But," protested Mr. Tittle to his foreman, "I'm happy." But the foreman said that the others weren't. It was up to him to choose between a strike and Mr. Tittle, and Mr. Tittle had to go.


MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY OF THE
B.T.

OUR ever-dependable Colonel Dudley V. Haddock of Sarasota, Florida, went prowling for us and presently looked in on police court. A colored woman was on trial for something or other but the complaint seems to have been lost in the blaze of clothing and perfume that enveloped her. The colonel says she wore an enormous "Merry Widow hat, a yellow silken gown printed with red cucumbers, several varieties of perfume and real silk stockings with green clocks." Anyway the judge didn't approve and asked her why she should appear in public so riotously arrayed. "I dresses like white folks, Judge," said she, smiling, as the colonel says, provocatively. "You're fined five dollars for contempt of court," said the unfeeling court. When she paid the clerk he asked her what she'd been fined for. "Fo' temptin' the judge, po' lamb," she replied.

AMONG the numerous things wrong with us Americans is the bewildering energy of the Tag Tyers or Label Pasters. No matter what one says about anything they *(Continued on page 54)*

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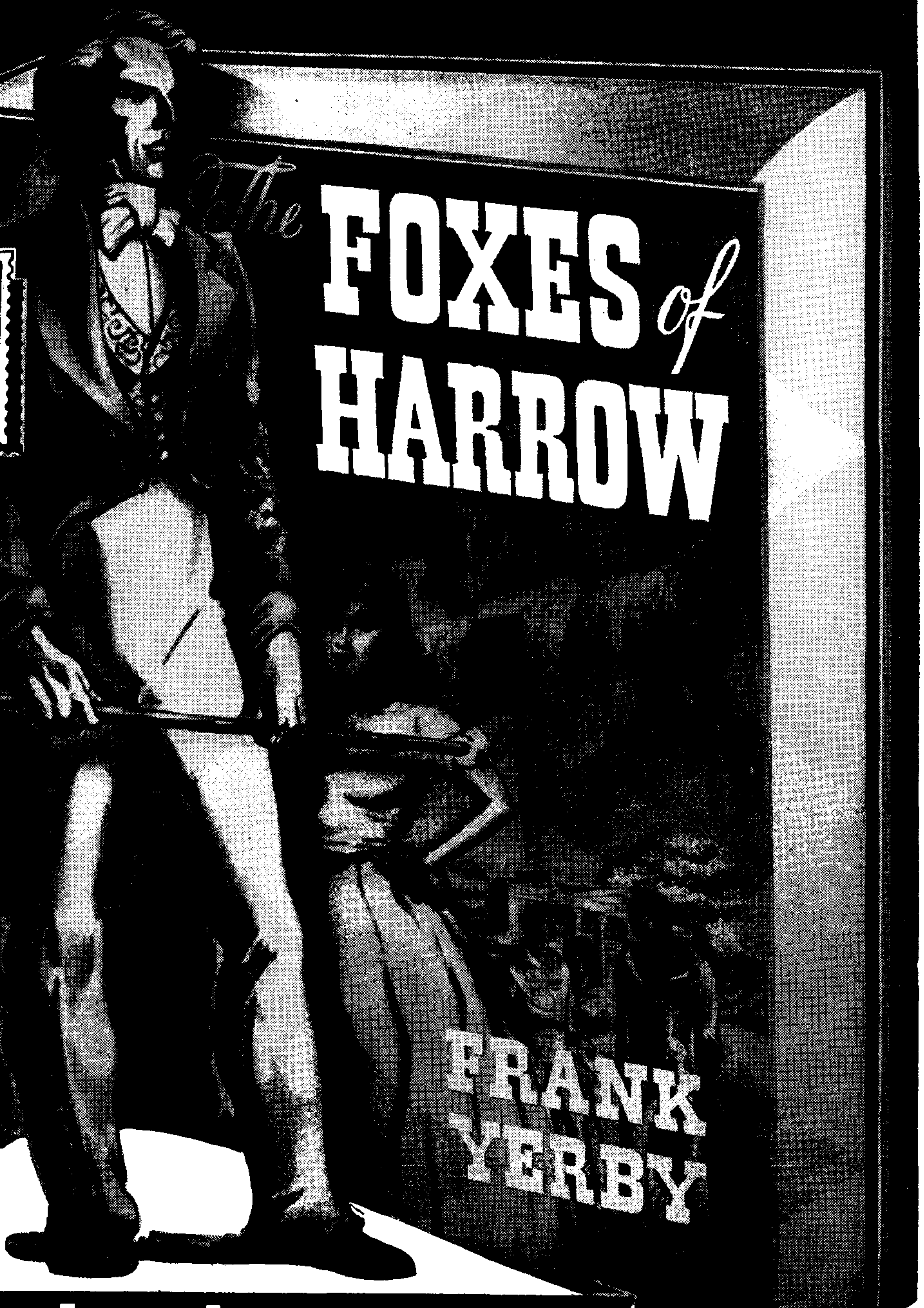

INTO the bawdy New Orleans of 1825—the "wickedest city in the world"—Stephen Fox plunged like a flaming sword. Armed with nothing but a pearl he dared not sell and the trained hands of a gambler, he drove ruthlessly forward to power until he had made himself a king, above the law and fearing not even God!

In Stephen Fox there was a steely will to conquer, and he rose to mastery of the greatest manor house in Louisiana by paying a high price—in other men's lives! He gambled and won like the card-sharp he was—until he found that to get the woman he wanted his skilled fingers must play to lose!

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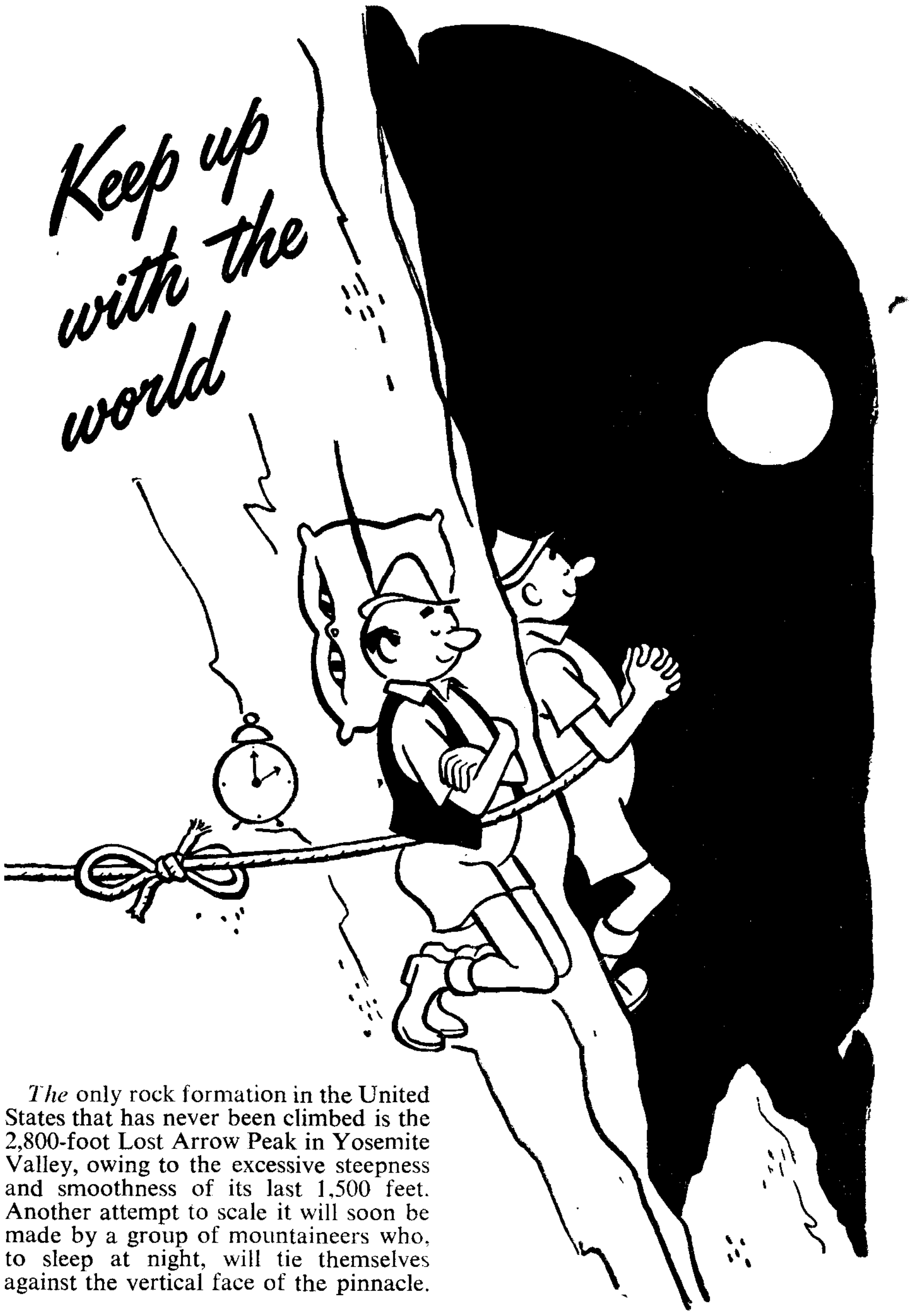

GEORGE WOLFE

by Freling Foster

The only rock formation in the United States that has never been climbed is the 2,800-foot Lost Arrow Peak in Yosemite Valley, owing to the excessive steepness and smoothness of its last 1,500 feet. Another attempt to scale it will soon be made by a group of mountaineers who, to sleep at night, will tie themselves against the vertical face of the pinnacle.

The heaviest "glove" in the field of sports is worn by the Indians of Ecuador to play their game called *pelota de guante* in which two six-man teams bat an eight-pound solid-rubber ball between them. In order to strike this heavy ball with enough force to send it down the 50-yard court, each player wears a round wooden paddle—studded with giant steel knobs—which is 18 inches in diameter and weighs 25 pounds. At the end of the four-hour game, the player's hand, to which this paddle has been tightly laced, is purple and swollen to twice its normal size.

Until 1842, the United States had no law under which cases involving international relations could be transferred from a state to a federal court. In that year, Congress passed such an act following a controversy with Great Britain over the trial of a Canadian soldier in a court of New York State.

The richest gold mine in history lies today beneath the village of Odendaals Rust in the Union of South Africa. Its ore contains 62.6 ounces of gold ($2,200) to the ton, or about 100 times more than that of the average gold mine.

The Albanians have retained their ancient language despite the many attempts that have been made in past centuries to destroy it. Most drastic of the measures taken by conquering countries was that of Turkey which imposed a prison sentence of 15 years on anyone caught giving instruction or printing literature in the Albanian language. Once the church even attempted to teach the Christians among these people that it was useless to pray in their own tongue because God did not understand it

The British Museum in London recently purchased, through a private bequest, the Portland Vase which it has had on loan from the Portland family for 135 years. Ten inches in height and made of blue glass engraved with white figures, this vase was found in a tomb near Rome in the 16th century and no one knows when or by whom it was made. Moreover, in 1845, a lunatic smashed it into some 250 pieces and, although put together by experts, it has since been imperfect. Yet the vase has increased steadily in value and the undisclosed price paid for it by the Museum has caused much conjecture in view of the fact that in 1929 its owner refused an offer of $148,000 for it.

Most theaters, opera houses and bull rings in Spanish-speaking countries maintain "mourning boxes" in which persons who are in mourning and are not supposed to attend places of amusement may, without being seen, witness the performance through small openings.

The widest street in the world is Avenida 9 de Julio, now under construction in Buenos Aires. This avenue, which will eventually reach clear across the city, is 600 feet wide, or twice the width of the Champs Elysées in Paris.

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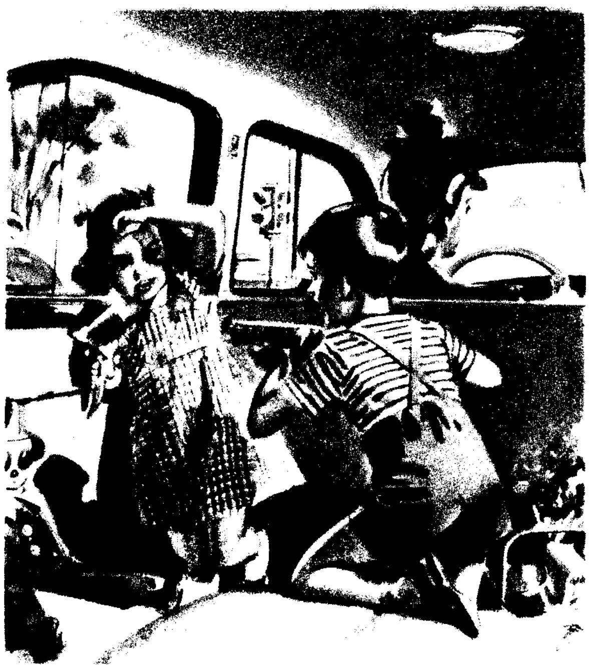
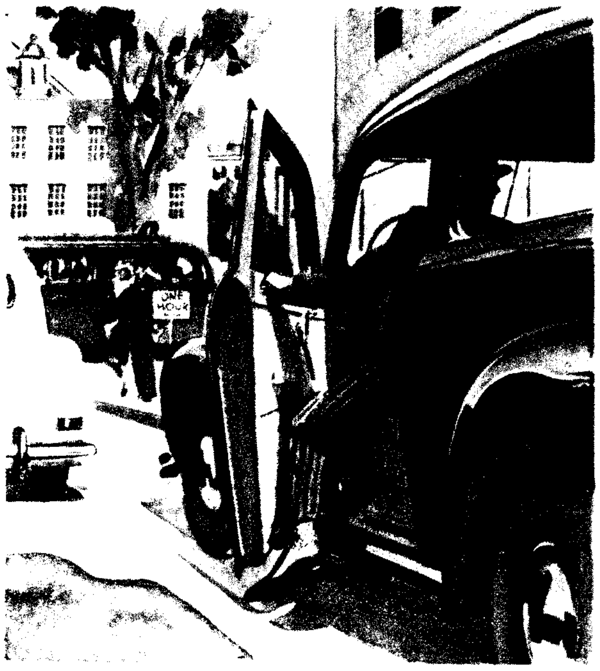


CAN YOU SPOT THE MISTAKES

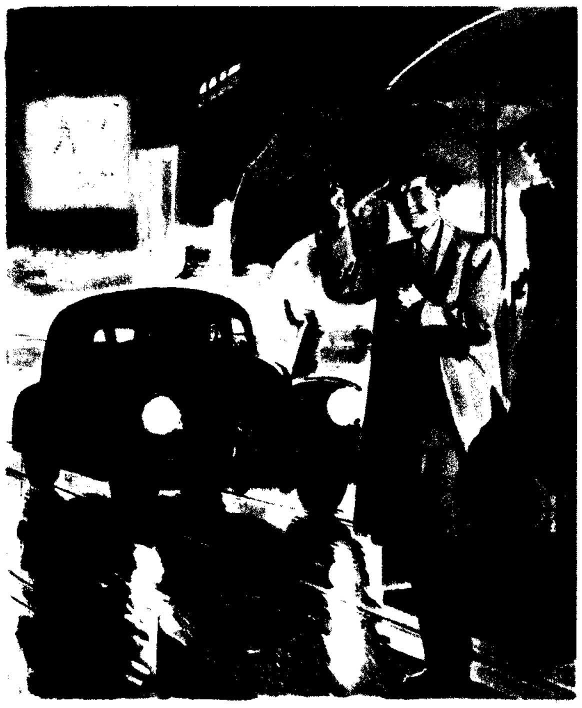
these drivers are making

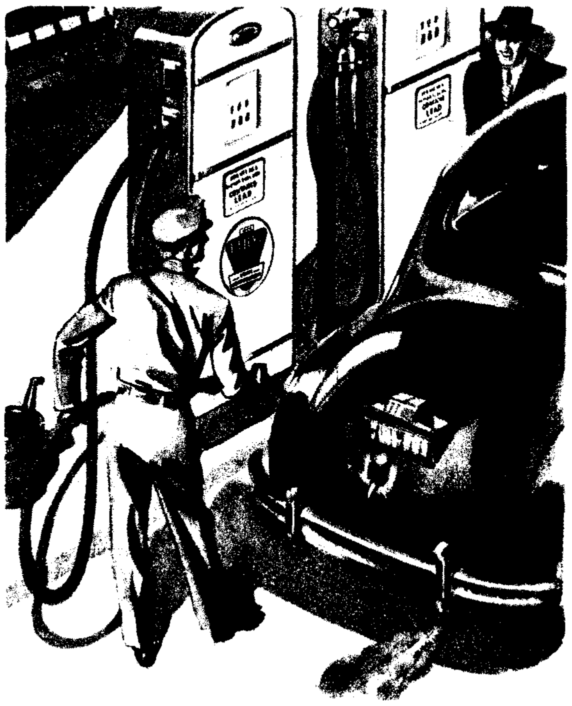
All the mistakes in driving aren't made by reckless, irresponsible "cowboys." Intelligent, normally careful people can make mistakes, too. If the drivers you see pictured below were friends of yours, what would you caution them about?

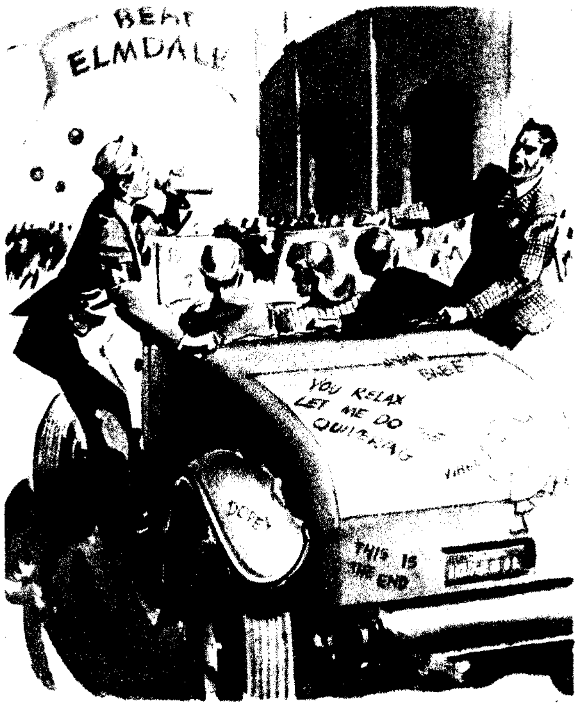


1. **Mrs. Smith** is shopping with her two little children. She's a good wife and mother . . . but you don't approve of her driving because ______

2. **Mr. Jones** never exceeds a speed limit or passes a stop sign, but he ought to be more careful about ______







3. **Miss Brown** is an excellent school-teacher, but she's likely to learn something about driving the hard way if she doesn't ______

4. **Mr. Johnson** is buying gasoline . . . but we wish the gasoline station attendant would remind him ______

5. **"Chuck"** got permission from Dad to buy a car because he promised to keep out of trouble. Somebody should tell him that ______

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES YOU SHOULD HAVE SPOTTED:

1. Leaving little children alone in the rear of a car where they can get at the door handles is extremely bad practice. Unless the car has been equipped with special safety latches, Mrs. Smith should keep the children up in front.
2. Getting out of the left-hand door (unless you're very sure another car isn't coming up in back of you) is dangerous. It would be much safer for Mr. Jones to slide across the seat and step out on the sidewalk.
3. Avoid driving on wet car-tracks. If the trolley stops suddenly, Miss Brown may slide into it.
4. To avoid danger of fire—a car-owner with Mr. Johnson's usual good judgment would shut off his engine. How do we know Mr. Johnson usually has good judgment? That's easy. Look at the gasoline he's buying—it's Ethyl. High-quality gasoline in a properly tuned engine makes for a more responsive car and therefore a safer car. That's why it's a sign of good judgment to ask for Ethyl.
5. Allowing anyone to ride on the running boards—even for a few minutes—is inviting trouble.

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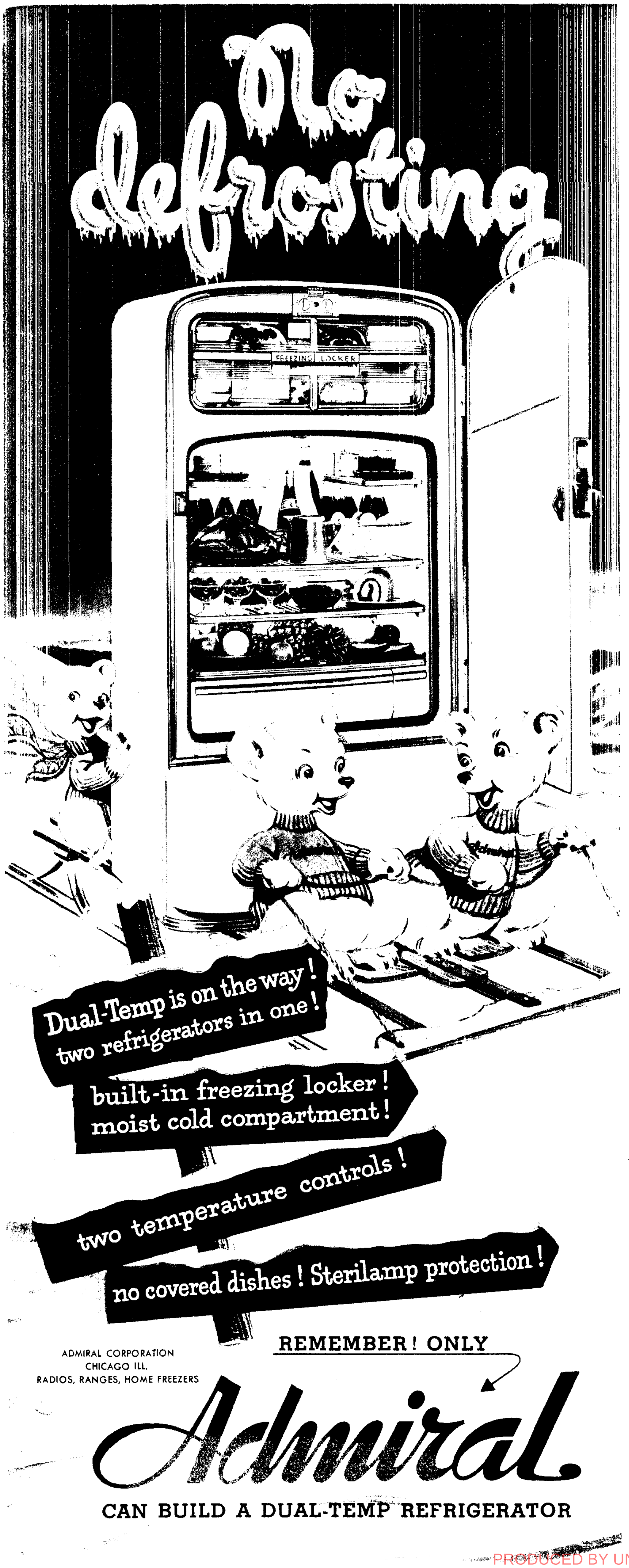
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The Week's Mail

DEAR EDITOR: It amazed me to read (in Collier's, June 1st) where I eat—and more so, what I eat. I have never ordered red snapper Creole in my life, as I don't like sauces!

I do go to the Gloucester once in a while and always order fish in season—broiled—since you seem to have an interest. EDITH WILLKIE
New York, N. Y.

Describing the Gloucester, a New York restaurant, Collier's said Mrs. Wendell Willkie's favorite dish there was red snapper with Creole sauce.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been a subscriber to Collier's for several years and a reader for many more, but I have never to my knowledge read in that magazine such a collection of misrepresentations as in Boom-Bust or Bowles, by Frank Gervasi. . . . I am surprised that you would print anything so misleading. F. S. COBB
President, Seamans & Cobb Co.
Hopkinton, Mass.

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Wm. P. Henninger puts the question, in The Week's Mail of June 15th: Can animals think? What most people mean by that question is, I think: Can animals think in our particular groove? I am quite sure that they can, after close association with human beings. Certainly they think!
ETHELYN RINN
Paw Paw, Mich.

The consensus of psychologists who have studied animals closely is that their thought processes are very elementary and that instinct, not reasoning, prompts their actions.

DEAR EDITOR: Most assuredly animals think. When a spider is on my window and I, inside, poke my finger at it, it does not move because it knows the glass will prevent my touching it. But if I go outside and poke my finger at it, it thinks it might get hurt, and moves.

When a dog pulls a child out of the water to keep it from drowning, it must reason that the child is in peril. But why go on? It's absurd to say that animals can't use their brains much as we do.
MRS. FANNIE M. LEPLA
Palatka, Fla.

DEAR EDITOR: Can animals think? I am sure dogs at least can, despite what the eminent authorities have to say to the contrary. I have a dachshund and every day she does things which prove, to my satisfaction at least, that she can think out a problem and solve it perfectly.
E. P. WELLMAN
New York, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: Permit me to call your attention to an error in a drawing by Gregory d'Alessio in your June 8th issue. If you will examine that drawing, you will find inscribed on the back of a canvas in the foreground the date 1848. Everybody knows by this time that Goya died in 1828—especially those who've read Mr. Foster's lead paragraph in the column.

I've been waiting for this break for twenty years, watching the pages of Collier's like a hawk for inaccuracies, and this is the first I've ever found.
GREGORY D'ALESSIO
New York, N. Y.

Our congratulations to artist Gregory d'Alessio for his alertness as well as his candor.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read your editorial, Tips to the 52-20s, and I don't like it. Do you think that any veteran can support a family on twenty dollars a week? If so, you are wrong.

Twenty dollars a week for the men who risked their lives for the Four Freedoms! Bosh! How much is twenty dollars today? It won't buy much.

Ex-servicemen should go out and get jobs? What if there aren't any? Maybe the "boys" have been let down. What about it, Collier's? (No signature)
Boston, Mass.

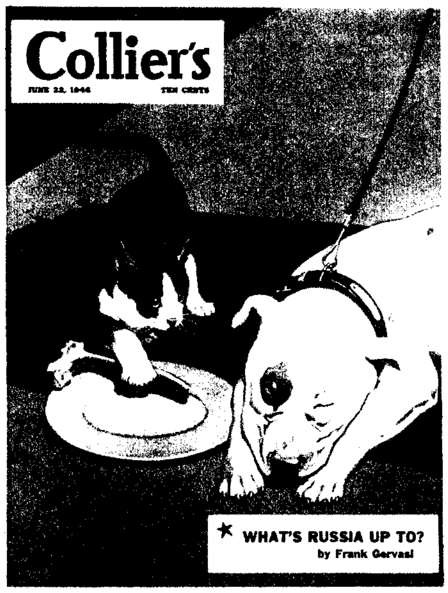
An editorial in Collier's of June 22d advised veterans to go to work instead of doing nothing and drawing twenty dollars a week which the government will pay them for 52 weeks if they're jobless.

DEAR EDITOR: Thank you for giving us Ernest Haycox's lovely story, The Fugitives. The unusual quality of the writing in this era of no style and slovenly English has great charm for me. Of course, the real story lies under the surface, and that it is clean and sweet is something to marvel at in this day and age. MARIEL BRADY
Stamford, Conn.

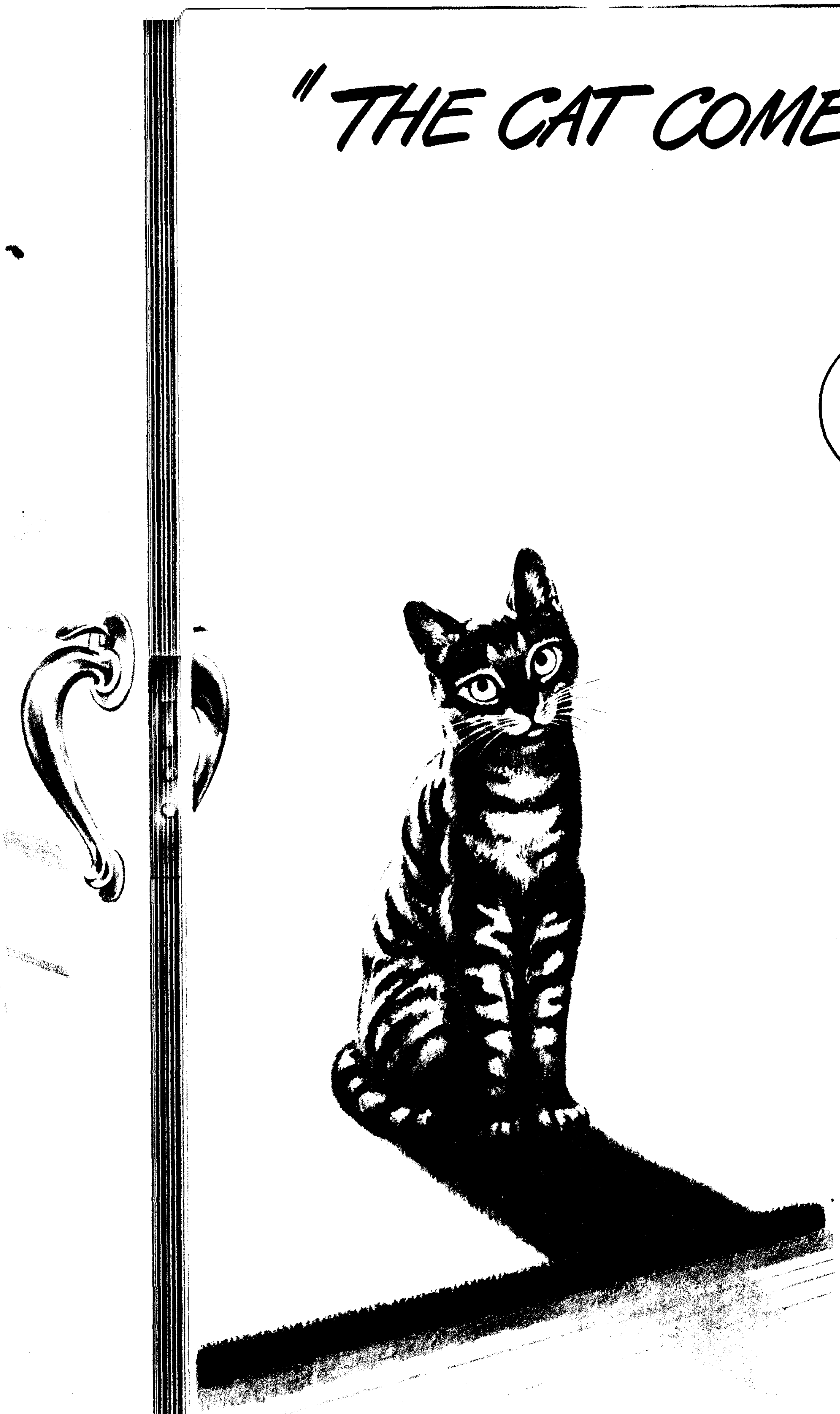
DEAR EDITOR: Just have to mention your cover on the issue of June 22d. Dog sleeping (America) and cat stealing his food. In lower right-hand corner: What's Russia Up To? Well done!
HARRY F. STANGE
Greenfield, Mass.

Below is the cover Mr. Stange likes.

(Continued on page 80)



"THE CAT COMES BACK"



C IS FOR CAT—remember? But that was when you learned your ABC's. In the new language of Science, "Cat" is for catalyst—the material whose action is responsible for the production of so much high octane gasoline from a barrel of crude oil.

Shell scientists have devoted years to the development of better catalysts. Their latest achievement is to improve the "cat's" behavior—instead of straying, *their* cat comes back . . . producing more gasoline in the bargain!

The effectiveness of the catalyst in the gasoline refining process—whether it is a natural catalyst or an improved synthetic material such as Shell will use—is in direct proportion to its surface area. In powder form, it has more than *three million square feet of surface to the pound.*

But in powder form—the "cat" wouldn't behave. As much as 25% was blown out of the stacks and lost.

At Shell's research laboratories, scientists discovered they could get more surface, and better control of the catalyst, by forming the powder into tiny spheres.

In this form comparatively little of the catalyst is lost. It does its work and comes back to be used again . . . and the gasoline produced is as high in octane as the best ever produced by any cracking method.

Shell is now completing a huge new catalytic cracking unit which will use the micro-spheroidal catalyst.

In the end, the benefit comes home to *you*—who want only the finest when you stop at your service station and say, "Fill 'er up!"

Out of leadership in Research
. . . a remarkable new Shell Gasoline

Just as the method of producing the micro-spheroidal catalyst is a Shell original, Shell Research now brings you a new, finer gasoline. Your motor will prove to you, with your first tankful, that the new Shell Gasoline is *4 ways better* . . . more power without knock, quicker starting, faster pickup, more mileage! Try a tankful today.

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Custom Built by Philco

IN AUTHENTIC SHERATON TRADITION

A musical instrument of quality and distinction for music lovers of discriminating taste. In a series of authentic traditional cabinets, "custom built by Philco," new electronic developments bring you a thrilling realism of tone . . . the utmost in radio and phonograph enjoyment.

PHILCO

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 27, 1946

THE TRUTH ABOUT HENRY KAISER

BY LESTER VELIE

With wartime adulation giving way to heated controversy over his invasion of a dozen fields new to him, Henry Kaiser pounds tables and demands to know: "Why don't they tell the truth about Kaiser?" Collier's assigned Lester Velie to dig into the Kaiser story. Here is the first of three articles that give you an intimate picture of the man, his motives and his methods

EARLY this year Henry J. Kaiser decided it was time to expand. Looking over his industrial empire, he found only a half-dozen sand and gravel companies, three shipbuilding and repair yards, a mile-square cement works, an iron and steel plant, an insurance company, a steamship line, six assorted mines (gypsum, dolomite, coal, iron ore), an airplane factory, a brick kiln, an engineering service, three road-building and contracting companies.

Within several months he had filled in the gaps. He borrowed $20,000,000 from private bankers and went into a $73,000,000 aluminum business. He decided to become a peacetime steelmaker and ran his government steel loans up to $114,000,000 to cling to his war-built Fontana steel plant. He sold $53,000,000 of stock to the public to go into automobile making. He put up $2,500,000 to go into mass low-cost housing, took orders and built a magnesium metal bus, finished experimental work on a family-type airplane, launched production on a washing machine, a deep-freeze cabinet, an aluminum garage door, an industrial brick, a prefabricated theater. When he appeared recently before a Congressional committee he was able to tote up triumphantly his rounded-out fields of interest. There were 25—including agriculture.

During the war, Henry Kaiser, new to shipbuilding, built more ships than anybody, 31 per cent of them, and built them so fast that Admiral Vickery declared he set the ship-construction program ahead by six months. In addition, he produced 50 aircraft carriers, and when the Americans stormed Leyte, the beginning of the return to the Philippines, the admiral told Kaiser: "We owe this day to you and to your aircraft carriers."

Kaiser produced 100 per cent of the bulk cement poured into Far Eastern bases. When his shipyards ran out of steel, he built a steel plant and incidentally started an industrial revolution in California. When the country ran out of light metals, Kaiser built a magnesium plant. It came up with an unexpected 86,000,000 pounds of incendiary "goop," that helped burn the heart out of Japan.

Kaiser became the personification of American wartime industrial derring-do. From France, a wounded World War I veteran sent him his Croix de guerre. In America, a song was written, Call Henry Kaiser! His fan mail hit a thousand letters daily. At Canajoharie, New York, somebody nailed a bronze plaque on the frame house where Kaiser was born.

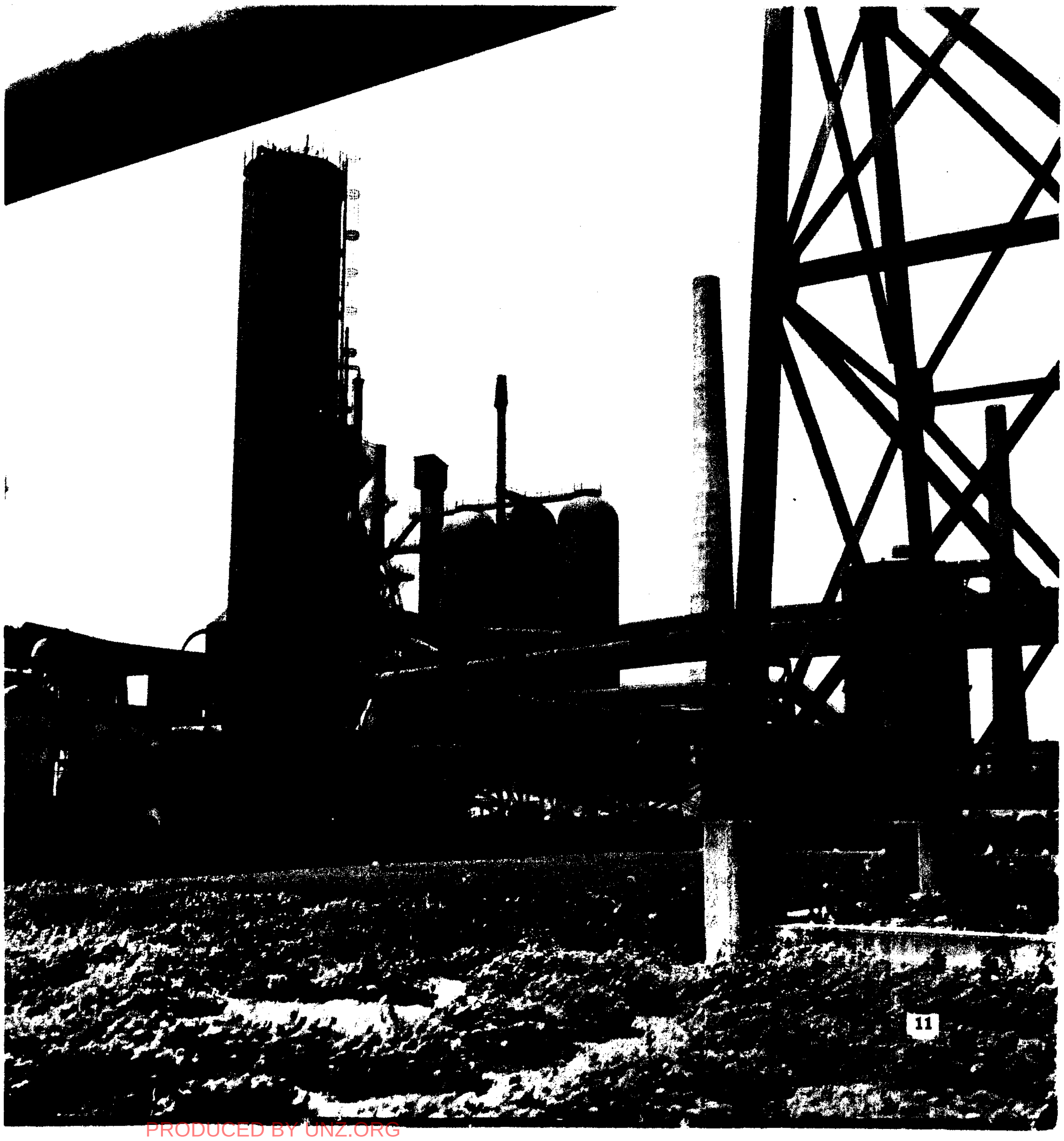
Now Henry Kaiser was beating swords into plowshares, hammering out his own brave new postwar world in which a man could rear, overnight, the sort of industrial empire it had taken giants like Andrew Carnegie and Henry Ford lifetimes to build.

In San Francisco, a former associate of Mr. Kaiser, noting the ever-widening sphere of Kaiser postwar operations, expressed a view held widely by solid businessmen. "This bubble's going to burst," he said putting fingers to ears. "Henry doesn't know what he's letting himself in for."

Not knowing has been one of Kaiser's greatest

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

Because Henry Kaiser likes flowers, gay landscaping surrounds his $100,000,000 steel mill at Fontana, California, which is blended into the lush countryside. Last year, this mill produced 500,000 tons of steel, and the groves that conceal it helped swell profits with walnuts, grapes and oranges. Above, Henry Kaiser and more flowers



assets. He left school at the sixth grade, and the resulting ignorance has stood him in good stead—so far.

Innocent of Shakespeare's admonition to be neither a borrower nor a lender, young Kaiser, a penurious photographer, was told that in order to win his bride he'd have to provide a home for her. He borrowed the money from his landlady.

Innocent of any experience in making cement, he asked Jesse Jones, in 1939, for a $3,500,000 RFC loan with which to build a cement mill. "But you've never been in the cement business," Mr. Jones remonstrated. "You don't know what you're doing." Kaiser convinced the RFC boss he was a good risk, then used the RFC loan offer to get better terms from private bankers. He built the world's biggest cement plant in six months flat, and forced competitors to modernize their methods.

"You can't go into steel, you don't know anything about it. You haven't got the ore, and you haven't got the coal," WPB officials told Kaiser in 1941. "And how about turboblowers?" they asked as a clincher.

Kaiser turned to a subordinate, "What's a turboblower?" he asked. When he found out, he convinced Washington he could make this and other equipment, and built the first blast furnace in the West.

"Now, this is one industry you can't bull your way through, Mr. Kaiser," an irate aluminum-industry expert warned Kaiser. "You've got to have the savvy, or you're going to lose your shirt." But Kaiser had seen something he wanted. So he borrowed the money—$20,000,000—and leased the plants.

About the valor of Kaiser's ignorance, Maritime Commissioner John M. Carmody said, "One of the greatest contributions of Kaiser to the shipbuilding program was his ignorance of the industry." He didn't have the expert's knowledge of what he couldn't do.

When the Magic Failed to Work

Magnesium? Helicopters? Aircraft carriers? Lightweight jeeps? Air freighters? Kaiser tackled them all, some with conspicuously less success than others. He spent $250,000 investigating helicopters, gave it up as being 10 years too early. With Howard Hughes, he spent $18,000,000 seeking a flying freighter and pulled out, impatient with Hughes' painstaking methods. He sank a quarter million in a lightweight jeep, timed too late for use in the war.

About Kaiser's waiving of the rules by which reasonable men live, few can speak calmly.

To sound men who hold the old-fashioned view that a man must have experience in a business in order to succeed in it, Mr. Kaiser's chain reaction business activities make him out to be (1) a success-drunk war baby who will soon be taught his place by the facts of peacetime competitive life or (2) a promoter of a modern Mississippi Bubble, riding the inevitable inflationary road to ruin with other people's money.

To the man in the street, Mr. Kaiser is a doer in the tradition of a Henry Ford, with the dash of a movie star and the popular following of a politician battling the "interests."

To friendly officials in Washington, Mr. Kaiser is a great natural resource during peace as he was during war—the sort of venture capitalist our economy needs to make it grow. To critics, he is the pampered darling of the New Deal, the greatest individual beneficiary of government largesse in history.

To Henry Kaiser—Henry Kaiser is the people's industrialist. Profoundly impressed with the amazing popular interest and adulation heaped on him during the war, he sees himself as a significant figure of the times and talks like one. He has a mission: mass housing, cheaper transportation through a "people's car" and more highways, mass health services through a "people's prepaid health plan." He sees himself a gadfly whose competition will prevent the hardening of the country's economic arteries. He walks, talks and acts in an atmosphere of crisis. He is, as he sees it, one of the last good hopes of capitalism.

If these be dreams, Kaiser's empire is real enough.

It sprawls across the continent and embraces two of the mile-square plants America built to win the war. It has equipment "on hand and on order" to spawn products ranging from steel, aluminum and cement to fertilizer, chemicals and fuel oils; from washing machines and ships to automobiles and airplanes. And what Mr. Kaiser will be producing next month no man can safely say.

At Permanente, in the green hills overlooking the Santa Clara Valley, lies the $10,000,000 Kaiser cement works, the world's biggest cement plant. Here are moved mountains, or at least hilltops. Three gravity-conveyor belts, a mile and a half in total length, move the hilltops of limestone and clay a quarter mile down to the crushers and great kilns that bake 5,000,000 barrels of cement a year. Electric current generated by the conveyor belts powers the shovels that bite 11-ton gulps of limestone from the hills. At Permanente, too, is the $18,000,000 magnesium plant and the machine shops that made casings for the atomic bomb.

At Fontana, 60 miles inland from Los Angeles in the lush San Bernardino Valley, lies the $100,000,000 Fontana steel plant. With a thick veiling of orange groves, walnut trees, vineyards and eucalyptus trees about the factories, Kaiser blended the industrial mass unobtrusively into the countryside.

WPB officials, watching Fontana's construction during the war, raised anguished cries that Henry Kaiser was squandering RFC money on rose bushes.

From its blast furnace and open hearth ovens Fontana last year produced 500,000 tons of steel, and from its 48-bed, prepaid health plan employees' hospital, 235 babies. From its 700-odd planted acres came 6½ tons of walnuts, 140 tons of grapes and 287 tons of hay—all sold at a profit. Which led one RFC official to remark, "Henry is making more money from Fontana's grapes and walnuts than he is from steel."

Near Spokane are two aluminum plants rented by Kaiser which cost the government $73,000,000 to build. The Trentwood rolling mill is so vast that a production superintendent making his way about its 2¼ million square feet in a jeep during the war rolled up 16,000 miles. With these leased plants, Kaiser springs full-blown as a major factor in the aluminum industry, with enough orders on hand to do a $75,000,000 aluminum business a year. With the Willow Run plant at Dearborn, these are the biggest showplaces of the Kaiser empire, for the shipyards are now largely idle except for repair work.

One Man's Vast Responsibility

Put them all together, and the pieces of Mr. Kaiser's industrial world spell a business that will sell, when production is rolling, some $777,000,000 of products and services per year.

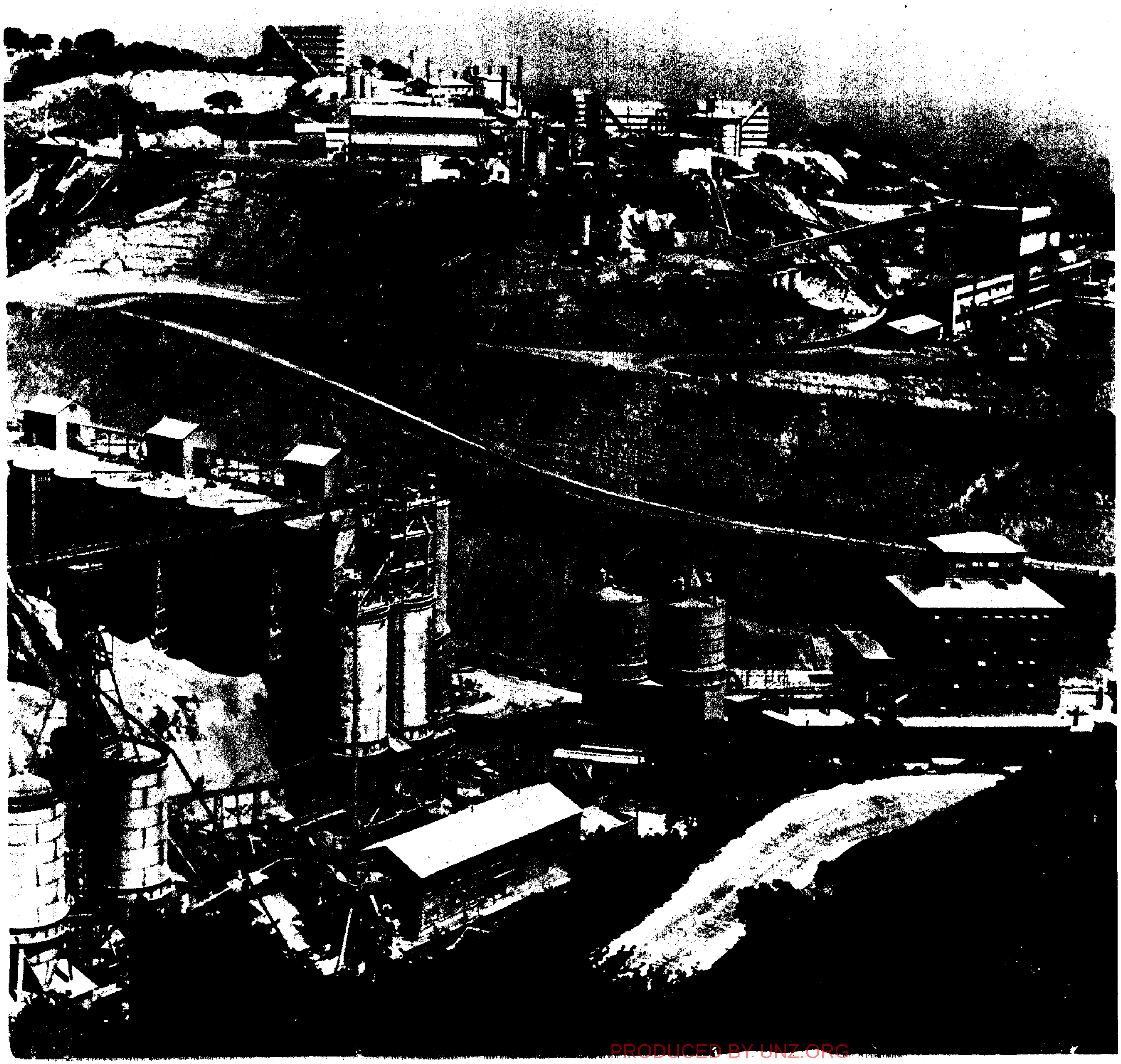
Millions of dollars invested in one man's talents can keep an investor awake nights. Late one night, Jesse Jones called Henry Kaiser to demand belligerently, "What's going to happen to me if something happens to you?" Kaiser was then 61. He is now 64.

Henry Kaiser is a massive figure, seldom seen except in a recumbent position. He hates walking, and on those rare occasions when he is not sitting down in a Pullman, automobile or office, he carries his 250-odd pounds well back on his heels in a walk that can be described equally well as that of a bear or a duck. Although a Fifth Avenue tailor makes his suits, his ties are strictly from Broadway. His face is earthy and jowly, the kind you'd expect on a Middle Western farmer rather than an industrialist. During a long conference he'll take his shoes off, rock gently in his overstuffed leather swivel chair.

After grueling hours of talk, discussion comes to an end when Kaiser pops from his chair and bounces about the room, levitating, like some big India-rubber ball, on incredibly light feet for such bulk. When Kaiser is pleased, his thin line of a mouth turns up happily at the corners and his face takes on the look of a bald and spectacled Puck. He actually purrs, and his voice, which has a raspish quality, washes over the object of his pleasure like a cat's tongue licking

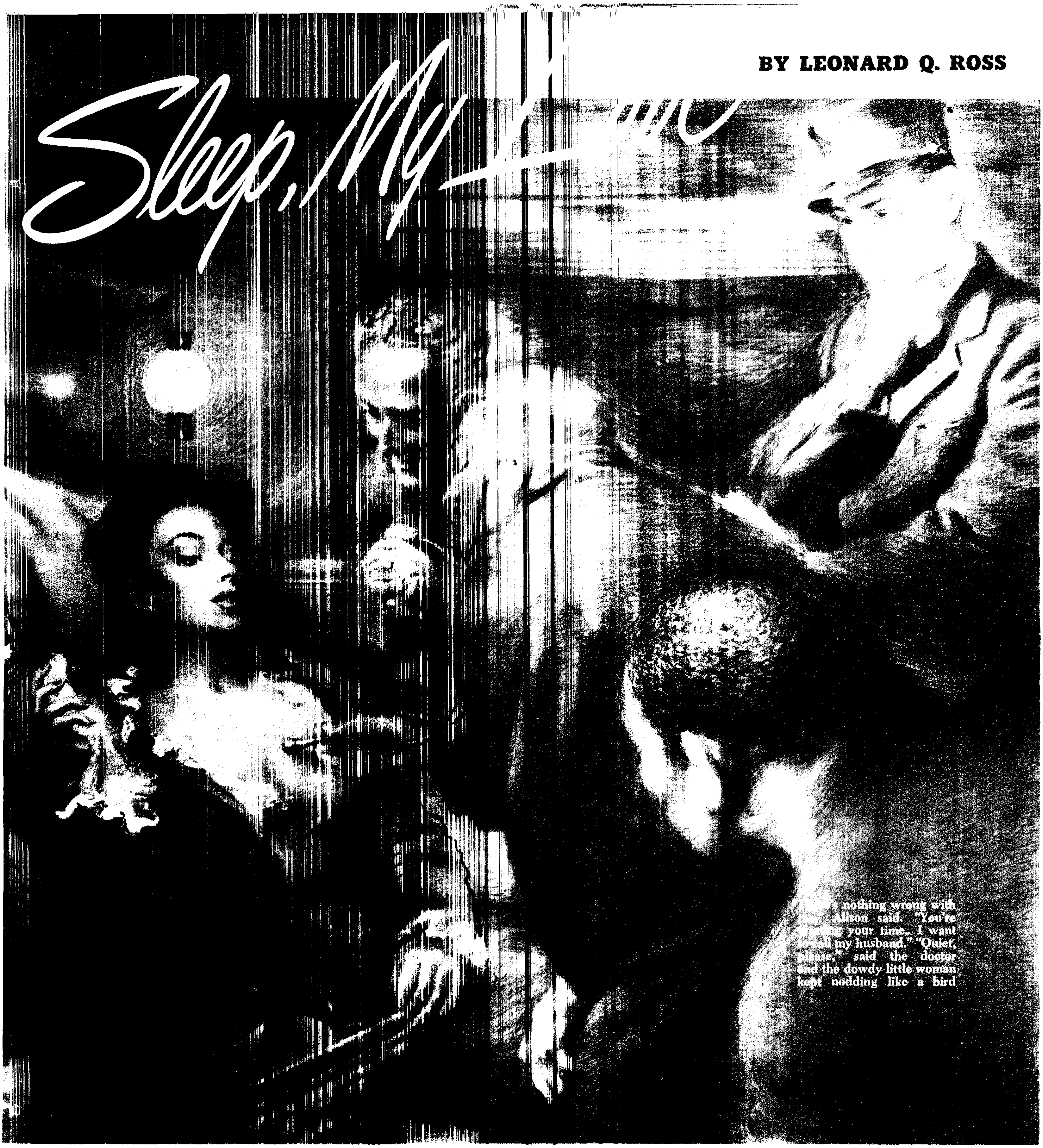
(Continued on page 65)

First large-scale Kaiser enterprise was the $10,000,000 Permanente cement works, built in six months in 1939 to supply cement for Shasta Dam. During the war Permanente produced all the cement used in the construction of Pacific bases



Sleep, My Love

BY LEONARD Q. ROSS



"There's nothing wrong with me," Alison said. "You're wasting your time. I want to call my husband." "Quiet, please," said the doctor and the dowdy little woman kept nodding like a bird

Beginning the story of a woman whose faith in the man she loved exposed her to outrageous humiliation and desperate panic—and beguiled her to the verge of complete mental destruction

THE constant, swaying motion went left to right to left—and a muffled clatter, clackety-clackety-clackety, beat remotely in her ears. Then a ting-ting-ting-ting-*ting* started like a faint bell, grew louder, insistent, merry, then softer, softer, spun out on a thinning cord until it vanished. Suddenly the darkness was slashed by a knife-line of light.

It was the blade of light that awakened her. Slowly she opened her eyes, saw a pale dot, a speck of phosphorous in space, rocking in a tiny, parabolic curve. Her eyes went wide with terror, and she sat up with a strangled sound, feeling around with her hands. She was fully dressed. She reached out to the phosphorescent dot, felt a cold, metallic something and pushed down. A light splashed on—wonderful white light, obliterating the darkness.

It was a bedroom. She was in a bedroom—on a train.

Alison clutched at her face, trying to grasp some baffling conception. She was on a train and the train was moving. Panic swarmed over her. She screamed but no sound came out; her throat was parched. She pressed the porter's button again and again, the other hand running through her hair and across her face, trying wildly to find some answer through her fingers.

There was a knock on the door. She wrenched the door open. A round chocolate face bobbed before her, grinning. "Yes, ma'am?"

"I—I—" The words would not come out; they were too fantastic, absurd, impossible. She could feel the sweat breaking out on her. "Where am I? Where *am* I? How did I get here? Where is this train going? Stop it! I've got to get off! Stop the train!"

The porter was frightened. "Why, miss, we can't do that. Don't you fret. We'll be in Boston in an hour."

Suddenly her legs drained empty, and she sank to the bed, her hands holding her hot cheeks. "Where am I? What train? *How did I get here?* Where am I?"

"Why you're in Bedroom C, miss! Car 298, Bedroom C. There's nothin' to botherate yourself about."

She shook her head slowly. "No. I didn't get on a train. I'm not going to Boston." She began to babble things, idiotically—simple, trite, absurdly obvious things.

"I'll call the conductor, miss!" the porter said quickly. "Jest you set right there." And he hurried outside and down the corridor.

SHE stared around the bedroom. There was no baggage. The darkened countryside rushed by, on the horizon a dim sky line of trees as the finger of morning touched the sky.

"Anything I can do, miss?" She wheeled around. The conductor and the porter stood in the doorway, the conductor touching the visor of his cap politely.

She took a quick step toward him. She wanted to grab him by the lapels and shake him. "Stop the train! There's been a mistake!"

The conductor said, "Now, miss. Let's not have any trouble. You got on the train yourself. Grand Central Station."

"I helped you get on," the porter said. "Don't you remember, ma'am?"

"I?" Alison stared at them. "Grand Central?"

"Yes, ma'am. Don't you remember?"

The conductor said, "Get that doctor, Frank. He's in H." The porter dashed off. The conductor pushed his cap back and said awkwardly, "Now just relax, miss. We'll take good care of you. The doctor will be here in a minute."

The porter came back leading a big man who wore a foolish-looking bathrobe over his pajamas. He was wearing glasses, his hair was mussed, and he was carrying a little black bag. He looked sleepy and cross, and he yawned, "How do you feel? What's wrong?"

She clenched her fists and sprang to her feet. "I'm not sick. For God's sake, I'm not sick. *How did I get here?* Listen to me! How did I get here?" She knew that she was screaming. The doctor and the conductor were holding her shoulders, pressing her down gently, with soothing, aimless words. "I don't need a doctor. You've got to tell me. My husband—stop the train. Wire my husband. New York."

The conductor said, "Now, miss, *please!* We don't want any trouble. We can't stop the train. That wouldn't do any good at all."

"There was that old lady who helped her on," said the porter suddenly. "She's in 293."

"Get her, Frank."

The doctor said quietly, "Here, here, now. We're not going to hurt you. I'm a doctor. I want to help you . . . Don't you remember getting on this train?"

"No," Alison said very slowly, "I don't remember."

The doctor hesitated, pursed his lips, and took her pulse. "Lean back, please." His fingers pushed one of her eyelids back. His gray eyes stared at her through his glasses. Then he got a stethoscope and put the ends in his ears and listened to her heart. He snorted. "Hell of a note, listening to a heart on a train. Can't tell the beat from the wheels."

"There's nothing wrong with me," Alison was saying. "You're wasting your time. I want to call my husband."

"Quiet, please," said the doctor. After a moment, he took the ends of the stethoscope out of his ears.

The porter showed a woman into the room—a gray-haired, dowdy, pleasant little woman in a chintzy bathrobe, her hair in curlers, who kept nodding brightly, amiably, like a bird. "Oh, you poor dear! I *knew* you weren't feeling right." The woman came to Alison and put an arm around her shoulders. "Now don't be upset. I've got a daughter of my own."

It was insane. It was maddening. "Did you see me get on the train?" asked Alison.

The woman blinked her watery eyes. "Why, yes, my dear. Indeedy indeed. You were leaning against a pillar, in the station. You looked like you could faint. You were holding a ticket in your hand. There was only about a minute to spare before the train would go away and I was in a hurry, too, and I thought: Oh, *dear,* she's going to faint. She's going to faint right here. And only a minute to spare. So I said, 'Can I help you? Are you sick? Can I help you?' And you stared at me—spookylike—and held up the ticket. Well, there was no time to waste. You were holding the ticket up, sort of *asking* me to do something. I took you under the arm and helped you to this car. Did I do wrong? Doctor, did I do wrong?"

"That's right, miss," said the porter anxiously. "That's just the way it happened. I saw it."

Alison's eyes moved around the circle of faces. "I had a ticket? I was walking to the train?" She put her hand against her forehead and closed her eyes.

The doctor put the stethoscope into his bag and studied her with utter detachment. "Do you know who you are?"

"Of course I know who I am! Don't be absurd."

"What's your name?"

"Cordeley. Alison Cordeley. Mrs. Cordeley."

"Where do you live?"

"New York. Sutton Place."

"Been feeling all right?"

"Yes. Of course."

The doctor nodded. "You're not—going to have a baby, by any chance?" he asked.

"No."

"What *do* you remember, Mrs. Cordeley? What's the last thing you remember?"

Alison looked at him. "I went to sleep last night. I went to sleep in my own bed, in my house. I was very tired. I felt sleepy. That's the last thing I remember."

"Has this sort of thing happened before?"

Alison hesitated. "N-no. Not—this sort of thing."

"Have many nightmares?"

Alison was silent for a moment, then said, "Occasionally. No more than anyone else."

The doctor gave her two pills. "It'll settle your nerves. You can have another in half an hour. When we get to Boston."

The woman was patting her shoulder in a motherly way.

The conductor said, "I can wire ahead and have a stretcher meet her at the station."

"I don't think it will be necessary," said the doctor.

The woman said, "Now why don't all you noisy men leave us? You're just upsetting her. She's tired, poor thing. Wouldn't you like some coffee, dear?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"Porter," the woman said briskly. "Coffee. Lots of it. Make it fresh, mind you. And hurry!"

"Yes, *ma'am!*"

The men left, closing the door.

The woman was saying, "*My* name is Mrs. Tomlinson. Just you stop worrying, dear. You know, I used to have fainting spells myself—when I was carrying—oh, dear—you said you're *not* having a baby? You're sure, are you?"

"Quite sure," said Alison. She went to the mirror, almost to confirm her identity, perhaps to find a clue in some new thing in her features, expecting the confusion in her mind to be reflected, in some unpredictable way, in the glass. There was no surprise in what she saw. Her dark hair was parted in the familiar fashion and swept back across her temples in a graceful wave. Her mouth was rather large, well formed, expressive. Her eyes were large and very clear, oval-shaped, with long lashes. She was long-legged, slender, smartly clad.

"Dear, dear, it must be terribly mixed up for you," the woman was saying. "But don't you get all worked up now. I won't leave you."

"You're very kind." Alison frowned. "It sounds crazy, I know. I dreamed about getting on a train. I heard my voice telling me—but there's no reason in the world for me to be here! It's fantastic—going to Boston. I fell asleep in my own bed. Don't you see? I didn't buy a ticket for a train. I'm sure of that!"

The porter entered with a tray. "I put a couple of pieces of toast on, ladies. If you want more, jest you call."

"If we want more, you'll know it lickety-split!" said Mrs. Tomlinson.

"Porter," Alison said suddenly. "Where's my purse? Weren't there any bags for me?"

The porter scratched his head. "Ain't there none in this room, ma'am?"

"No. Look around for yourself. Nothing."

Mrs. Tomlinson frowned. "That's funny. I thought your bags were coming along by a porter—like mine. You did have a handbag. I remember clear as anything. You had it under your elbow. You dropped it when I took you under the arm, and I picked it up."

"There it is," said the porter. On the floor, half under the bed, was a large, red alligator handbag. It had two large golden initials on it: A C. The porter picked the handbag up and handed it to her. "You must have dropped it, miss."

ALISON took the bag mechanically. "Yes, this is my bag." She opened it quickly. There were her keys, her handkerchief, her change purse, her driver's license. And there was a ticket stub. And then something shiny caught her eye, under the handkerchief. She picked the handkerchief up—and there was a small, pearl-handled revolver.

Mrs. Tomlinson was pouring the coffee into two cups and chattering away. "Now let's you and me have some of this delicious coffee. Nothing like real hot coffee. Better than a tonic, I always say. Soothes the nerves."

Alison stared into the handbag, rigid, horrified. Fear shriveled her cold. She could not move. She felt the perspiration breaking out in warm prickles.

"Here, dear—come on, take it." Mrs. Tomlinson was holding a coffee cup before her.

"Oh . . . Yes, of course. Thank you." Alison closed the bag quickly. She was trembling so hard that some of the coffee spilled as she brought the cup to her lips. The coffee danced before her eyes in a shimmering little pool.

"Well, my dear, this *is* an adventure for you, isn't it? That's a nice way to think about it. An adventure. Adventures are *fun*. What's the use of living, I say, if nothing new ever happens day in and day out and we just plod along, you might say, in the same rut year in and year out? My husband always says, 'Variety is the spice of life.' I think he read that somewhere. He's always reading."

The coffee was hot, very strong, very good. Alison felt its warmth down her throat, but inside her there was the cold, tightening horror—heavy, palpable, like a cinder in the pit of her stomach.

"I don't mean to pry, my dear, because I'm not the prying type, but still—in these circumstances. You say you *never* had any—spells?"

Alison raised her eyes to look at Mrs. Tomlinson. She had to make an effort to do it, to keep her eyes away from the handbag on the bed next to her.

"Even plain fainting spells, my dear?"

Alison said, "N-no." She knew it didn't sound convincing. "I mean—nothing exactly like this . . . Please, may I have another cup of coffee?"

SUTTON PLACE, one block west of the East River and north of Fifty-third Street, might be a side street in any one of the great and gracious cities of the world—London, Paris, San Francisco, or even Florence. The houses are, for the most part, unpretentious, dignified, finely built and well designed. The architecture, neither grandiose nor maudlin, suggests a quiet elegance.

The Cordeley house is on the east side of Sutton Place, so that the front catches the afternoon sunlight; the back of the house overlooks the East River. The mansion—four stories high, rather narrow, the stone old and mellow—was built a hundred years ago, by Derek Van der Hoef, who lived there fifty years and died within its walls. There is an air of ease, of deep composure, of serenity about this house. A fine pair of iron gates, shaped by some forgotten Italian, guard the entrance and the little garden.

There are two large bay windows on the ground floor, with mullioned panes, and a graceful bay on the third floor, supported by three stone maidens. The top floor has a narrow balcony, an extension of the solarium.

All the windows of the house were glittering on this morning, catching the light in a hundred fragmentations. The draperies were drawn on the second and third floors.

There was a police car in front of the house . . .

In the living room four men were talking: Richard Cordeley, Lieutenant Strake, and two uniformed policemen. In this room, time had been spun out affectionately in a warm, enveloping web. It held echoes of quiet laughter and civilized talk. This was a room which had been loved.

And now a nameless dread had put its hand down.

"I'm scared stiff," said Cordeley. "I last saw my wife around eleven o'clock last night." He paused. "Yes, I'm sure it was around eleven. She said she had a headache. She was dressed in her pajamas and dressing gown. They're still upstairs on her bed. You can see them. I kissed her good night at her door. Then I went back to my room—it's at the other end of the hall. I read for about an hour and then fell asleep."

The two policemen, standing near the entrance, shifted their weight noisily.

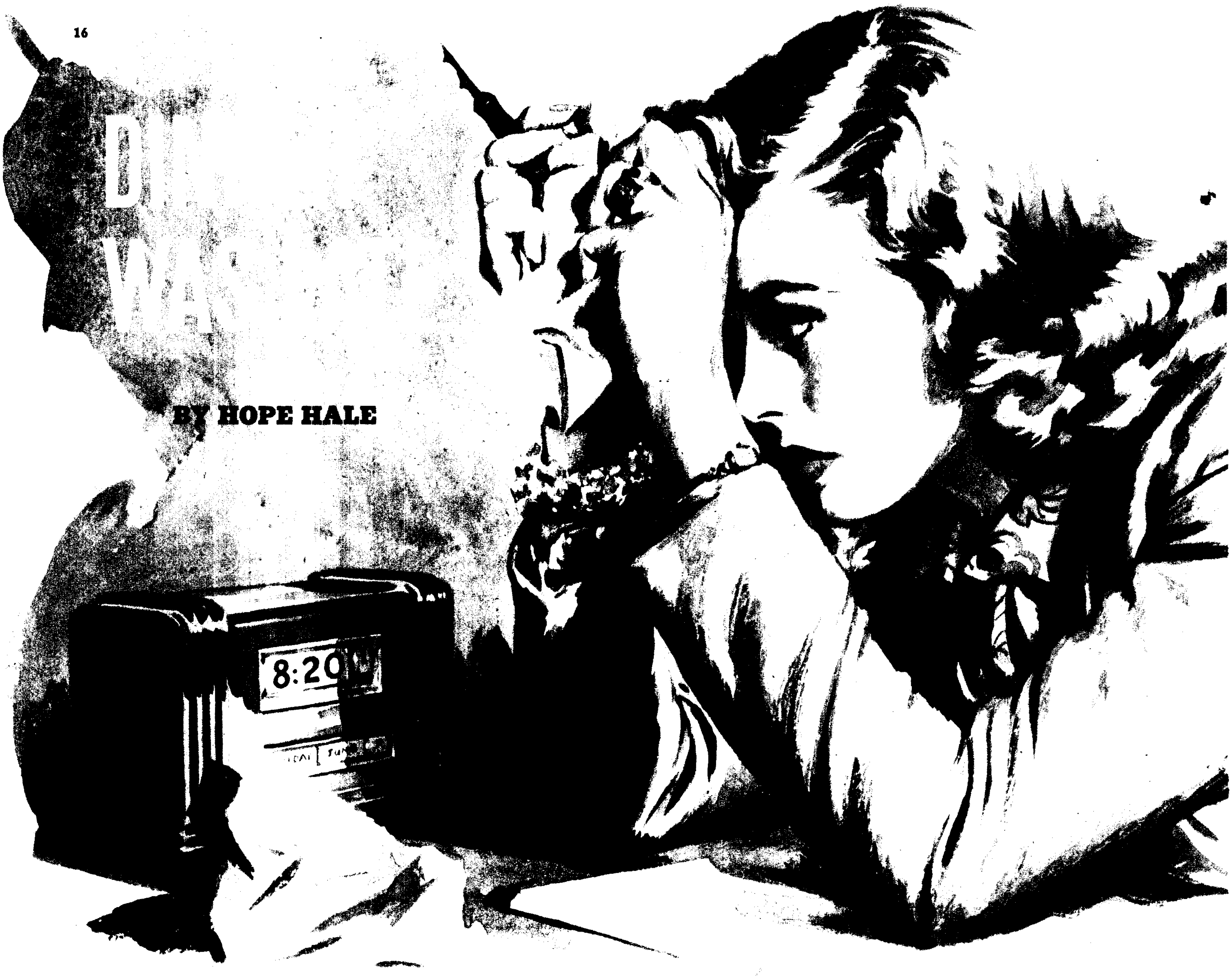
"Did you hear anything during the night, Mr. Cordeley? Anything at all?"

"Not a thing," said Dick. "I slept until seven, had a shower and my breakfast, and was ready to go to the office when I thought I'd stick my head in Alison's door and see how she was. I knocked on the door quietly. There was no answer. I looked inside—she never locks her door—and she wasn't in bed. I went in and looked all around. I went out on her balcony, right off her bedroom; but

(Continued on page 32)

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

Alison's eyes went wide with [illegible] and she sat up with a strangled [illegible]. She was trying to grasp some [illegible] conception. [illegible] [illegible] over her. She [illegible]



BY HOPE HALE

Rosamund watched the numerals slide into place; then crushed the paper slowly between her clenched hands. A letter would not reach him, anyway, tonight

She knew, surely and immediately, that he was a special man. She knew the truth of a beginning love but she doubted one person—herself

As THEY turned into the street that lay along the water's edge, he said, "Here you are. The one with dormer windows."

Rosamund stopped quite still, looking up. "Since I was four," she said softly, "I've dreamed of living in a house with dormer windows."

When he did not answer, but stood holding her two suitcases and half smiling, watching her, she went on quickly, "It was something to do with a dormouse, my favorite animal. Though what a dormouse was, I had no notion. And haven't now."

His amused low laugh, his eyes teasing her a little, made her aware, irrelevantly, of her hair, of its light gleam beside her face and heavy sliding fall over the collar of her new coral topper as she tipped her head.

"That we could find out," he told her. "If you aren't afraid of losing your childish illusions."

She smiled. "Not this one."

"I have a feeling," he said, his gray eyes studying her, "that you're not much afraid of any truth."

The breeze blew chill across the water, suddenly, though it was soft with early summer only a moment ago, and Rosamund's hands crossed over her breast to clasp her upper arms, her shoulders flinching into the shelter of her coat. Looking up into his face, at the full curve of his mouth that contradicted the austere line of chin and brow, she wanted to tell him what had driven her to the graduate students' tea this afternoon. Only her desperation had brought her into the same room with Howard Marshall. And it had been a large room; they had been separated by crowds of people and deafening decibels of academic small talk. They never would have met at all, but for the slim unlikely chance that one of her professors happened to remember her lack of an apartment and Howard Marshall's possession of an absent colleague's key. On such incredibly fragile threads can one's whole life hang, Rosamund realized, and shivered, turning away abruptly to hide the thought, and its new terror, from his eyes.

He followed her, climbed the brownstone steps and set the suitcases down. Her eyes rested with a kind of comfort on the good gray homespun of his suit, while he began to search for keys. From pocket after pocket he took out thick wads of worn, old-sized scraps of paper scribbled with notations, and replaced them. Suddenly she laughed.

He told her in reproach, "You don't receive apartments lightly in New York nowadays."

"Oh, I know." She leaned against the doorframe, gasping. "I'm so very grateful." But then the laughter came again, richly, irresistibly, all through her.

"There are complex rules to learn," he said sternly. "There is a trick to being a tenant in these times. Remember, you are doing an impersonation. Never for a moment do you dare forget that you are Simon Dorn's dear friend, visiting quite informally as his guest, a bird of the most fleeting, migratory passage."

Rosamund nodded, weak and wonderfully smoothed out with laughter.

He found the key, continuing severely, "One little slip of yours and all is lost; one phone bill paid directly by a check of yours, and Simon Dorn's lease is direly imperiled, do you see?"

He flung the door open. "I hope your wind is good."

It was most notably not, Rosamund learned, surprised, before the tenth step up. Two years in the Waves should have given her, she thought a little grimly, the strength to climb companionways to upper decks. But at the top she stood clinging to the balustrade while he unlocked again.

"Rest," he commanded, leading her to a yellow wing chair by the window and carrying the suitcases on through an inner door.

It was a pleasant room, spacious with horizontal lines of light wood furniture and cool clear fabric colors. A reproduction of the Van Gogh L'Arlésienne hung over the fireplace, and one of her favorite Daumiers above the desk. One wall from floor to ceiling was faced with books; the opposite one angled cozily from roof to eaves.

She was standing in the dormer window when he came back. "The tap in the shower's too much for me," he told her, frowning. "It's late to get a plumber, but it that rhythmic drip is going to bother you—"

She shook her head, moved absurdly by his tone of real concern.

"Good." He came to stand beside her, studying her with his speculative smile. "I thought you weren't the kind it would." His eyes glowed with pleasure beyond the meaning of the words.

(Continued on page 41)

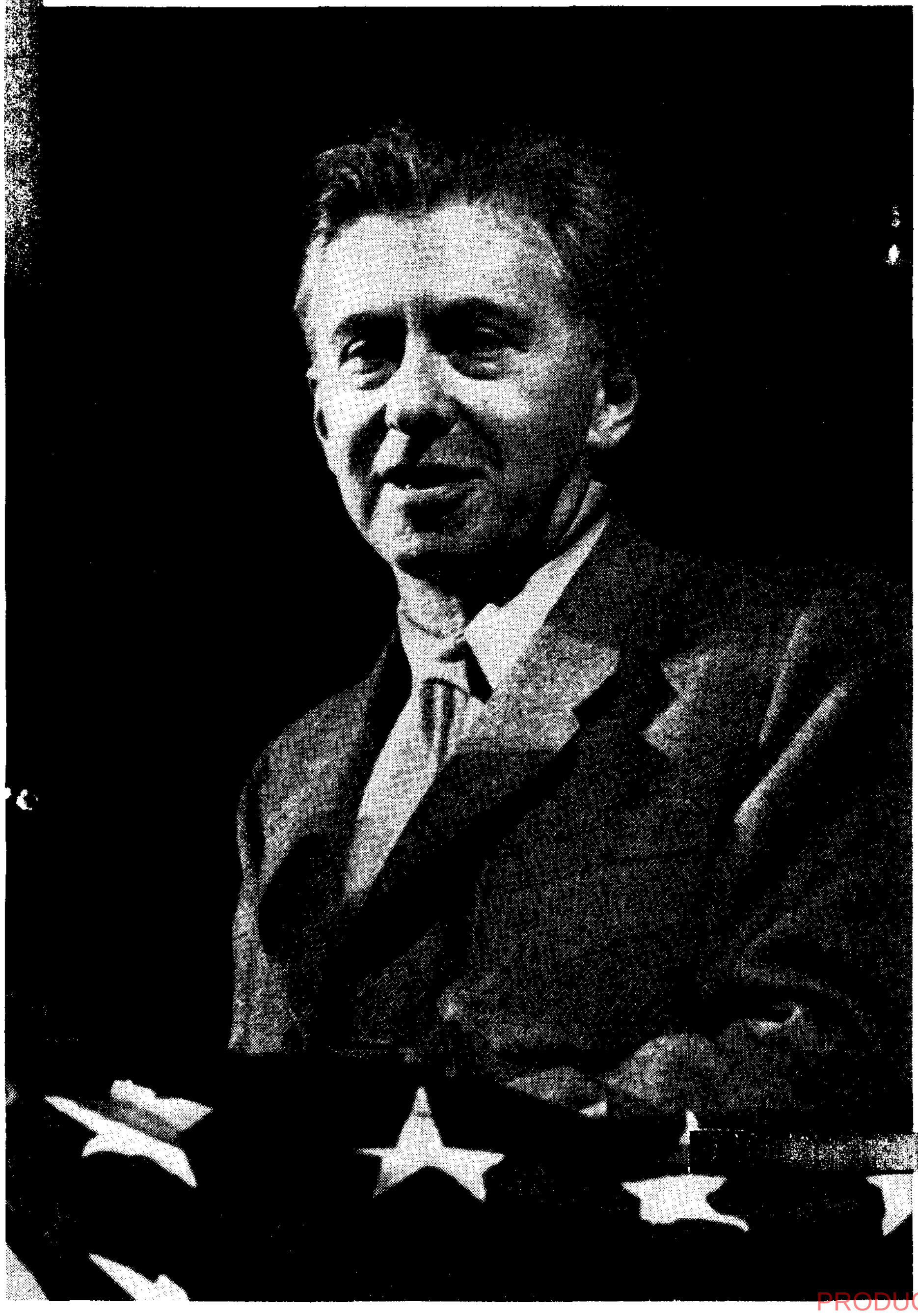
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GARLAND

INK AND BLOOD

BY ILYA EHRENBURG

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY NELLY–PIX

Ilya Ehrenburg (below) might be the Quentin Reynolds of Russia. He was the eloquent reporter of Russia's superb courage in fighting off the Germans. Mr. Ehrenburg has been traveling about the United States the last few weeks examining us and our ways. Collier's asked him to write an article entitled How to Get Along with Russia, believing that a Russian's view of this question, which has been occupying the minds and pens of Americans ever since the war, would be interesting and perhaps helpful. This is the article he wrote; it has not been changed in any respect. Collier's does not think that Mr. Ehrenburg saw us as we are. Collier's does think that it will be interesting to Americans to see what kind of a picture of us Mr. Ehrenburg takes back home



THE United States of America is a great, unique and diverse country. I have been here two months. Of course this is too short a time to know America. But it has been long enough to recognize how little Americans know us and how little we know Americans.

I have traveled extensively in my life; I've been all over Europe. However, when I came here, every step I took held a surprise for me. Everything here is different: cities, trees and customs. I observed and I tried to understand. Poor is the traveler who sees only that which catches his eyes; his eyes must know how to catch those things that remain in the shadow.

New York City is magnificent in twilight when you look at it from one of the bridges. But I do not regret having gone to Mississippi where I saw Uncle Tom's Cabin, after seeing skyscrapers. I have spent wonderful hours talking with writers, with people of great mind and of great heart. But no less significant were my meetings with ordinary Americans in ordinary cities where two or three skyscrapers loom above one-story houses, where there is a multitude of excellent comforts and terrible prejudices, where on Main Street walk not authors but heroes of written and unwritten books.

I had hardly stepped from my plane which had just crossed the ocean, when American reporters showered me with questions. They didn't ask me about Russia; no, they wanted to know only one thing—"What are your impressions of America?" What could I tell them? About the sharp-eyed customs officials? Or about the blindness of reporters? Now I have seen a little, but I need time to think before I can sit down and write. I am ready to learn much from Americans, but I don't want to follow the example of those American journalists who used to come to Russia with their books on Russia already written.

We know little of America; our conceptions of its good qualities and of its failings are too sketchy. In our newspapers there are few articles on life in the United States. This is not due to lack of interest but to lack of paper. If we had the paper that the American press devotes to descriptions of the concocted lives of Hollywood beauties, we would know much more about the real life of the American people. But never in our press can one find slanders against the American people; we know little, but what we know is the truth.

Russians Admire American Books

Before the war we published many novels and short stories by splendid American writers. Our readers were fascinated by them, not only because they are good books, but also because we want to know how Americans live, how they think and how they feel. Although there is much paper in America, very few books by Soviet writers are published here. Does this mean that American readers are not interested in the life of Russia? I don't think so. Certainly it is true that at the present time we have no Leo Tolstoy or Anton Chekhov, but we do have good writers. Alas, the eyes of American publishers do not turn to them; and advertising plays as much of a role in the success of a book here as does its quality.

I was stunned by the questions of American reporters: "Do the Russian people know that America helped them during the war? How do Muscovites learn about the stock market? Why do you prefer buttons to zippers on your trousers? Why do you have one political party and not two?" I think that the average American is finer and more intelligent than the papers he reads; nevertheless as a rule he is involuntarily influenced by newspapers, critics and publishers. The average American thinks that he dictates his tastes to the publisher and his ideas to the editor; actually, the ideas and tastes of the average American are often dictated by the editors and the publishers.

While there are few translations of Russian writers in America, there are many books about Russia written by Americans, some sincere, some superficial and some knowingly distorted. Unfortunately, there are more books that falsify than inform. The capital turnover is very profitable for the manufacturers of lies, while the consumer does not have the opportunity to differentiate between lies and the truth. To advertise bad cigarettes would be to no avail; the smoker would not fall for this bait a second time. But how can the average American reader know when a description of Russian life is true and when it is false?

The Case Against the U.S. Press

If our papers are at fault because of a scarcity of information about America, many American papers are at fault because of an abundance of misinformation about Russia. The anti-Soviet campaign now carried on by many supersedate American newspapers is based upon tendentious and false information. The slanderers know that the impact lies not in editorials, which many people don't even read, but in cables that appear on the front page in bold headlines.

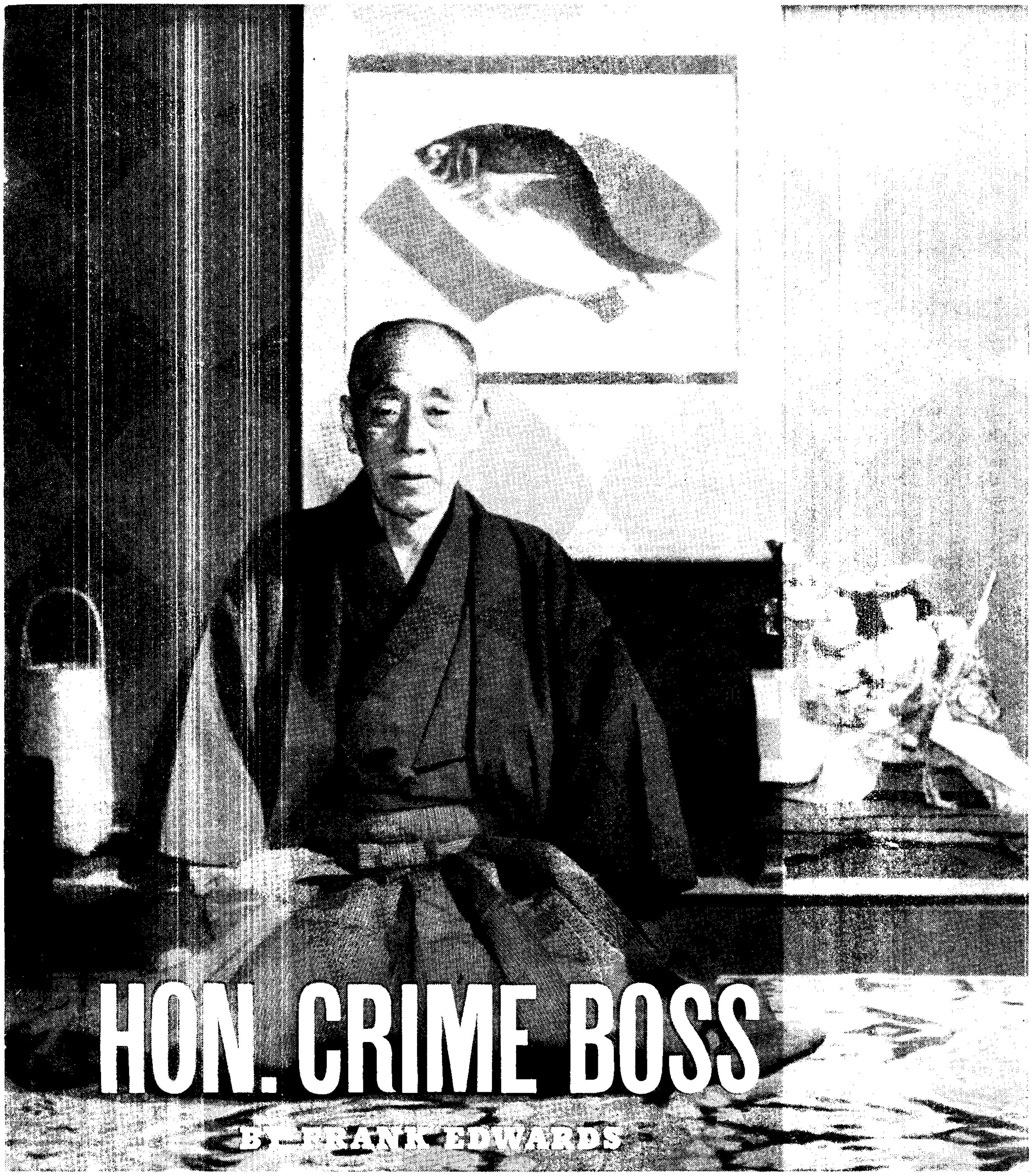
There is a myth about the objectivity of various American newspapers. The recipe is as follows: Take ten anti-Soviet reports and one pro-Soviet one, and the reader will believe that you are impartial and will be horrified by the insidiousness of the Russians. The average American loves peace, and I have become convinced that he wants friendship with the Russians. He is certain that he is immune to the lies of the press, that he is sufficiently mature and thinks independently. But in order to think, you have to know the subject you are thinking about.

Some Americans have told me that I exaggerate the importance of the press. They prove this with one example: The majority of the newspapers were against Roosevelt but still Roosevelt was reelected. I'll repeat it again: I am convinced that the average American is no simpleton, that you can't throw him off with articles. The average American, however, witnessed the actions of Roosevelt; and besides, Roosevelt made his voice heard. But by what means can the average American check the truthfulness of the reports on the behavior of the Russians in Iran, in Manchuria or in the Balkans? Even if he wants to think independently, often all he has to think on is a heap of lies presented to him daily by his paper.

The average American might ponder as much as he likes over the question of why Soviet tanks were moving on Teheran; he might come to his own "independent" conclusions. But what he did not know was that Soviet tanks never moved on Teheran. However, the refutation never achieves the same effect as the original report; the power of slander lies precisely in the fact that it always leaves its mark.

Teheran is far away. But I have been right here in America, and nevertheless I have read many inventions about myself. For instance, I read that I traveled around the United States accompanied by "a representative of the G.P.U.," but

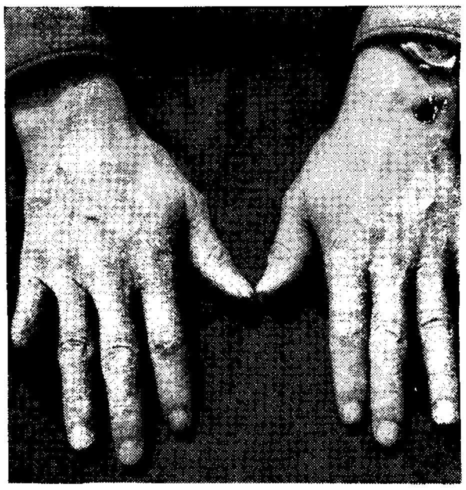
(Continued on page 30)



HON. CRIME BOSS

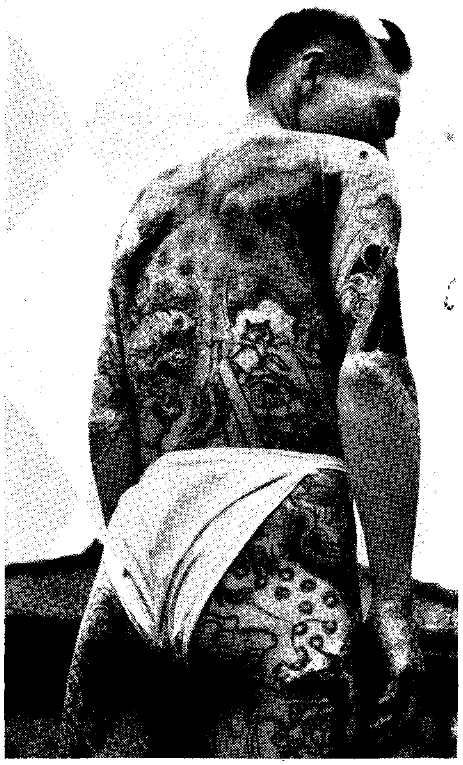
BY FRANK EDWARDS

Aged crime leader Kampei Umezu (le
sits quietly in his home, and to him cor
the district bosses in search of counsel.
Umezu's left is an ancient doll, represei
ing the courage and chivalry of the sam
rai warrior. The fish is Umezu's insign



The thug who owns these hands ma
two mistakes. For each he cut off a fing

Kizu's gamblers are tattooed from head
foot. This is the head of the syndica



Head of Japan's highly organized crime ring is Kampei Umezu, a scholarly, paternalistic old man who doesn't believe in the use of violence

ONE of the most powerful and influential Japanese in Tokyo today is a tall, gray old man who spends most of his time in a quiet house on a secluded street close to the heart of the city. A couple of fingers are missing from his left hand.

The old man does little any more except receive the decorous, quietly dressed men who come to the house frequently for advice.

These visitors are ordinary-looking Japanese, with just one difference: They all have only one or two fingers on their left hands.

The house is the G.H.Q. of Japan's strange underworld, probably the best-organized vice system in the world, and certainly the toughest to expose and eradicate, because of its close integration with the lives of the people.

Every district has its boss, who rules his territory with a kind of benevolent despotism; it has always been that way, and the people of Japan accept it without question, just as the gangsters themselves don't question the occasional necessity of lopping off a finger.

They go through this painful ritual sometimes to save face; sometimes to save their necks. If a member of the gangsters' brotherhood makes a pretty bad mistake, he chops off a finger and sends it to his boss, hoping he will get another chance to make good. Amputated fingers also are used as an instrument of mediation to settle disputes between gangs.

Kampei Umezu, the old man, is a gangster, although Hollywood fans would never recognize him as such. He never has pumped the trigger of a submachine gun or automatic pistol, or roared away from looted banks in a black sedan, yet he rules absolutely the Japs who cash in on gambling, prostitution and allied underworld industries.

Their take is huge, and their position apparently secure. They seem to have discovered the gangsters' Elysium—a system that makes crime pay, with the only entries on the debit side an odd finger or two. They have to be downright careless to get a jail sentence.

I finally got an audience with Umezu, but it was not easy; I had first to suffer the Oriental scrutiny of a number of subordinates of varying rank.

Jap Gangdom's Special Deity

There are four categories in the gangsters' brotherhood: apprentices, brothers, elders or deputy bosses, and fathers, the district bosses. Above them is the patriarch, retired, who mediates in gang disputes when called upon, guides policy, and generally sees that things are following a pattern satisfactory to Wago-no-kami, the gangsters' Shinto god. Wago is the god of harmony and mediation.

Because I knew a Jap who knew a Jap, I was able to skip the apprentices and the brothers in my search and begin my education with One Finger Kizu, an elder.

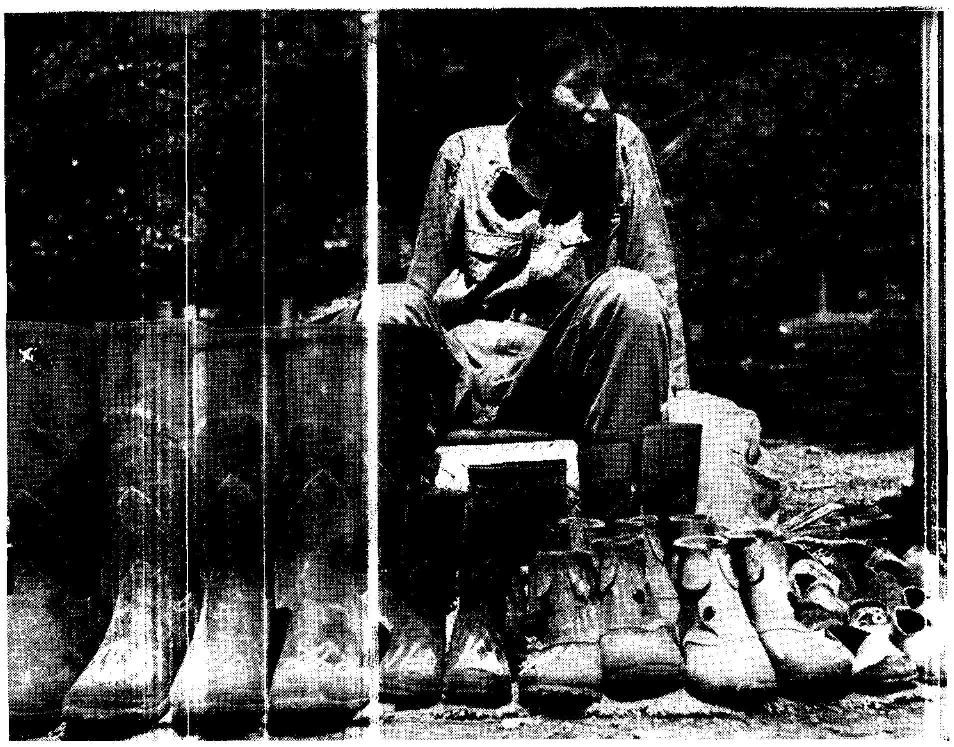
A tough little middle-aged man with a nice sense of humor, Kizu struts through the lucrative chunk of territory he controls north of Tokyo's Sumida River with an assurance reminiscent of Mussolini's before he lost his war.

He is perhaps a whole foot shorter than the late Benito Mussolini, but his swagger, enhanced by high black boots and flared blue breeches, is every bit as good.

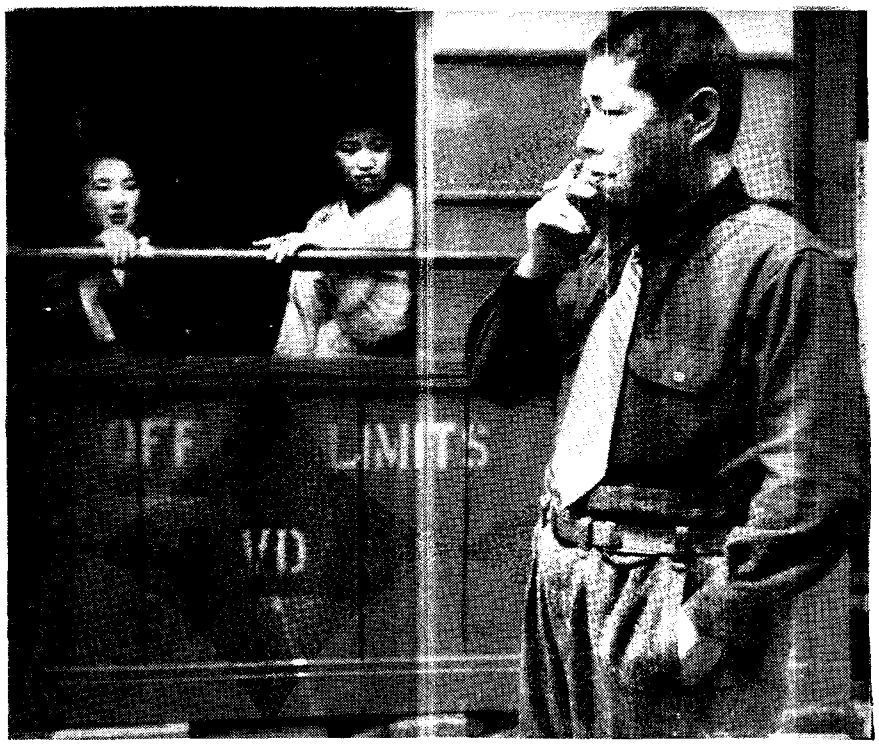
Kizu will tell you, if he doesn't know you too well, that he is a public-works contractor, and he has offices and signboards and several hundred laborers to show that this indeed is one of his activities.

Yet he will not go to great pains to hide the facts of his operations outside the law, for in spite of five jail sentences while he was learning the business, Kizu does not regard himself as a criminal, but rather as a law enforcer.

He tries to keep trouble away from his territory, because it interferes with business, and these days, too, disturbances are very likely to attract the

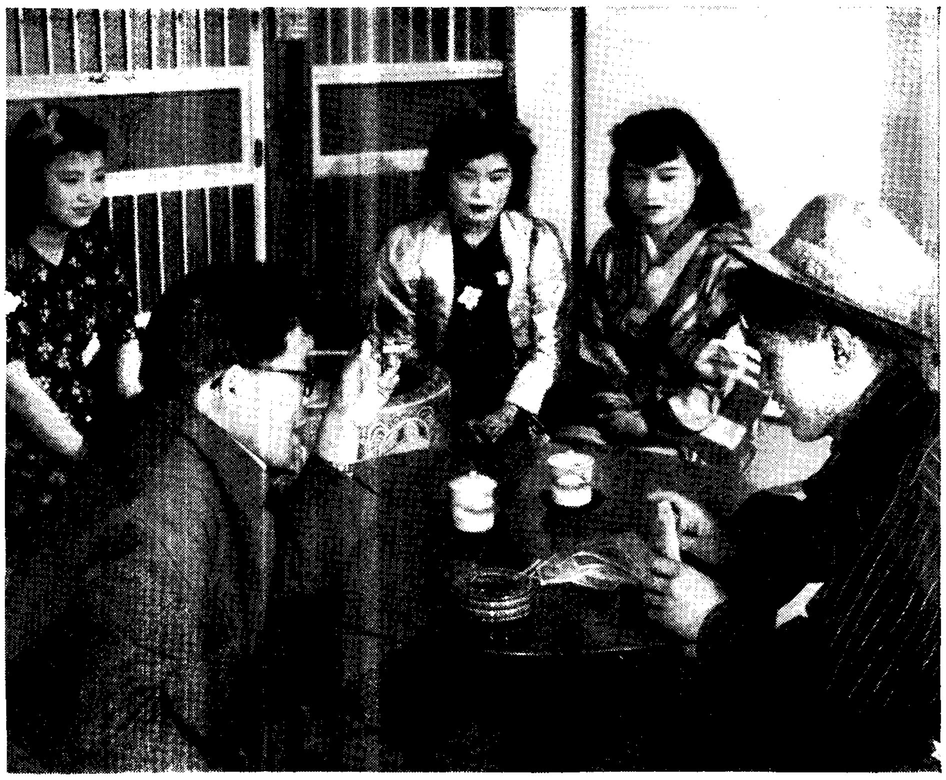


There's no secrecy about black markets. This is an open-air boot shop, operating under Kizu's "protection." Note prices on the toes of the boots

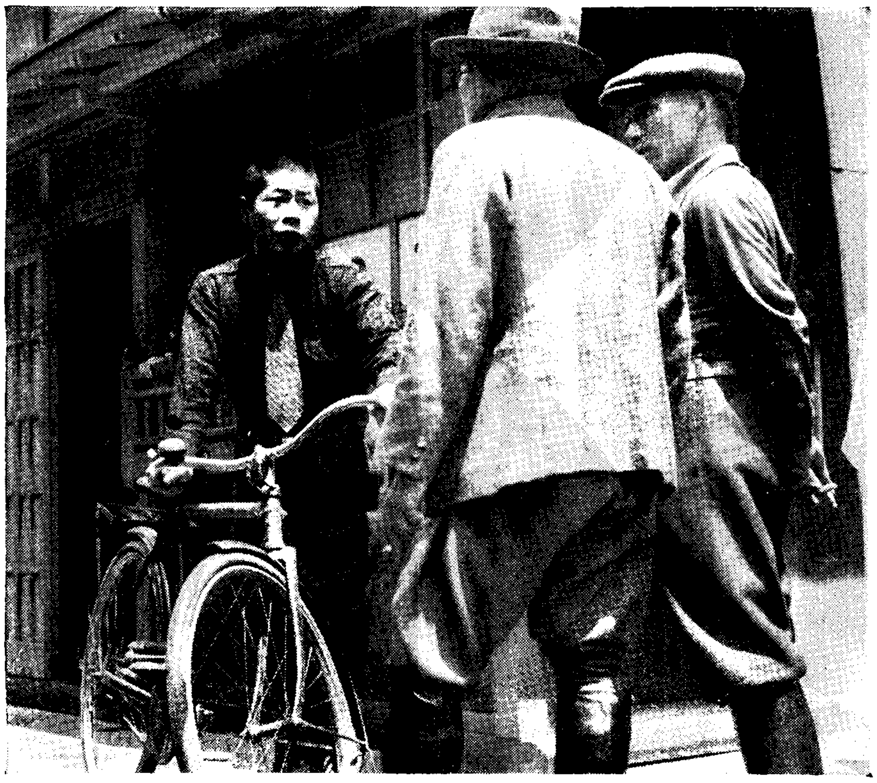


Weekly inspection tour. Kizu passes the time of day with some of his girls. He's irked at the "Off Limits—VD" sign, claims it's unwarranted

Girl sales are commonplace despite MacArthur's ban. This young Jap (wearing hat) makes a deal, buying the smiling lass on the left for 2,000 yen



Street business conference with henchmen. Though well able to afford an expensive car, One Finger Kizu tours his district on a bicycle



unwelcome eye of the occupation authorities. Kizu fears the Allies policing Japan might regard him and his colleagues as gangsters, rather than as members of a very old and very honorable profession.

The gangster keeps order with the help of the Japanese police, who receive favors for their trouble. During the war they were not always so helpful. Spurred by the Kempetai, the Jap equivalent of Nazi Germany's Gestapo, they got a lot of militaristic ideas and started pushing people around and interfering with business.

They are much better now, and Kizu generously gives full credit for the improvement to former New York Police Commissioner Lewis Valentine, who came to Japan at General MacArthur's request to whip the police force into shape.

Kizu is really grateful to Valentine and will tell you he did a fine job in Japan. Kizu entirely misses the irony of the situation.

I first met Kizu at a field headquarters he had set up in a dingy fish shop across the street from a beer hall which Chinese and Korean patriots had turned into a battleground. They had objected noisily to being made to stand in line with Japanese customers to receive their daily ration of two glasses of beer, emphasizing their argument with expertly wielded bottles and clubs. The fight developed to the point where Kizu moved in with thirty or forty of his boys to straighten things out.

The Story of a Lost Finger

During a lull in the fight, I accepted one of Kizu's American cigarettes—our ration being what it is—and a drink of his excellent Scotch, and heard the story of how he lost his first finger.

It happened about 12 years ago, when Kizu, then a brother, was taking a few days' ease at Atami, a beach resort not far from Tokyo. Bored by the scenery, Kizu felt the urge to gamble.

Atami is in the territory controlled by the bosses who run Kanagawa Prefecture, a pretty powerful bunch. Kizu showed up at one of their gambling houses, but because he was unknown to his neighboring gangsters and didn't have credentials with him—not even a missing finger—to show he was one of the boys, he was treated with suspicion, and eventually was thrown down the stairs.

By far his greatest injury was loss of face, and for a while it looked as if the incident might lead to full-scale warfare between the Tokyo and Kanagawa mobs.

It was averted at the last moment by the Kanagawa leader, who made a conciliatory gesture by sending the first knuckle of one of his fingers to Kizu's boss.

The code of the brotherhood demanded that Kizu had to show the Tokyo gang's willingness to call off the fight by returning a similar token.

And in addition to this, there was the all-important matter of face, for the Kanagawa man was an elder and outranked Kizu, then a brother. A finger was definitely needed to save the elder's face, not to mention the face of Kizu's boss.

So Kizu solemnly unsheathed his best samurai sword, and since it was his first try, sliced off a generous two knuckles' worth, which more than satisfied the Kanagawa boys. Then he hurried off to a doctor.

A week later there was a big, very formal affair at one of Tokyo's best restaurants to celebrate the narrow escape from battle and to pledge eternal peace.

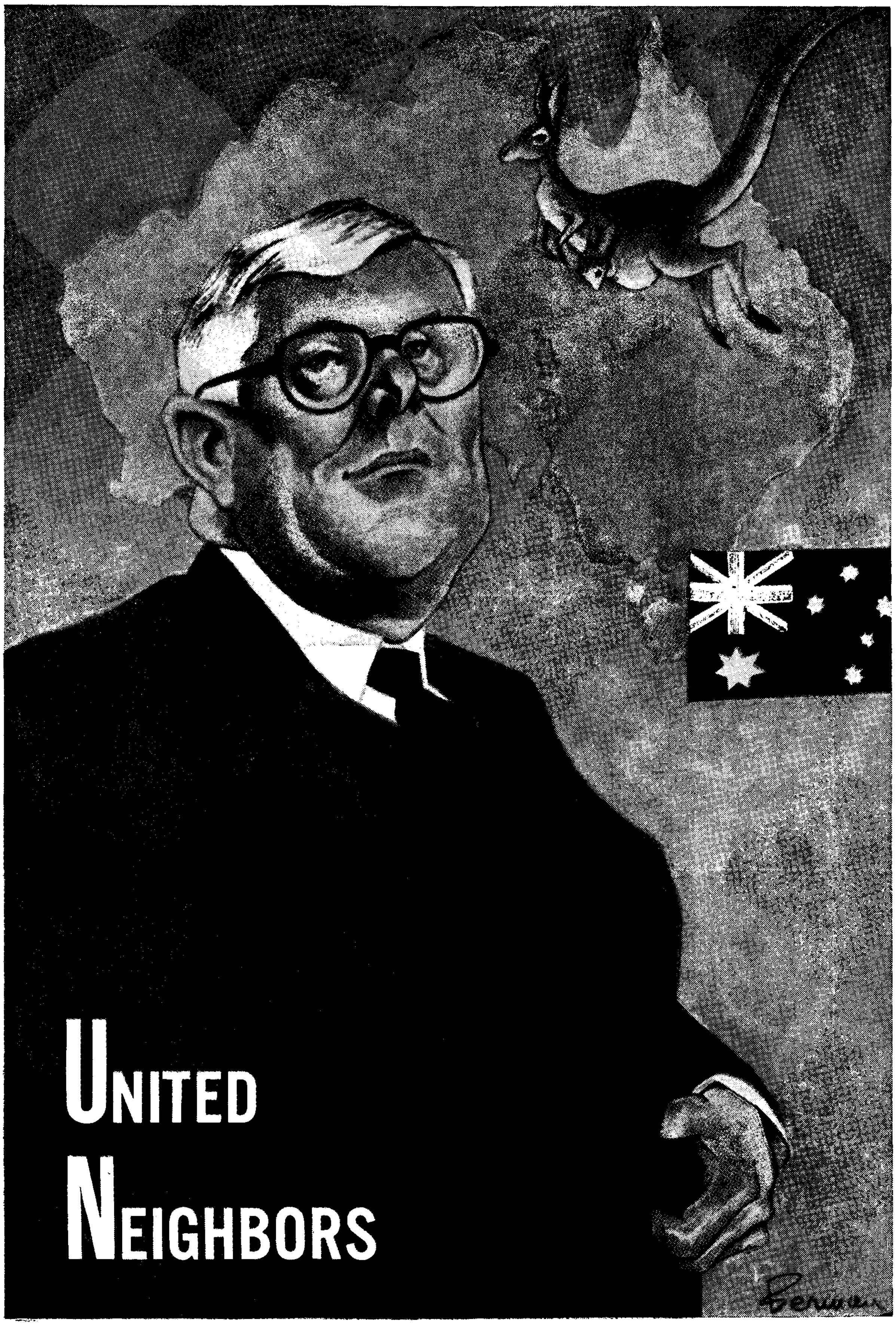
It was a colorful ceremony, as reported in the Tokyo newspaper Yomiuri. The paper illustrated its report with a picture showing the delegates from Kanagawa and Tokyo lining opposite sides of a large room. Between them was a Shinto shrine, and resting upon it were the amputated fingers.

Their late owners, wearing ceremonial kimonos, stayed behind screens until the mediators had settled the terms of the peace treaty, then they were allowed to come out and join the party. It was a big day all around, the newspaper observed.

Kizu accepts about $1,000 a week in

(Continued on page 55)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED SPARKS



UNITED NEIGHBORS

III: DR. HERBERT VERE EVATT OF AUSTRALIA

AMONG the sites considered as a permanent home for the United Nations was Philadelphia. Many couldn't see Philly as the capital of the new world organization but what was probably the most pertinent objection came from the Australian delegate, Dr. Herbert Vere Evatt.

"What?" he roared, his iron-gray hair bristling as though charged with static. "Give the U.N. to a town with both ball clubs in last place? Nothing doing."

Even the Australians, in their speech probably the world's least inhibited people, regard Bert as an outspoken man. He has more degrees than a thermometer, has written scholarly works on international law and would look well in a cap and gown if he could imprison his rebellious thatch under a mortarboard. But his language retains the rough and tough quality of his free and scrappy land.

The linguistic purists of the British Foreign Office find his occasional forceful use of the word "bloody" disturbing but the Australians don't seem to mind. To them he's "square dinkum," meaning "swell guy."

Evatt's voice is loud, almost raucous in argument and he raises it often and effectively on behalf of peoples' rights in the Security Council and other organs of the U.N. It was Evatt, a lifelong Laborite, who insisted on inclusion of a guarantee of "full employment" in the Charter.

He dislikes unofficial, which means secret, meetings of U.N. bodies. He believes that the U.N. belongs to *all* of the people and that they're entitled to know what the organization is doing *all* the time. "It is through complete and immediate freedom of access for the press to the working of the new world organization," he says, "that it will find the lifeblood it needs to survive—popular faith, good will and support."

Physically, Evatt looks the role he's chosen to play in the U.N. He is tall, square-rigged, with a short neck and blue-gray eyes that prod at you from behind horn-framed glasses. He was a crack cricketer at Sydney University and today, at fifty-two, he still looks and moves like an athlete. He stays in condition by walking prodigious distances.

In 1920, he married Iowa-born Mary Alice Sheffer, who'd gone to Australia with her parents as a child and remained to grow up into one of her adopted country's better artists. She studied painting in Paris and was the first woman ever elected to the New South Wales Art Gallery Trust. They have two children, Rosalind, twelve, and Peter, who's in his twenties. Mrs. Evatt is here, but the children are in Australia.

Evatt shares his wife's interest in art, particularly likes the work of abstractionists and impressionists. He admires the paintings of Yasuo Kuniyoshi, the Japanese. The two met at an arty cocktail party back in 1940. "Your people and my people are going to war one of these days," said Evatt on being introduced to the painter, "but I like your work and I like you. Here's my hand."

He has been no less frank in his work in the U.N. He was probably the strongest opponent of the Soviet Union's Andrei Gromyko in the contest over freedom of speech in the Assembly, which developed while the Charter was being drafted. Russia wouldn't sign unless the right of free discussion was curtailed.

Evatt's cry of rage at Gromyko's suggestion that since the Big Three had won the war they should have the final word on all matters "stopped the Russian," as one historian put it, "dead in his tracks." Assurances that all nations, big or small, can present their cases fully before the Assembly were written into the Charter.

Evatt became at San Francisco and has since remained a self-appointed champion of the small nations. Whenever the Big Three arrive at any agreement it's the habit of correspondents to ask Evatt not only what Australia thinks, but how he feels the little countries would take it.

The U.N. can't possibly achieve those highly desirable Charter objectives of permanent peace and prosperity for all peoples, Evatt believes, unless nations big or small are equally responsible to international laws and equally benefit from their administration. There'll never be peace, he says, if the bigs are allowed to push the littles around as they please.

Champion of the Underdog

Evatt wasn't successful in scotching the Big Five's veto power on decisions affecting themselves. But he pin-pointed public opinion on the issue, making people realize that the veto right makes potential bullies of the big powers. They can say no to anything they don't like at the possible expense of smaller nations.

Evatt's feeling for the underdog is a natural and logical consequence of his birth, education and political upbringing. Australia breeds men like him. It's a country of 7,000,000 inhabitants, almost as big as the United States and could support a population of 30,000,000. It's still a land of unconquered frontiers.

Few nations have made such rapid political, social and economic progress. Until 1850, it was still a Pacific hinterland. But within 75 years it became an independent country within the British Commonwealth. It didn't have its own foreign policy, nor even a Foreign Ministry until 1925.

Although tied to the Crown, Australia insists on the right to speak for itself independently of Britain. It automatically followed England into the war on September 3, 1939. But when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor the Australian Foreign Minister arranged for a separate declaration of war on Japan. "Of course, we'll support the mother country," the Foreign Minister said, "but let's show the world that we can make up our own minds in such important matters."

The Foreign Minister's name was Evatt. He had worked his way through a university education, practiced law and entered Labor Party politics. By 1925, he was a member of the New South Wales Legislature and by 1930, at the unheard-of age of thirty-six, he was appointed to the High Court of Australia, equivalent of the U.S. Supreme Court. Bert's hair was wildly black then and he had difficulty keeping his official wig in place.

Two years later Evatt, sensing the possibility of a Labor victory in the general elections, quit the Court to campaign for his party. Labor Prime Minister John Curtin made Evatt Attorney General and Minister of Foreign Affairs. In less than five years, Evatt gave the latter title new meaning in Australian history. He has since become one of the world's leading internationalists.

Unfortunately for peoples' hopes for a vital world parliament, most of the diplomats of the U.N. are appointed so as to get them out of the way or to reward them for services rendered. They talk the stilted, sterile language of old-fashioned diplomacy. Evatt is a refreshing exception. Australia didn't send him to the U.N. to kick him upstairs, but to help build the world government blueprinted by the Charter.

FRANK GERVASI

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Young Lothario

BY OWEN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Mr. Hawes was a lot like young Lochinvar, all right. Only he wore orange chaps, rode a more opiniated horse, and had a far tougher time abducting his stubborn love

WHEN Mitch and I played in the park we couldn't bring Rex, because he tried to get the ducks. You could feed the ducks, but not scare them or swim in the lake, on account of the policeman. We used to bring Rex on a leash, but once he dragged Mitch and me into the water and it made the policeman mad, and he said Rex couldn't come into the park any more.

We liked to go to a place where the water was deep and you could look down and see little fish, but this morning there was a man and a lady there when we came. They were not watching the fish or feeding the ducks and the lady was mad. She told the man, "How long do you expect a girl to sit around waiting for you? A hundred years?"

"It depends on the girl," the man said. He sounded like Father when Mother is being utterly unreasonable, just before he gets mad and yells at her. "You don't deny that you promised to wait for me?"

"I waited for—oh, never mind. Why should I make excuses to you?" the lady asked.

The man told her, "And you can't marry anyone else if you promised me. Can you?"

"Watch me," the lady said. "Do you think you can pop up out of the ground like this and expect me to act as though you'd only been gone overnight?"

The man started to say something else about a promise and the lady yelled, "I'll promise you!" She ran at him and pushed his stomach, and he fell backwards into the lake. The ducks squawked and scattered, and some of them flew off.

Mitch said, "We better tell him not to do that."

The lady must have known about the policeman because she ran away. The man swam around for a minute and then got out and stood there, dripping wet.

Mitch told him, "You can't go in the water."

"It's against the law," I said.

The man kind of groaned. "She pushed me in! I can't believe it. She pushed me in, after she'd promised to wait for me and marry me. Is that right?"

"No," Mitch said. "Because the ducks come here to raise families and people discourage them. So does Rex."

The man took off his coat and tried to squeeze the water out. His hat was floating around on the lake and the ducks wondered what it was. The man said to Mitch, "Her mother told me she was over here, and I was too impatient to wait at the house. That shows you, doesn't it? And I found her and said, 'Hello, darling,' and you know what she did?"

"She pushed you in," Mitch said.

"That was later. She looked at me as though she'd never seen me before. As though we were total strangers! She didn't say a word, just looked at me. I said, 'Shelley, darling, don't you know me? We're going to be married.' You know what she did?"

"You better change your clothes," I told him. "That's how the policeman caught us. Our clothes were all wet, like Rex."

The man said, "I have no other clothes this side of Tongue River. I threw away my uniform. I'm a homeless stranger, boys. I flew across the country to marry her and take her home with me, and what happened?"

"We saw her push you in," Mitch said. "We won't tell, but you better hide till your clothes get dry."

"Hide where?" the man asked. He wiped at his face with his handkerchief, but it was wetter than his face. "She says, 'I am going to be married, but not to you.' Not to me! Didn't she promise? Didn't I come here as soon as I could?"

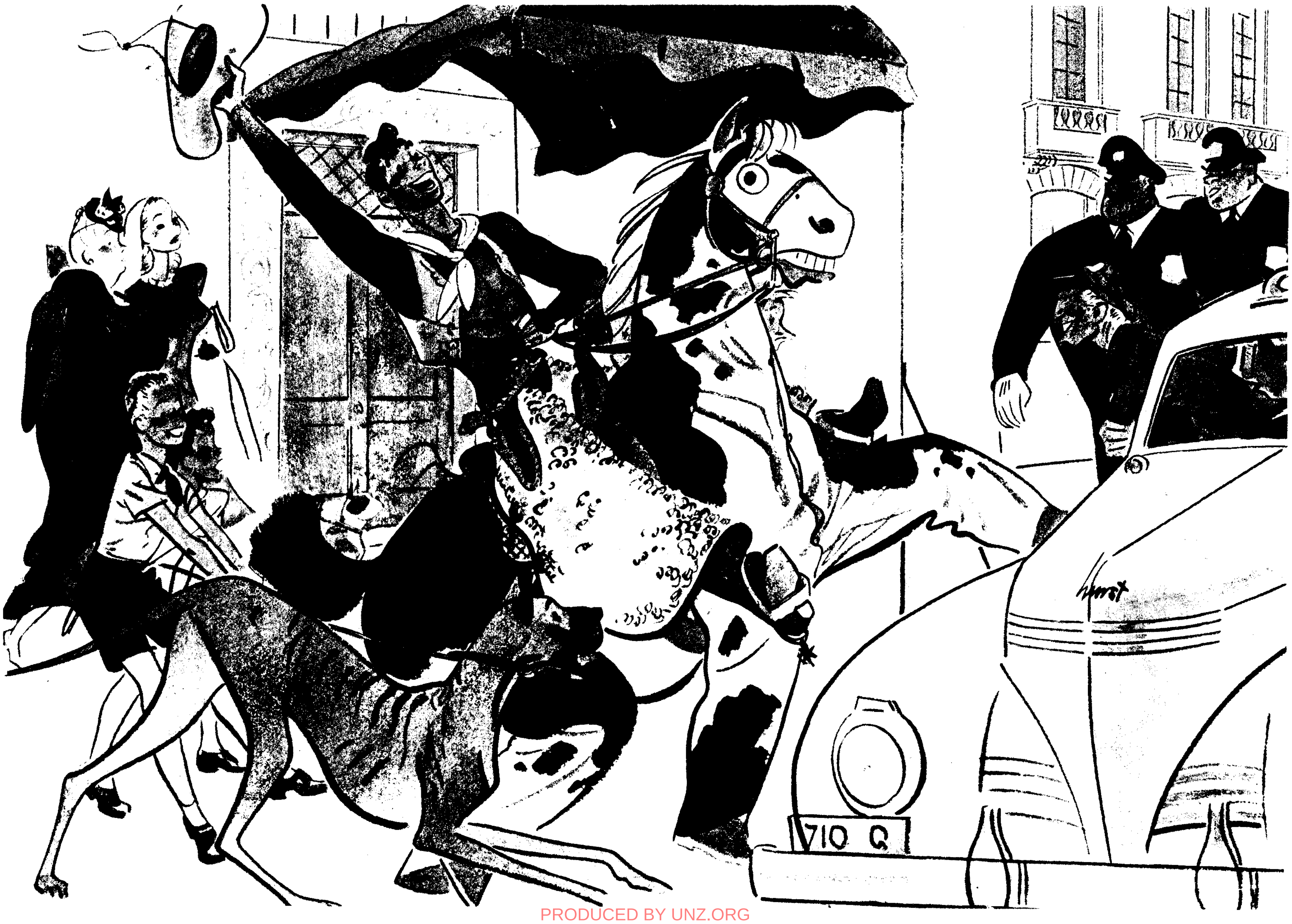
"I know where you can hide," I said. "Joseph will let you stay in the basement. He lets Rex stay there."

The man looked at his hat in the water, that a duck was pecking. "I wish I'd drowned, then she'd be sorry. How did she know I could swim? 'You didn't write,' she says. Did she expect a book? I wrote three letters, and maybe more. What was there to write about? She knew I loved her, because I'd told her that, and we had it settled about getting married. Then she pushes me in!"

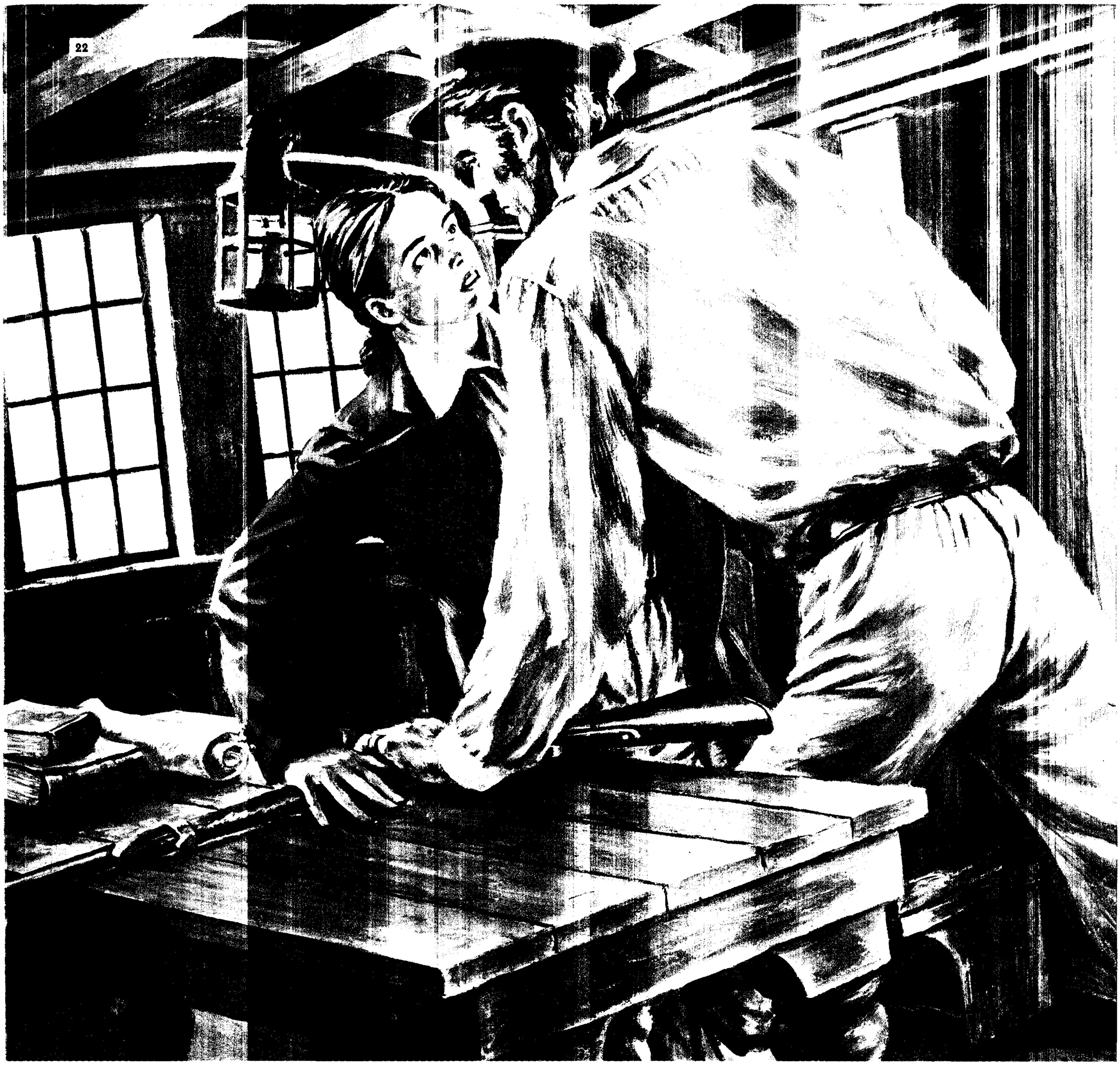
At first the man didn't want to hide. He said he didn't care what happened to him. He left his hat floating on the water because he said if the lady came back and saw it and thought he'd drowned, it would serve her right.

Joseph lived in the apartment house on the corner, in the basement. He was the janitor, but he was going to be a

(Continued on page 69)



"Now you can go," Mr. Hawes told the taxi driver. "When I leave I'll be riding my horse, like young Lothario." "I'll wait," the driver said, "I want to see this"



The Captain Was A Lady

BY NEIL PATERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

The Story:

Christian West was a determined and fascinating woman who forsook home, safety and the conventions of a pious generation to follow the sea. She married a stern Welsh shipmaster, Dai Evans, and left Scotland to sail with him to the exotic ports of the China tea trade. On Dai's ship, the Christian Dee, she mastered the arts of seamanship and navigation. It was, at best, a rough life—there were gales and fevers, and the persistent advances of the Yankee skipper, Tancy McCoy—but Christian was equal to every challenge. When her husband died she took command. Alone, surrounded by lonely men, it was inevitable that she should be beset. The first to attempt her virtue was Mr. Griffiths, the mate of her ship. What actually happened is not too clear—he was found lying across the doorway of her cabin, a large lump on his forehead. . . .

Conclusion

LITTLE was made of the incident on board, but several months later tongues began to wag when Clancy Vaughan, a sea lawyer if ever was, went aft in a mutinous spirit "to git justice, see if I don't" and was served with the same sort of accident, Mistress Evans summoning assistance by clapping her hands and calling excitedly: "Steward, steward, come quickly! Clancy Vaughan has hurt himself."

The following year, a Swede, a great ladies' man on his own showing, was signed on at Antofagasta. The crew made no attempt to restrain him when he decided on a midnight sortie to the captain's quarters, and he too met with an accident which resulted in his being carried up the gangway feet first. These accidents were all characterized by head

John Alan Maxwell

When Tancy McCoy kicked open the cabin door, Christian was standing stiffly by the table, her face pale and hostile. "I am indebted to you—" she began. "Save your breath," he replied

injuries and by the manner in which they were announced, Mistress Evans on each occasion dickering about in a very feminine and helpless fashion, clapping her hands for attention and calling: "Steward, steward, come quickly! There's been a dreadful accident. So-and-so has hurt himself." The order of the words never varied. It was simply the captain's formula, and was respected as such.

Christian herself, as one might expect, has little to say of these misadventures. In a letter to Janet, the first page of which, unfortunately, is missing, she writes, however:

"I sent for him next day (Mr. Griffiths, obviously) and, as he had no recollection of the matter, gave him an account of it. The poor fellow was greatly distressed and put about and had some fear, I think, that I might reduce him and send him forward to the fo'c'sle. While he was in this frame of mind I took the opportunity of informing him of my decision to make young James Jones, the liveliest hand of the larboard watch, my second mate. Feeling the need for frank conversation, I told him, thus increasing his discomfiture as you may imagine, that I had for some time past noted that he regarded me with admiration and that he had on occasion been prone to deal harshly with this or that young seaman whom I had favored with a smile. I explained—and you will have no difficulty in believing it, dear Janet—that such smiles were administered not as a woman but as a superior, and were as much part of my office as orders to the helmsman. I assured him that, although it had not pleased God that I should return his feelings, I had nevertheless a high regard for his qualities, and I pointed out that he already shared an intimacy with me greater than that enjoyed by any other man. I counseled him, therefore, to be content with his lot.

"I fear, Janet, that you may conceive me to have been forward in this, but I would earnestly beg of you to remember that in this life to which I have been called, it is not possible, or indeed advisable, always to conform to the ladylike conventions in which we were reared. I have another confession to make, but I will not have it to be sinful, for, as the good Lord has seen fit that I should usurp the functions of my deeply lamented husband it cannot be unseemly that in the execution of his duty I should appropriate certain insignia of his authority. In any case—and I implore you not to be shocked—I am wearing trousers. I know that Dai would not have countenanced this during his lifetime, but I am confident that he will now have a fuller understanding of the problems that beset the sailor in skirts, and the inconveniences, nay hazards, of petticoats at sea."

At this time of the year, autumn, no voyage round the Horn was ever without incident, and the Christian Dee, running before a norther with shortened sail and two men at the wheel, struck a full gale in latitude 50° south and had to be hove to.

For forty-eight hours it blew like scissors and thumbscrews and she would not carry canvas. No sooner was a sail set than it was rent from clew to earing. The mizzen topsail was reduced to ribbons. Stays, shrouds and halyards parted like cotton. The fore topmast staysail and the main foresail, in shreds, flayed and scourged the air like cat-o'-nine-tails, and the main royal, working loose of its gaskets, streamed out to leeward like a weighted pennant, whipping the mast into a fearful curve as though it had been as slender and as supple as a dowsing rod.

THE apprentice, a second cousin of the mate, leeched himself on to the rigging to secure the royal but was so lashed about the face and arms that he could not hold on, and, blinded, was hurled with such violence to the deck that his leg was broken and his ribs stove in. The chicken coop, with its precious cargo of poultry, was carried away and the sea that took it was so solid that no one even saw it go. Two new spencers were bent on to the fore and main spencer gaffs and the ship rode to these scraps of sail, taking it green, now standing up on her stern, now lying over almost on her beam ends, tossing and pitching fit to shake the sticks out of her.

Christian did not leave the deck. Muffled in streaming oilskins, protected only by a weather cloth triced up to give a lee, she stood the gale out, nursing the ship's head up to the seas, issuing her orders by megaphone and leaving the binnacle only to lurch to the companionway to consult the barometer, calculate drift, and drink an occasional cup of hot coffee.

On the third day the wind eased somewhat, and, as the glass was rising, she squared away under a little canvas which she was quick to increase, inch by inch, as the opportunity offered. For weeks, after the Cape was rounded, the log shows a hard beat to windward under reefed topsails and fore-topmast staysail, then in 25° south, after a spell of variable winds, they picked up the southeast trades and from then on, apart from a five-day calm in the doldrums, it was plain sailing, with Christian crowding on canvas in accordance with a new sail plan which entailed a greater press of sail than the old ship had ever known and under which she bowled along right merrily, rattling out her line like a steamer's. The tide was on the turn as she came abeam Hartland Point, and she raced up the Bristol Channel on the flood.

While the ship was unloading in Barry Docks, Christian, sitting by her open port, overheard a conversation between the carpenter and a gaffer stevedore.

"A woman for Old Man!" the gaffer said. "You should be all right!"

"I dunno," the carpenter said. "She's skeely, man. She's a hard case."

Christian knew then that she had made the grade. Overcome, she hid her hot face in her hands. She even confesses to having wept a little. No fashionable beauty ever heard a compliment that pleased her half so well.

DAI EVANS' affairs were in excellent order. He left Christian his house, his fortune of £27,000—and the pound wasn't to be sneezed at in these days: Christian's father had reared a family on twenty-two per annum—and a half share in the Christian Dee. The other half he left to his brothers, who assumed, quite naturally, this being a matter for men, that they now had control of the ship. They engaged a captain and planned a lucrative program. Then they approached Christian with an offer to buy out her share. They were very fair. They had no objection to her continuing in partnership if she wished, although they counseled her strongly against such a course. A lady ought not to be directly concerned with trade. It wasn't done. They advised her to sell, and they made her a generous offer. It was, they said, much more than her half share was worth.

Christian agreed. "And since that is so, gentlemen," she said, "I believe you will be only too glad to accept my proposal. For *your* half share I will give you exactly twice what you have just offered me for mine."

They were dumfounded, and when she told them she meant to sail the ship herself they were frankly incredulous. They suspected a trick. They raised their offer. Christian, in turn, offered to double the new price. Baffled, they pleaded, argued, threatened. They became enmeshed in subtleties, lapsing into the Welsh language while they haggled a point among themselves and then, united, turning to thrust their faces at her, offering concessions which Christian neither wanted nor understood. Finally, they got very angry. They said things that they should not have said, and they forbade her the ship.

As a last resort they consulted lawyers. They were convinced that she was bluffing, and while they were still putting their heads together, devising compromises and stratagems, Christian calmly got on with the job. She sold the house, signed on a skeleton crew, including Mr. Griffiths and the sailmaker, and on the 14th of May, 1859, sailed out of Garwyth Bay for the last time, bound for the Moray Firth, and home.

The family reunion was not as satisfactory as it might have been, for her father had been dead two years and a wide gulf of experience now separated her from her sisters and the friends of her childhood. She had been away for twelve years. She had remembered only the good times and now she saw, with pained surprise, how small and poor her home was, and how narrow were the lives of those confined to it. And she admits she was shocked at the sight of her brother Robbie who, at eighteen, was no taller than a boy of seven.

(Continued on page 45)

Indiana University students Jenny Waynick (left) and Joann Hodson pose before one of the 125-year-old houses in the Spring Mill State Park village

HOOSIER HOLIDAY

BY MILTON LEHMAN

All it takes is a few birds, trees and chipmunks, and maybe a scrubby hill or two. But build a fence around them, reveal their natural beauty, and you'll discover —as Indiana did—that you can't keep the tourists away

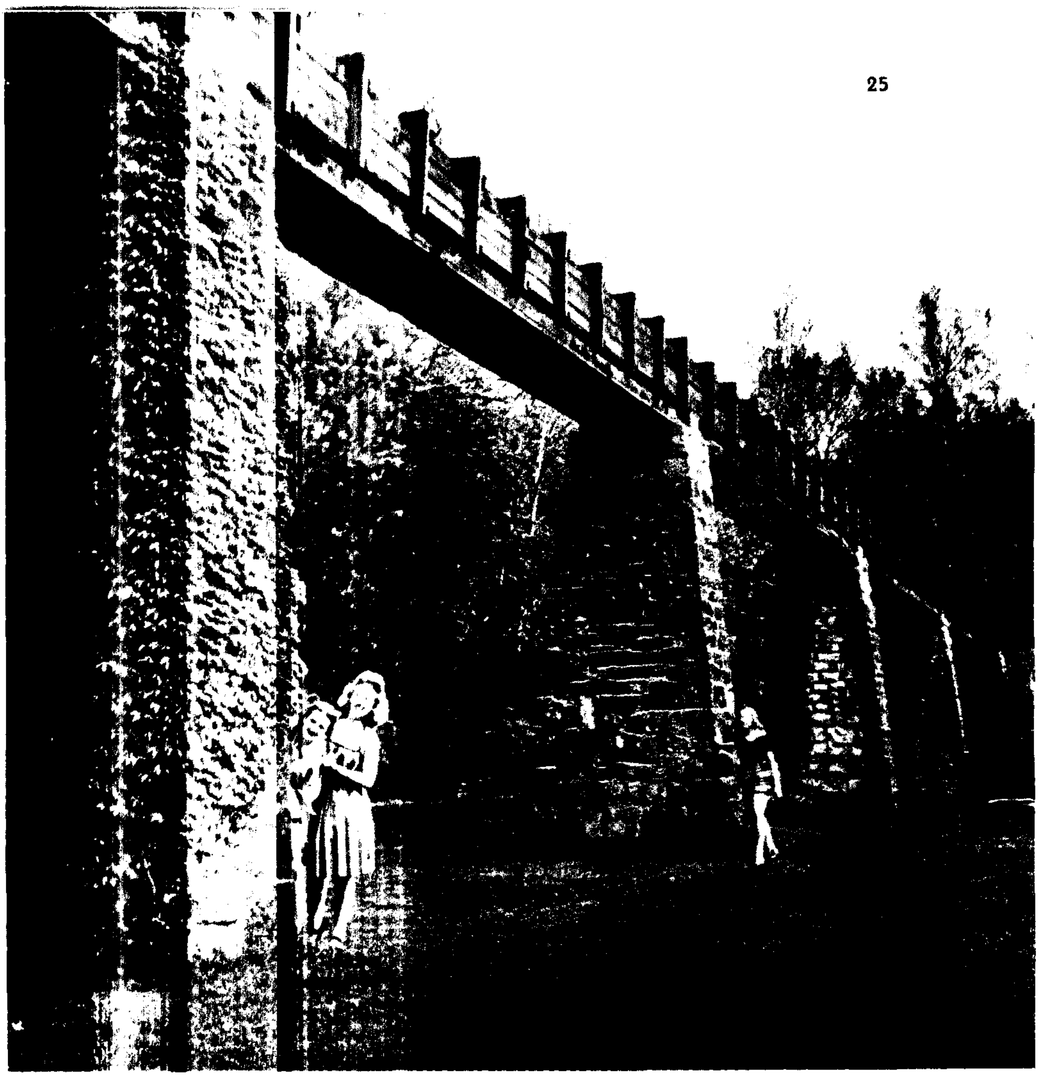
THE state of Indiana, as anyone can tell by looking at a map, is hemmed in on all sides. The Ohio River, which runs along the southern border, doesn't belong to the Hoosiers. When they want to fish it, they must get themselves licenses from Kentucky. The Michigan lake front on the north, except for the few miles they gave Indiana for her industries, is gobbled up by Michigan and Illinois. Ohio has better roads and Kentucky has better scenery, but, year in and year out, Indiana draws the tourist. And brags about it.

Now in its thirtieth year, the Indiana state park system is the Hoosier's pride and joy and a model for the nation. Cooped up on a long flat plain, Indiana didn't have much to work with except Hoosiers. Being Hoosiers, they took a careful inventory of what there was: trees, birds, chipmunks, sand dunes, limestone canyons and a few scrubby hills. These they put fences around, and inside the fences built state hotels and invited the tourists to come and see.

The tourists came—more than 15,000,000 since the first park opened in

An overshot water wheel, replica of the type used in 1817, turns the original stones for the grinding of corn in Spring Mill Park, site of a deserted village near Mitchell

Harriet Perbix stands in the Daliesque "Big Blowout" in the Indiana Dunes State Park. The park stretches three miles along Lake Michigan, handles 16,000 on big days



A picturesque sluiceway **brings water from the falls to turn the old** mill wheel in the Spring **Mill State Park. Besides antiquity the park** offers lake fishing, swimming, **miles of hiking trails and a modern inn**

1916. The folks from Kentucky, passing up their own Mammoth Cave, came to see an adolescent cavity whose stalactites and stalagmites were just beginning to form. From Michigan, they came to gawk at a resurrected Indiana mill town that would barely make a suburb to Henry Ford's Early American village at Dearborn. From Illinois, with its lavish miles of lake front, families came loaded with picnic baskets to Indiana's sand-swept beachhead on Lake Michigan.

This summer, they are here again, standing around Indiana, gaping at historic and natural marvels not one half so marvelous as those they left behind. They crowd the nature trails, looking at Indiana's trees. They even get up at four o'clock in the morning to study the birds of Indiana, as if they'd never seen a bird back home. There's a word for it out here: They've been Hoosiered.

In Indiana everyone brags about the state parks, from the school kids who go off to McCormick's Creek for a summer vacation to the governor in his Indianapolis State House.

Industry Follows the Tourists

At the recent governors' convention on Mackinac Island, Indiana's Governor Ralph F. Gates taunted his fellows by saying: "We've been accused of putting our parks near the borders of your states to lure the tourist. Well, that was never intentional, but we are getting your tourists. And now, gentlemen, we're going to get your industry." Next morning the governor of Ohio read that the Williamson Heater Co., of Cincinnati, was opening shop in Indiana, possibly to be near Clifty Falls State Park.

Clifty Falls, at the southern edge of the state, is no more typical of Indiana's parks than any of the others, say the Hoosiers. "Each one," they declare in their bulletins, "shows an outstanding example of Indiana not duplicated elsewhere." At Clifty the example includes a grand view of the Ohio River, which is Kentucky property, a limestone canyon and a pleasant waterfall which the state describes as a "cataract."

There are several lesser waterfalls; planted groves of hickory, elm, maple and poplar; trails for nature lovers and horse-riding guests; and Clifty Inn, where room and board run about $4 a day, American plan. While the gloomy guest may notice that the Craigmont State Hospital for the Insane borders on the park and that dozens of turkey vultures look down on him from the poplar trees, most of the visitors are overwhelmed by the beauty.

One such visitor, a man named Ben H. Banta, was so impressed that he broke into poetry. The poem, posted at Clifty Inn, shows that, at first, he had no intention of hanging around, had approached the park in a businesslike manner:

I stood at Guthrie Entrance
Of Clifty State Park
To behold the beauty
And then depart.

But Mr. Banta didn't depart. Instead, he went into the park and, before his visit was over, he'd written ten more stanzas to his ode, praising Indiana oaks, elms, hickories, redbirds and squirrels, and inviting all other passers-by to come to Clifty and see for themselves.

Other out-of-staters have also come out for Indiana's parks. Down in Kentucky, Tom Wallace, then editor of the Louisville Times, once toured the park system and wrote an attack on Kentucky for its old saying: "If you can't get what you want, do without, as they do over the river." Indiana, he declared, wasn't doing without.

The National Park Service rates Indiana's state parks second best in the nation, with New York a close first. But for all its Adirondack Mountains and Niagara Falls, New Yorkers are not state park boosters, and Hoosiers are. Also, Indiana has gone ahead of New York with its state-run hotels, set up at most of the parks, which charge the tourist from $3.50 to $4.50 a day for room, bath, three meals and Hoosier hospitality. With this low fee, the inn operators of Indiana spend more time telling people there isn't room than in booking those with reservations.

Last year there was such a run on the parks that one hotel blithely installed five women from Ohio and Kentucky in one room, and another turned down a gentleman named Richard James, who, it learned later, was the lieutenant governor of Indiana. This year the parks are considering a quota system on out-of-staters to make more room for Hoosiers.

The Indiana park system was founded thirty years ago by an enthusiastic German named Richard Lieber, who left his Schwarzwald in the 1890s. As the Hoosiers tell it, Lieber came to America for a short visit, took one delighted look at Indiana and settled down for life.

In Indianapolis, he began by selling hardware supplies, getting naturalized and marrying Emma Rappaport, an attorney's daughter. Soon after, Governor James Putnam Goodrich appointed him military secretary with the rank of colonel, put him on the board of forestry and took him along to the White House to see President Theodore Roosevelt, who talked long and loud for the conservation of natural resources. When Lieber returned to Indianapolis, he brought back the idea of a state park system "to preserve and conserve the rich, natural beauties of Indiana."

In 1915, quoting, "Woodman, spare that tree!" the gruff-voiced, goateed Richard Lieber launched his state park campaign to save the forests of Turkey Run. This was a thickly wooded canyon of Sugar Creek in western Indiana, the name of which came from the wild turkeys the early settlers drove into the canyon's dead end to capture.

No sooner had Colonel Lieber opened his campaign than Indiana's lumber interests threatened to buy out the Turkey Run forests and convert them into two-by-fours and planking. The colonel's blood raced. The state had no money for buying land, he was told. Only public subscription could save Turkey Run. Colonel Lieber stood up and boomed:

"Save Turkey Run from the timber cutters! Save its magnificent walnuts, poplars, oaks and maples, its waterfalls and streams and gorges. This wonderful tract is going under the sheriff's hammer, although, Heaven knows, the sheriff doesn't go to his task willingly. Will the nature lovers of Indiana sit by with dollars jingling and checkbooks bulging and permit the sheriff to cast Turkey Run into the hands of the enemy, the Timber Wolves?"

Battling the Lumber Interests

At first, it looked bad for the nature lovers. The auction was held and the lumber interests outbid the highest figure Colonel Lieber could offer. Undaunted, he carried his battle back to the people, and the public subscription was increased. With $40,200, Colonel Lieber triumphantly bought up Turkey Run.

Meanwhile, the idea of the public buying land for state parks began to spread. If Parke County could have Turkey Run, Owen County wanted McCormick's Creek. From Spencer, Indiana, came a group of solid businessmen to the newly formed park commission, offering to buy the old run-down estate of one Dr. Frederick William Denkewalter. There, on a wooded limestone flatland, cut by a gorge and furnished with a 12-foot waterfall, the doctor had built a sanitarium. The businessmen had looked over the large, rambling building and decided it would serve as the park's inn. Tourists, they reasoned, would then come to the town of Spencer and the county of Owen, and business would boom.

McCormick's Creek was accepted by the state and became the first Indiana park. Turkey Run was the second. Both were opened in 1916, the centennial of the state's admission to the Union. From then until his death, Colonel Lieber encouraged other counties to present parks to the state as memorials to Hoosier

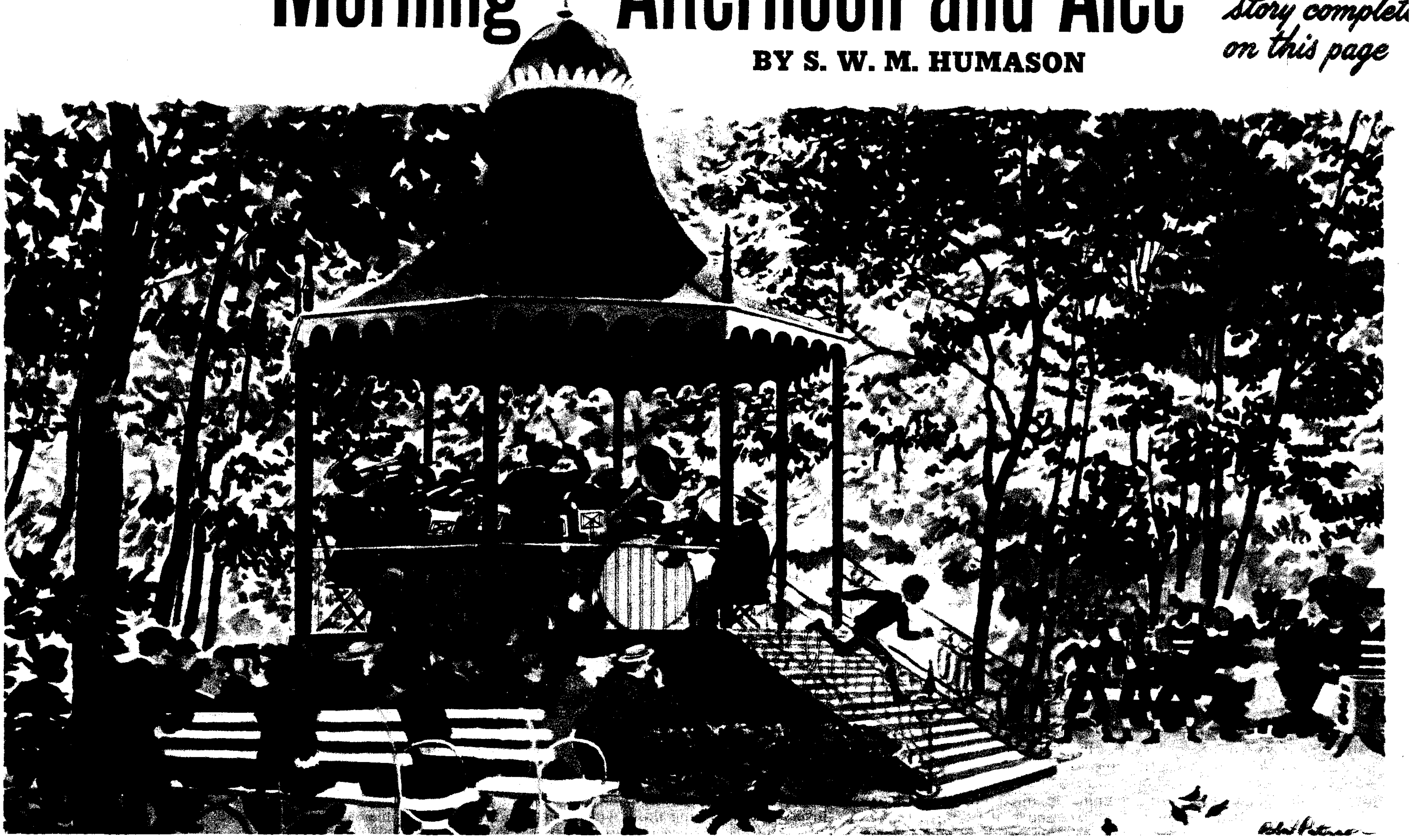
(Continued on page 77)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

Morning Afternoon and Alec

A short short story complet on this page

BY S. W. M. HUMASON



Alec ran sobbing down the steps and through the crowd. Laughter pursued him, the scornful laughter of the boys, the amused laughter of the crowd

ALEC climbed the ladder slowly. He had wished on the first star for ten nights running; he had seen a hay load with two white horses, and he had found a four-leafed clover. He carefully remembered all that as he climbed the ladder. He walked across the diving platform, relieved to see that there were two ahead of him. Perry Trent did a somersault. Red Ray was sunning himself.

"A-A-Alec!" called a voice from the water. That was his brother, Frank. Frank was eleven. He had dived off the platform when he was eight. Alec was eight. He had climbed the ladder every day that summer, but he had always climbed down again.

"Al-ec?" called Frank. Alec walked to the end of the springboard.

"Ladeez and gentlemen," said Frank. "Mr. Alexander Brown is about to do a fancy dive."

Alec looked down and his stomach turned over. From below, the board never looked so high. From here, the space was dizzying. Frank was floating on his back right underneath.

"Get out of the way, you!" said Alec.

"For what?" said Frank. "Mean to say you're gonna dive? Don't tell me."

Alec bounced the board and then stood still.

"Go ahead, kid," said Red Ray lazily. "Just *do* it."

Alec turned around abruptly and walked back along the board and across the platform and climbed down the ladder. His insides churned with a mixture of relief and sorrow. He heard Frank say, "Ladeez and gentlemen, Mr. Alexander Brown is *not* going to do a fancy dive." He heard laughter. He swam ashore and went to the house and got dressed. Other times he had been sure he would do it tomorrow. Now he was sure he would not do it tomorrow or at all that summer. It was nearly the end of August. Next summer was remote, untouchable—the other side of school and Christmas and his ninth birthday.

"Ya big baby," began Frank at lunch, but a look from his mother stopped him. Alec couldn't eat much.

After lunch he lay on his bed and thought about the other thing he wanted as much as he wanted to dive off the board. He wanted to be the boy who held the music for the bass drummer.

Every afternoon when the five-o'clock boat from the mainland came around the point, the band played in the bandstand in the little park near the dock. The bass drummer was a fat man and nearsighted. The band leader chose a boy from the crowd to stand curving his pliant body over the edge of the drum, holding the music for the drummer to see. It was like being part of the band. Alec stood there daily and hoped, but he had never been chosen.

He started for town at three-thirty when the heat was blazing up from the asphalt road. He walked all the way with his fingers crossed. There was no one in the park when he got there and he sat in the shade of the bandstand and chewed grass while the hot minutes slid past. After much time, slow-moving and still, four boys and some grown-ups came. Alec went and stood at the foot of the steps with his feet wide apart. Sometimes there was pushing. The cornet player came and sat trying his cornet with little, wet, bubbling sounds. The other players came and the leader came and the crowd was there and the boys shoved and jostled, but Alec did not move.

The leader walked to the edge of the steps. Boys shouted and waved and snapped their fingers. Alec stood still, his fingers crossed. The leader pointed. "You!" he said.

Alec climbed the steps with his throat tight. The drummer gave him the sheets of music, and gently pulled him to the right position. "So," he said, "hold it nice and still, and when I say 'Next' you put the top page behind and so on."

TIME hung motionless now. Everything waited. The cords on the drum hurt Alec's stomach, and his legs trembled a little but his hands were steady. The clock in the tower of the Methodist church sent five strokes across the roofs and grass and sea. As if she had been waiting behind the point to hear that sound, the boat came in sight. People shouted, the leader raised his baton.

At that instant a little girl on the edge of the crowd screamed. It was a loud scream and Alec turned his head. The drummer's big padded stick came down with the leader's baton, the cymbals crashed, all the horns blared together. It was a sudden, immense explosion of sound. Alec jumped and dropped the music. Its separate sheets scattered across the floor. The drummer swore. A big boy picked up the music, shoved Alec out of the way and took his place. Alec ran down the steps and through the crowd. Laughter pursued him, the scornful laughter of the boys, the amused laughter of the crowd. The music drowned the sound at last, but still he ran, the sobs shaking against his jersey.

He dropped over the sea wall and crawled under the pier where it was dark and cool and hidden. He curled up on the damp sand and cried, and then just lay there, staring at the barnacles on the green slimy pilings.

The band stopped playing, the boat moved on, the shadows of the bandstand and the trees were long, supper dishes rattled in cottage kitchens. Alec crawled out and went home.

The house was quiet. He waited, steeling himself against both gibes and pity. He called but there was no answer. Then he realized that they were probably in the village looking for him. They would be worried. Let them be. He didn't care.

He suddenly started crying again, with anger this time, anger at everyone in the whole world. He ran upstairs very fast and into his room. He pulled off his clothes and threw them in a heap on the floor. He drew on his bathing trunks with trembling hands. He ran downstairs again, across the porch, across the grass and sand and along the dock. He climbed the ladder and ran along the platform and the springboard and dove straight for the green water.

There was a sickening second in the air and then he went deep, deeper than he had ever been, and came up, and he had done it. He climbed and dove twice more. Then he rolled over on his back and kicked showers of spray into the clean late sunlight. The sound of horrid laughter was carried out to sea with the gentle rollers, and drowned. He was, he decided, very hungry.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

FOUR ROSES
Fine American Whiskey
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WH

Forecast: Cold and Frosty

WHAT a surprise for the weather man! (*He'd normally be predicting "hot and sultry."*)

And what a wonderful surprise for *you* . . . if you'll follow our suggestion and make one of these green-and-silver triumphs for yourself!

For no other Julep you ever tasted can match the frosty perfection of one made with Four Roses . . . because Four Roses is so distinctive, so *different*, in flavor — the *perfect* Julep whiskey!

How to make the perfect Mint Julep

Simply take a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or just stir it, if you prefer). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass and fill with shaved ice. Then pour in Four Roses, lavishly, until glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand till frost forms thick.

Then sit back and sip the noblest drink ever created by the hand of man . . . a Four Roses Mint Julep!

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies. 90 proof
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

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HAVOLINE MOTOR OIL

HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL
KEEPS YOUR ENGINE CLEAN
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RELEASES MORE

POWER

Because it Cleans as it Lubricates!

More power, more gas mileage, smoother performance, easier starting, longer engine life, lower upkeep costs, higher trade-in value.

You get all these benefits from New and Improved Havoline because an entirely new formula, exclusive in this famous motor oil, *cleans* your motor as it lubricates — eliminates costly "dirt drag". Naturally, a clean motor uses less effort and less gasoline to do its work.

The great lubricating qualities for which Havoline was already famous are still there. But now they can do a better job than ever, in a *clean* motor.

Change today to New and Improved Havoline — the motor oil that *cleans as it lubricates.*

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You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

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FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

SKY CHIEF GASOLINE

HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

MARFAK LUBRICATION

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Tune in The TEXACO STAR THEATRE starring JAMES MELTON Sunday nights. See newspapers for time and station.

THAT FIGHTING ROCKY

BY BARNEY NAGLER

The story of Rocky Graziano, the rough, tough Dead End Kid who's challenging Tony Zale for the fistic middleweight crown

Quite the family man since he moved to Brooklyn, Rocky frolics with his daughter, Audrey, and his wife, Norma

WHEN Rocky Graziano, the potent punching pugilist, was a roistering youngster on the crowded streets of New York City he was hit by automobiles three times. Each time Rocky received multiple injuries, but nothing more serious than a broken ankle.

As if this weren't enough, Graziano also fell five floors down an air shaft one day. He bounced off a clothesline, landed on a fire escape and walked away unhurt. Then, to top his tilt with kismet, Rocky ran through a plate-glass door one summer afternoon. His injuries were diagnosed as multiple contusions and lacerations.

Thus, if Rocky Graziano insists these days that destiny has tricked him out for an unusual ring role you've got to go along with him. By all the laws of mayhem Rocky should be deader than a ticket for last week's prize fight. Instead, Graziano is the hottest larruper in the land today.

In seven Madison Square Garden main events since March, 1945, Rocky has registered six knockouts, three of them over world welterweight champions. He has lured $750,278 worth of customers to the flailing and, more important in his scheme of slug things, he has earned $175,938.28 during this span.

When he challenges Tony Zale for the world middleweight bauble in the ring at Yankee Stadium the night of July 25th at least 40,000 customers will be in the pews to watch the walloping. The gate is likely to top $500,000, a record for a nonheavyweight fight, and Graziano's cut may reach $100,000.

Graziano, a rawboned, sharp-featured kid of twenty-three, still can't believe all this is happening to him. As a youngster on the East Side of New York, Rocky fought many street fights for free. As recently as four years ago, he received $7 for a bout

Now, with some $50,000 in the bank, a deed for his own home in his possession and fight fans cheering him at every turn, Rocky is amazed—and grateful.

"If it wasn't for boxing," he says, "I probably would be in jail."

The Gas House section in which Graziano raced through his youth is a one-way street to crime. Most of Graziano's childhood pals are in jail. Two of them, the Esposito brothers, went to the electric chair at Sing Sing as the "mad-dog killers" of a policeman.

Rocky himself took a few tosses for juvenile delinquency at the reform school, but avoided the big time.

So Rocky is free and now he's a hero, too. Even President Truman has taken his turn at cheering Graziano. As a matter of downright fact, Rocky likes to think of the President as his good-luck charm.

On March 9, 1945, Graziano walked into the ring at Madison Square Garden as the party of the second part in the main event. He was fighting Billy Arnold, then the knockout sensation of the country, and Vice-President Truman was in a first-row seat.

It was a wild fight. Arnold, a power hitter, shook up Graziano at the end of the second round, but when the third started, Rocky went to work He rocked Arnold with left hooks to the head, smacked him into a neutral corner with a right cross and then knocked him out in 1:54 of the round.

The crowded Garden was in a frenzy The customers stood on their seats and cheered. Damon Runyon, the reformed sports writer, passed a note to a fight writer in the working press section.

"There," wrote Runyon, "is your new Stanley Ketchel."

He was so right. Rocky, an arrogant, wild-winging belter, was off on the streak which has zoomed him into the lush pastures of larruping. Few of the fans who now cheer Graziano ever saw Stanley Ketchel in action, but they're willing to concede that if Graziano is the new Ketchel, then Ketchel must have been a great middleweight champion.

Not Exactly the Retiring Type

Graziano agrees with them. A homage-loving character, he attends fight clubs to receive the cheers of the customers when introduced from the ring. In one season he was introduced at 32 out of 40 shows at the St. Nicholas Arena, a neighborhood club in New York City.

Wearing an inevitable sweater, he jumps into the ring when an announcer heralds his name, takes the cheers with a bow and jumps out. He has 40 different sweaters, ranging in cost from $5 to $40. He doesn't like to wear a necktie and recently, when an Italian-language newspaper in New York City disclosed that he didn't have a cravat to his name, Rocky received a gift package in the mail.

The package contained a hand-knitted necktie sent to him by an aged Italian-American woman who had read the account of Rocky's cravat poverty.

After Rocky hit the peak by knocking out Marty Servo, world welterweight champ, before a record gross house of $173,163 in Madison Square Garden, he was invited to a New York night club by Frank Sinatra, one of his wildest rooters.

The headwaiter wouldn't admit Graziano because he wasn't wearing a tie, but the crisis was cleared when Sinatra took off his own expensive bow tie, knotted it under Rocky's collar and walked into the club with the pugilist.

Sinatra isn't the only Graziano follower who would take the cravat off his collar for Rocky. One noisy fight fan

(Continued on page 67)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF-PIX

Never neglect a knee scratch

Any scratch can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the scratch properly. Then put on a BAND-AID*—the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other ready-made adhesive bandage. Keep one box at home—one where you work.

*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of the adhesive bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson.

The quick, easy way to bandage a knee scratch
36 ASSORTED ADHESIVE BANDAGES
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ADHESIVE BANDAGES
BAND AID
Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Ink and Blood

Continued from page 17

actually, I was accompanied by a representative of the State Department, who was thus, according to the words of the deceitful reporters, an agent of the Soviet secret police.

Speaking of my trip around America, Time magazine exclaimed: "It was the kind of reportorial freedom that U.S. correspondents in Moscow often dream about but never know." This was published in Time, p. 70, June 10, 1946. In the same issue on p. 30, I read that an American journalist, John Fischer, had "returned from three months of unrestricted . . . observation in the Ukraine." I do not know of what kind of treatment Fischer was dreaming while in Russia. Maybe he regretted that no one accompanied him on his trip. I personally am very grateful to the State Department for its kind attention, particularly since Mr. Nelson is a man of great culture and tact and we've become good friends. But I can't help pointing out that Time used my trip to throw a shadow on Russia.

If American journalists are accompanied by representatives of the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs, American journalists scream that they are deprived of freedom. If a Soviet journalist is accompanied by a representative of the American State Department, Time magazine writes that American journalists do not dare dream of such freedom. I don't understand such logic. Rather, I am afraid I understand it too well.

When Americans asked me what is needed to improve our mutual relations, I answered: "One measure." Let not the reader think that I am propagandizing for the introduction of the metrical or the centigrade system. I have no intention of interfering in American internal affairs: if Americans prefer to measure by feet, if they like to say that water freezes at 32 degrees, that is their business. However, it is essential to use one measure in the evaluation of actions.

Security or Imperialism?

The American press has two measures: one for the virtuous United States and Great Britain, and another for sinful Russia. If Americans consider Iceland their base, then it is "a guarantee of world security." If the Soviet Union does not want her neighboring states to be used again as bases for aggression against Russia, then it is "Red imperialism." If Americans produce atomic bombs, it is the abstract work of scientists, or an innocent pastime like football. If Red Army men walk in formation along a Moscow street to the steam baths, that is "preparation for a third world war."

Many American newspapers frighten their readers by the Soviet Union as children are frightened by the bogeyman, and many readers who have long ago passed childhood tremble. "Falsify, lie, something will always sink in. . . ."

Americans have many virtues, but not all Americans have a good memory. Their minds are occupied by day-to-day events, and they think too little of history. One lady told me: "You wouldn't be interested in this novel, it's no longer new; it was published two years ago." Here fashions change rapidly and that is good; but here also, concepts change rapidly, and that is bad. Does the reader remember what he read a year ago?

Professor Einstein told me about an African tribe where people are named after objects or certain phenomena: "falcon," "palm," "dawn," "stream." When people die, their names become "taboo," and it is necessary to give new names to falcon, palm, dawn and stream. Is it good to change so rapidly not only names, but also concepts? Was it so long ago that the average American admired the epic of Stalingrad? Was it so long ago that he followed breathlessly every step of the Red Army?

But now, many Americans, after reading their morning or evening paper, think that the Red Army is threatening their well-being and that one fine day it might be necessary to drop an atom bomb on Stalingrad. An American embraces his son just returned from Europe. Does it occur to him that perhaps his son is alive because a Russian youth fell on the shores of the Volga?

I talked with one farmer in Tennessee. This farmer told me that most likely Americans would have to fight the Russians. He was a peaceful man and absorbed in his cows. Thanks to the TVA he milked his cows with the help of electric energy, and this gave him sufficient time to study his local paper. The newspaper daily informed him of new Russian intrigues—in Trieste, in Korea, in Tabriz. The farmer knew much more about milking cows than about world geography; he read and was astonished by the evils of this terrifying Russia.

He probably read in the Knoxville Journal of May 18th the appeal of a certain sect: it was stated that Moscow is Meshech, mentioned in Psalm 120: 5,7; that Magog, mentioned by Ezekiel, is nothing else but Russia and that it is essential urgently to destroy the country of the Communist Magog. All this resembles delirium, but it was printed in black and white. One American journalist said to me: "Pay no attention to what is written in our papers, it is written by crazy people.". . . We have crazy people in Russia too, but they do not publish newspapers.

An old Spanish song says:

> *"Some sing what they know,*
> *Others know what they sing.". . .*

The Tennessee farmer sings what he knows. But the publisher of the Knoxville Journal knows what he sings.

People who want to engineer a quarrel between our nations at any cost openly say that they don't like Russia. I will venture to add that these people don't like America either. They think of world domination, of oil, of atomic bombs, of an Anglo-American bloc, of anything, but not of American children.

The American newspapers write much about that "iron curtain," with which we have, they say, cut ourselves off from the world. Actually Russia is hidden from Americans by a smoke screen of lies, and this screen is the creation of many American newspapers. The wind will disperse a smoke screen. What will disperse a screen of lies?

Some American correspondents complain that they are not able to see anything in Russia. But to be precise—they cannot see anything that can be used in sensational headlines in the American press. They see the regular everyday work, but they crave for sensationalism; they see the reconstruction of homes, but they would like to report that Russia is preparing for the seizure of Teheran, Honduras or the moon.

I can tell them of scores of our "sensationalisms." We are excited when a factory which was producing Petlyakov bombing planes is now turning out baby carriages. We are moved when a factory which had produced tanks is now producing busses or milk cans. We are proud that the people of Leningrad are repairing their homes after working hours. We dream of reconstructed Kiev. We write books, we care for the war orphans. Our children get married, our widows search for the graves of their dear ones and decorate them with flowers. We fought harder than all others, and more than all others we value peace. It is low and criminal to ascribe to our people aggressive designs.

Nowhere do our interests clash with those of the Americans—neither on the map of the world, nor in our hearts. America is a big country, and Russia is not very small. We can live in peace and we must live in peace. We do not want to force our tastes or ideas on others. I think that we can learn a great deal from the Americans, and the Americans can learn a great deal from us. It is better to learn than to fight.

Though American journalists demanded from me an answer as to why in Russia there is only one party and not two, I would not ask why in America there are two parties, and not three or not one, or why in the Southern states there is one party and not two. Each people lives as it wishes, and the mores of different nations should be respected, just as the ways of a next-door neighbor should be respected.

Round Tables With Sharp Corners

Our two peoples have much in common: forthrightness and frankness, energy, bigness, a freshness of outlook. Our soldiers, when they met the Americans on the Elbe, said: "These are nice fellows." *Then* we were on the Elbe and we were friends. *Now* the Americans are on the Hudson or on the Mississippi and we are on the Volga or on the Ob. Why must we quarrel? Diplomats love to talk at a round table; it's their favorite piece of furniture. Let us say frankly that the round table of the diplomats has too many sharp corners. But the people are not diplomats and the people can truly sit together at a round table, and our two peoples can sit next to each other; they have much to unite them and nothing to divide them, except lies and slanders.

I leave many friends in America. I part with them with heavy heart, for in their eyes I see alarm. Wicked newspapers have done their part: they have inculcated in many Americans the idea of the possibility of "a third world war." There is an old French saying which says: "There is so much talk about Christmas that Christmas comes."

Newspapermen's stories about a "third world war" are dangerous in that they inculcate in people the idea that something is unavoidable, which in fact can and must be avoided. Some people don't spare their ink in the hope that other people's blood will be spilled. The Allies have not yet finished the prosecution of the Nuremberg criminals, when already a number of people, who hate the Soviet Union, are cultivating the thorny path of Hitler again. Was it for this that the Russians died on the Oder, and the Americans on the Rhine?

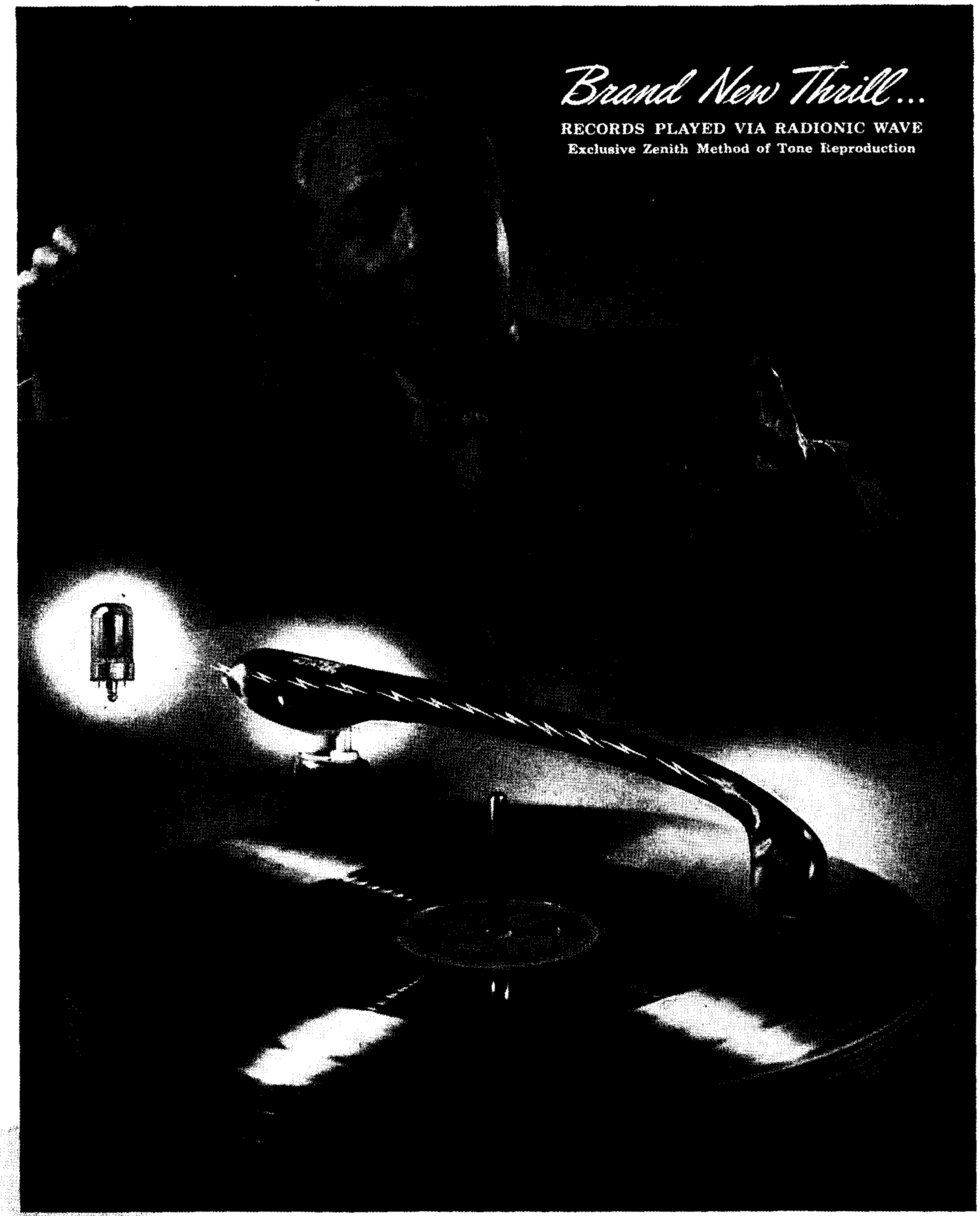
In all countries, including America, the free sale of poison is prohibited. Why then do Americans permit their worst citizens to feed people with poison which may prove fatal? In all countries including America, slander is prosecuted by law. Why then do Americans allow the slander of 200,000,000 people? Freedom is a great gift and there is nothing more wonderful than freedom of speech, and there is nothing more abhorrent than a poisoner at large who poses as a healer, or a gangster at large who plays the role of a defender of the weak.

I want to believe that the American people will find in themselves the strength of spirit, the perception and wisdom to say to the people who are preparing for a "third world war": "Enough! I do not intend to pay for your ink with my blood."

THE END

Only Zenith
has the Amazing
COBRA TONE ARM

The Sensational New Way to Play Records


Brand New Thrill...
RECORDS PLAYED VIA RADIONIC WAVE
Exclusive Zenith Method of Tone Reproduction

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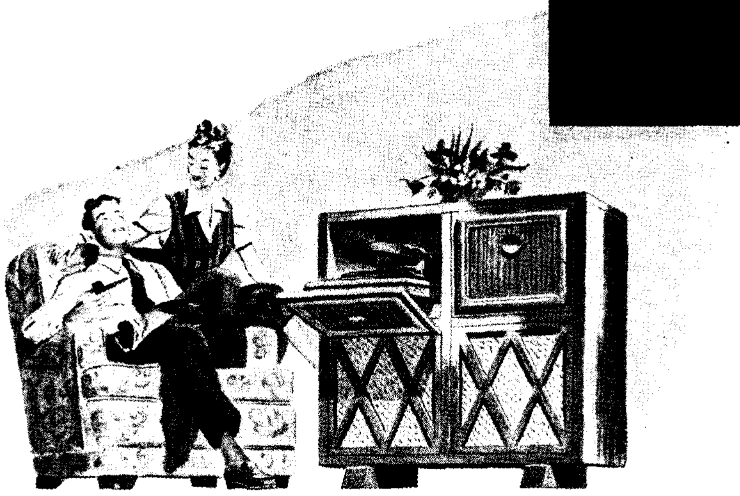

World's Fastest Record Changer, too!

Only Zenith Has This. New "Silent-Speed" record changer gently, quietly changes 10 inch, 12 inch, or both sizes mixed—in only 3½ seconds! No tricky gadgets, levers, blades. So simple a child can work it!

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

Your choice of 43 exciting new Zenith radios and record-playing radios — consoles, table models, portables.

► Totally different—reproduces tones on a Radionic Wave. No crystals or magnets. No needles to change!

► Frees record music for first time from *all* annoying background noise, scratch, rattle. Brings out tones unheard before!

► New "Floating Filament" rides lightest on the record—only ⅔ of an ounce!

► Records *keep* their full musical beauty—you enjoy them *hundreds* of plays longer!

► You can *drop* the Cobra—even press down and *scrape* across the surface of the records—nothing's harmed!

► So revolutionary that radio stations use the Cobra to broadcast records. Now yours to enjoy at home. Get a thrilling demonstration at your dealer's today!

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30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY

Your COMB
should have these
5 advantages

★ Smart styling; lovely sparkling colors.
★ Rounded teeth to avoid scalp injury.
★ Micrometrically spaced teeth for perfect combing.
★ Complete range of styles for men and women.
★ Open design for easy washing.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs
in POST-WAR PLASTIC

NO MORE
discomfort of
● DULLNESS
● SICK HEADACHE
● ACID INDIGESTION
● IRREGULARITY
due to ordinary sluggishness

Be Bright! Feel Right!
TAKE ENO

Whenever you're headachy, sluggish, sour because of acid indigestion or late hours—quick! take sparkling Eno! You'll promptly neutralize excess stomach acid . . . ease upset "full feeling" *overnight!—Next morning,* take Eno as a *speedy,* gentle laxative. Caution: use only as directed. Buy at druggist today!

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION
1. ANTACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
2. LAXATIVE—relieves temporary sluggishness quickly. When needed, take before breakfast.

ENO EFFERVESCENT SALT
TASTES GOOD!

Sleep, My Love

Continued from page 14

she wasn't there either. I came down and asked Haskins where Mrs. Cordeley was. He didn't know. He hadn't seen her." He made a helpless, fumbling movement with the pipe he held in his hand. "I went outside and looked around the back garden. I was worried because of that other time I told you about—the time Mary, the maid, found her in the middle of the night, in the rain, standing on the balcony in her nightgown, dazed, and looking out at the river. It was raining, but she was standing there in her nightgown, looking at the river. The maid was terrified. She woke me up. Alison didn't seem to hear me. Her eyes were open, but glazed, as if she couldn't see anything. She'd been walking in her sleep. I took her inside and put her back to bed . . . I tell you, I'm worried! This is different from the other times."

LIEUTENANT STRAKE lighted a match and puffed on a cigar. "What 'other times'? Anything besides that walking in her sleep, in the rain?"

"Well, it happened twice before—not the same sort of thing. Nothing as serious. Once, about six months ago, we were going out to the country for the week end. We'd had lunch together at my club. I had to go back to the office to clean up some odds and ends, and my wife was supposed to pick me up at 2:30. She didn't show up. After waiting over an hour, I called the club to find out if she'd left. The boy at the front desk said he hadn't seen her leave. I told them to look around. They found her in a little while—upstairs, in the ladies' room. She—well, I suppose you'd call it 'passed out.' There's no maid in the ladies' room during the week. Alison didn't know where she was. She didn't know what had happened. I gathered later she'd been seen wandering around the top floor of the club—just wandering around aimlessly, humming to herself.

"Then, about three months ago—yes, it was in March, I remember now. We were at a party at the Crossworths': Roger Crossworth and his wife. Around two in the morning I wanted to go home. I couldn't find my wife. We searched the house. We found her at last, upstairs, in one of the guest rooms, stretched out on the bed, sound asleep. We woke her—she was sleeping very soundly, and she was groggy. She said she didn't know how she had fallen off that way. I thought she'd had too much to drink, though she really doesn't drink much. The next day Mrs. Crossworth told me Alison must have been wandering around for some time, because there were things knocked over in three or four rooms—a floor lamp, a chair, a picture—knocked over as if someone had stumbled against them. I asked Alison what she remembered—I asked it pretty tactfully, I think. I didn't want to upset her more than necessary. She didn't remember anything . . ." Dick spread his hands out in a little gesture of despair. "That's about all, Lieutenant."

Lieutenant Strake said, "Let's take a look at her room, Mr. Cordeley."

"Sure. Come along."

"Collins, look around that garden."

Dick led the two men upstairs. He was tall, square-shouldered, quite handsome. He looked like an easygoing man, a man who looked well in tweeds or a smoking jacket, a mannered man who had gone to good schools and came of a fine family, a man of some taste.

A row of oil paintings, all portraits, hung in a staggered row on the walls up the stairway. "Nice pictures," said Lieutenant Strake. "Family?"

"Yes. My wife's and mine. This way, gentlemen." He led them into Alison's room. It was a large, sunny room, with great windows facing the river. The windows opened directly onto a large sun-deck balcony.

The bed was still unmade, the windows were open, and the smell of the river was in the room. Alison's pajamas and dressing gown were on the bed; a pair of bedroom slippers were near the dressing table.

Lieutenant Strake looked around. "Know what she was wearing?"

"I can't say. We could find out, though. The maid can run through Alison's closet. She knows all her clothes."

"Later." Lieutenant Strake walked out onto the terrace. Ahead and to the left, was the great bridge that arched majestically from Manhattan to Brooklyn. A tugboat wailed, pulling two flat barges. To the left, the towering mass of River House loomed above them.

Lieutenant Strake leaned over the balustrade and looked down. "Someone could have climbed up here."

Dick looked startled. "Someone?"

"Maybe. It's possible."

"My God, I hadn't thought of kidnaping. I assumed—"

"You never know," said Lieutenant Strake. He wandered around the balcony, looking into corners, leaning over the balustrade from time to time. He examined the doors and windows. Then he turned to Dick and said, "We'll get the squad boys down here, Mr. Cordeley. They'll give it the works— I think you'd better come with me, Mr. Cordeley, to Captain Hannegan's office. We'll file a report and get it all down in writing."

THE porters piled the bags off the train in Boston. The doctor asked gruffly, "Are you sure you're all right now, Mrs. Cordeley?"

"Yes. Thank you very much, Doctor."

"Nonsense. Didn't do any good at all. I'm a heart man. Hate giving pills. See a psychiatrist. Goodby."

Mrs. Tomlinson got a check from the porter, adjusted her funny little black hat, took Alison firmly under the arm, and said, "Now you just come right to the telephone and call your husband and everything will be okey-dokey, as you young folks say."

"Dick must be going crazy . . ." Alison began.

They began to walk quickly to the main waiting room. Alison found herself half running, pulling Mrs. Tomlinson along.

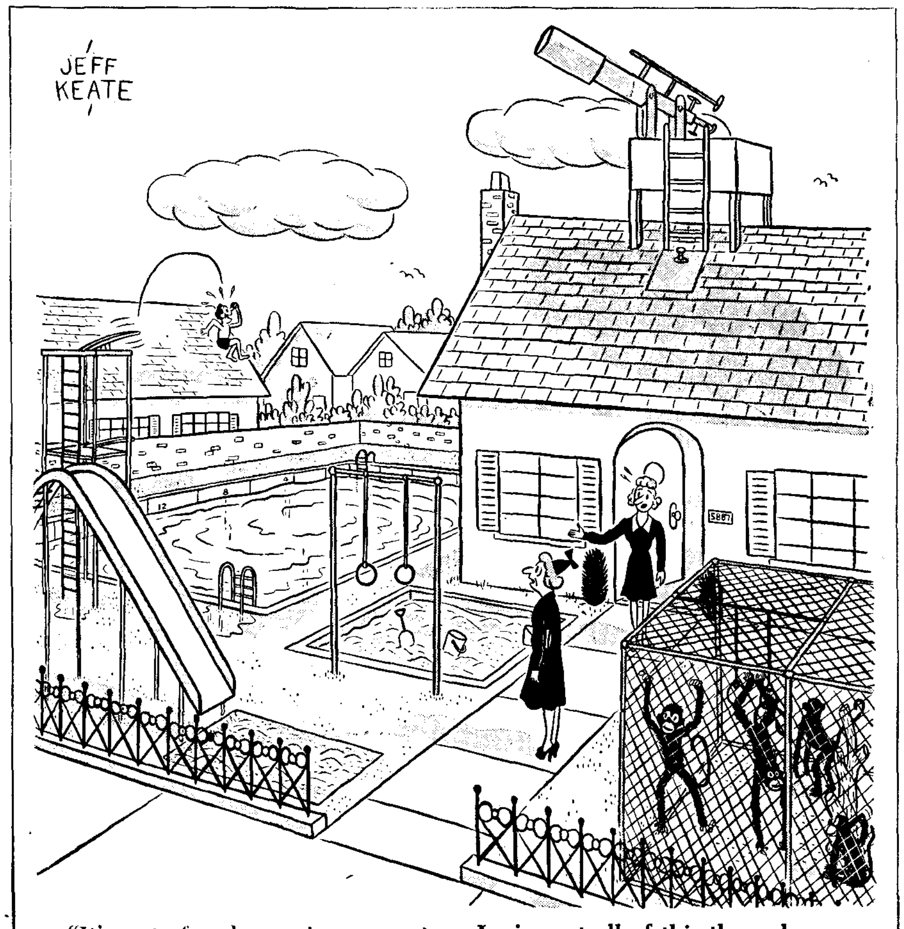
Alison didn't notice the stocky middle-aged man in the blue hat and the wrinkled blue suit, the man with horn-rimmed glasses, who was buying a chocolate bar at the candy stand. But he noticed Alison . . . He watched the two women, then he followed them, stuffing a newspaper into his pocket and tearing the wrapper off the chocolate bar. He crumpled the wrapper into a little ball and tossed it away absently.

"Here are the telephones." Alison opened her purse, holding it close to her until she got the change purse out. She opened it. There was nothing in the change purse. She fumbled desperately through her bag, feeling around the pearl-handled revolver. There was no money in the bag. Alison looked up helplessly. "I'm afraid—I have no money, Mrs. Tomlinson. I—it's terribly embarrassing."

Mrs. Tomlinson hesitated, her eyelids blinking anxiously.

"I'll give you my check," Alison said quickly. "I need only a few dollars." She rummaged through her bag again, then stammered, "I don't seem to have a check either. I'm being a terrible nuisance. If you'd be good enough . . ."

Mrs. Tomlinson said, "Well, uh, I don't know now. That's one thing I don't have is a check. My husband writes all the checks. I'm not exactly rich, Mrs. Cordeley." She hesitated, then brightened. "Would—two dollars do?" she asked finally.



"It's sort of embarrassing—somehow Junior got all of this through on the civil improvements bill when he was mayor during boys' week!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Claire—21 jewels, encased in ruby-studded rose gold

Delle—Golden-faceted, 14K, 21 jewels

Tulane—Handsome, bold-featured, 14K gold, 21 jewels

Donna—Sleek, classic beauty, 14K, 21 jewels

Time for Two

To whisper the seconds of their life together in soft rhythm — what could be more meaningful than his gift of a watch to her — and hers to him? Waltham, so long associated with the tradition-of-giving — has created a new line of wrist watches with the great gift significance of fine jewelry. All made possible, your jeweler will tell you, by the exquisite *beauty within* of the new Walthams. Their outward distinction is possible only through the use of America's finest craftsmanship combined with the newest precision skills. Models for both men and women — from $47.50. As with all precious gifts, let your jeweler be your trusted adviser.

THE NEW WALTHAM

FIRST AMERICAN WATCH

Companions in Quality

High Life
Beer
Old Original

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Enjoy Life with

Miller

HIGH LIFE BEER

MILLER BREWING COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

"Two dollars would be fine. I don't know how I can thank you enough."

Mrs. Tomlinson gave her a dollar bill and counted out another dollar in change. "How—how will I get the two dollars back?"

"Right now." Alison looked around. She went to the Western Union desk. "Do you have a blank check?" She wrote a check out to "Cash" quickly.

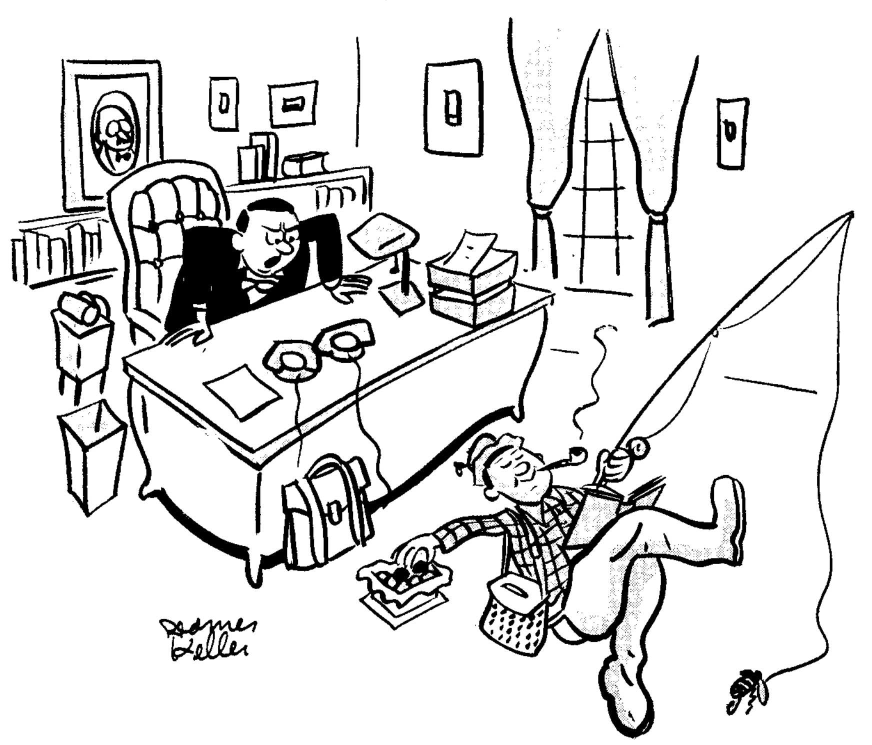
Mrs. Tomlinson beamed as she took the check.

"I can't ever thank you enough. You've been wonderfully kind." Alison put her arms around Mrs. Tomlinson impulsively and kissed her on the cheek.

"Oh, now, *now*. It was nothing. I was real glad to help."

"Look. Where can I write to you? I'd like to send you something. Please let me!"

"Send me something?" The old woman looked embarrassed. "No, no. Land's sake, no. Don't send *me* anything. Goodness, a person *has* to help, don't they? You just forget you ever met me. You make that call and talk to your husband and everything will be fine . . . Goodby, Mrs. Cordeley." She straightened her odd little black hat, waved a funny little wave with the tips of her fingers, like a schoolgirl, and marched off in a curious, bouncy stride. She was smiling, like a woman proud of having done a good deed.



"I didn't ask for a demonstration! I simply requested an explanation of your retirement insurance policy!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Alison went toward the telephone booths. The man in the blue suit, the man with the horn-rimmed glasses, bent over to take a drink at the fountain and watched her.

MRS. TOMLINSON marched out to the taxi-loading platform, bouncing up and down in her foolish little stride, smiled happily, humming to herself.

The man in the blue suit quickened his stride behind her. He took a bite off the chocolate bar.

When Mrs. Tomlinson got on the taxi-loading platform, she stopped. The man in the blue suit stepped behind her. "Hello, Grace," he said.

Mrs. Tomlinson jumped nervously and turned around. "Oh! You *frightened* me."

"Nice trip, Mother?"

"Oh, *very*." Mrs. Tomlinson raised her head and he bent down and kissed her on the cheek. "I couldn't imagine where you *were*, Charles."

"I was behind you all the time."

"My!" She seemed very pleased. "You're clever. You take good care of me, don't you, Charles? You wouldn't ever let anything happen to me, would you, dear?"

He bit off another piece of chocolate and chewed it, nodding slowly. "Everything went all right?"

"Oh, fine, dear. Just fine. Couldn't have been better."

"Who's she calling?"

"Her husband. Poor thing—I was sorry for her at first. But she's stupid, isn't she, dear?"

"Yes, Grace. She's a very stupid girl. She's a very nasty girl."

"Well, it just goes to show you can never tell from the way they look." She sighed. "She's crazy, all right. But she's a *sly* one." She nodded knowingly. "She wanted to send me something, she said. A present. Humph! Just a trick. She wanted my name and address."

The man in the blue suit stopped munching on the chocolate.

"I fooled *her*, all right. I told her, 'Nonsense. Just you forget you ever met me, dear! Just make that call to your husband and everything will be okey-dokey.'" The thought pleased her immensely; she giggled and giggled. "Wasn't that cute, Charles? 'Just you forget you ever met me!' Wasn't that clever? My, I had to keep a straight face when I said *that*, I can tell you. I did right, didn't I, dear?"

The man said, "That was fine, Grace. You did just right. That was a clever thing to say . . . What name did you give her? On the train?"

"Just what you told me, dear. Don't worry about *me*. Tomlinson . . . She didn't have any money, you know. Not a *penny*. Imagine that? And she asked me to lend her some. Give her money! Well, I couldn't really refuse, on account it might look suspicious, so I gave her two dollars. *She* was certainly disappointed. I bet she expected five or six! Do you think two dollars was too much, dear? I'd hate to lose two dollars."

"That was all right, Grace. Two dollars was all right." He bit off another piece of chocolate. "Did she want to return it? Is that why she asked for your name and address?"

"Y-yes," the woman said nervously.

"Grace . . ." He arched an eyebrow.

"Well, she gave me"—she reached into her bag—"this check. She made it out for two dollars."

He took the check out of her hands and his eyes flared cold with anger.

"It's *my* check, Charles," the old woman whined. "I gave her the two dollars. That's not fair, dear, taking my check for the two dollars."

His eyes fixed her until she broke off into a mumble. "You have to endorse a check, Grace. Did you forget?" He tore the check into pieces and put the pieces in his pocket. "I'll give you the two dollars."

"Oh, good. That will be nice. That's real fair. Aren't you *proud* of your Grace? Didn't I do everything right?"

"Yes, Mother. I'm proud of you. You did everything right . . . Now how about sending some flowers?"

"Oh. Oh, my. Of course. I knew I'd forget something."

"I'll wait here, Grace. There's a florist's shop just around the corner. I wouldn't want to be seen, you know."

"Of course not, dear. That would be foolish . . . Roses, isn't that right?"

"That's right. Roses."

"Charles, did you get the tickets back? Did *you* have any trouble?"

"No, Mother. No trouble at all. I have a friend with the railroad. We're taking the noon train. Gets us back into New York tonight."

"That'll be nice," the woman said. "I *do* like to travel. But I'll be glad to get back home."

Mrs. Tomlinson went out of the station, turned left, and entered a florist's shop. "I want to send some flowers, please," she said. "To my daughter in New York. A dozen roses. American Beauties. It's her birthday . . . How long will it take, please?"

"They'll be delivered this afternoon."

"Oh, that will be fine, just fine."

"To whom are the flowers going?"

"They're going to Miss Daphne Vernay, Rowland Theater, New York."

"And what message do you wish?"

"Message? Oh, the card with the flowers, you mean. You telegraph that, too, don't you? That's real clever. Well, just put on the card: 'Love. From Dad and Mother.'"

THE telephone rang in the Missing Persons Bureau. "Captain Hannegan . . . Mr. Cordeley?" Hannegan turned to Dick. "You can stop worrying. It's your wife. She's in Boston."

Dick took the phone quickly. "Ally! Darling! Are you all right?"

"Oh, Dick, Dick." Alison's voice broke and she struggled to keep the tears down. "Darling, I don't know what happened. I don't know how I got here."

"Don't be frightened, Ally. Just so you're all right! Just so I know where you are. Are you sure you're all right?"

"Yes. Dick, please, get me home. I have no money. I'm scared."

"Sure, darling. Don't worry."

Then she blurted out: "Dick—I found the gun in my purse!"

"What?"

"The gun—the one from the house. It was in my purse."

Dick paused for a long moment, then spoke quietly. "Well, don't say anything about that, Ally . . . I'll take care of everything. Where are you now?"

"At South Station."

"Wait a minute—just hold on." Dick spoke quickly with Hannegan, then turned back to the telephone. "Listen carefully, Ally. Go to the Information Booth at the station. Wait there. The police will pick you up."

"Police?"

"They'll help you. You just wait at the Information Booth. They'll put you on a plane."

"Find out how she's dressed," said Captain Hannegan. "In case she wanders off."

"Ally, how are you dressed? . . . Well, the people in Boston will have to recognize you . . ."

Alison told him. "Oh, Dick." Sud-

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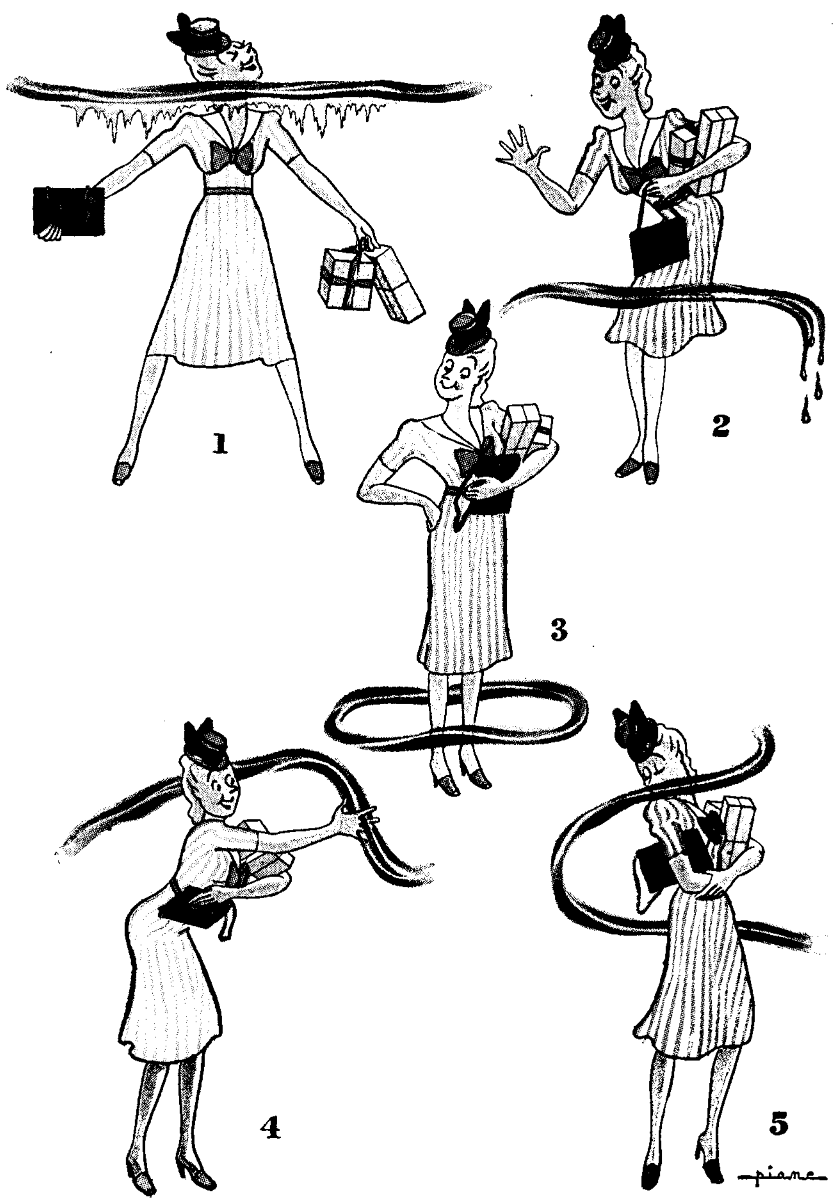

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denly all the fear, the ominous, relentless pressure of the unknowable seemed to dissolve for her and she felt safe again. Dick was taking care of everything. "I'm so relieved. I could cry. I *am* crying, darling. Like a baby."

"Ally. Take it easy. Get something to eat. Everything's all *right* now. I'll be waiting for you at the airfield here."

"Please don't hang up yet." It was silly, of course, but panic is a senseless thing. "Dick—just tell me you love me."

"I adore you, Ally. I've been going nuts worrying . . . Now, take care of yourself. Just stay there."

"Bless you, Dick."

Cordeley hung up the phone. He sighed and wiped his forehead. "Well . . . thank God for that. I'm very grateful to you, Captain."

"That's all right," Hannegan said. "I wish all missing persons turned up this easy."

Dick found his checkbook. "Will a hundred do?"

"A hundred's more than enough. They'll buy the ticket. She may want to buy something."

Dick wrote out the check, and Captain Hannegan pressed the intercom button and called, "Moran!" A detective came into the office. Captain Hannegan told him the story, added: "Here's her description. Hurry it. Ask them to put her on the first plane. Here's the money."

"Do you want a police car or ambulance at the airport?" Captain Hannegan asked.

"No, I don't think so. She's pretty quiet after one of these attacks. Feels tired—scared. . . . I hope it doesn't happen any more."

"Didn't you consult a doctor, Mr. Cordeley?" Hannegan asked. "When it happened before?"

Cordeley shook his head. "Alison refused to. She—I guess she kept denying it to herself." He struck a match and lighted his pipe, and frowned. "I think we'll have to see a doctor now."...

Twelve-thirty. Alison looked at her watch for the hundredth time. A man in a brown suit came up to her. "Mrs. Cordeley? From New York?"

"Yes."

The man tipped his hat. "I'm Lieutenant Mitchell," he said. "New York told us—"

"I know. Thank goodness you've come, Lieutenant."

They walked to a police car outside the station. Half a dozen people on the sidewalk stopped, looked at them, and began to chatter energetically. "You'd think I was a criminal," Alison said.

"Rubbernecks," said Lieutenant Mitchell. "Darnedest thing you ever saw, lady, the number of rubbernecks in the world. . . . All right, Hogan. Use the Wailing Mary."

They pulled away with the siren going loudly.

DR. LAWRENCE RINEHART had the calm manner of one who has seen much of human torment and is no longer capable of surprise, and his mildness fooled some people. He looked like an ascetic, thought like a mathematician. He was a man who liked music, read poetry, and adored children, but he was at home with the unknown, familiar with dark avenues of suffering, unfrightened by the terrible and obscure conflicts of the human personality. He leaned back now in his big armchair, the sun through the window behind him painting a nimbus around his gray hair, and said, "What is she like after these episodes, Mr. Cordeley?"

"Confused. Scared. Just all mixed up."

"She isn't afraid that she has lost her identity?"

"Oh, no," said Cordeley. "Never. It's just as if she did a lot of things in her sleep and then woke up and found herself not remembering what she did."

"Has your wife ever complained of severe headaches? Migraine, things of that sort?"

Dick shook his head.

"Would you call her moody? Does she have severe depressions?"

"Well, yes, since her father died," said Dick slowly. "She changed entirely after that. Her father was a remarkable man. Harley Willicomb. You've probably heard of him. He died a year ago. It upset Alison terribly. She was deeply devoted to him. She was an only child, you know. The funeral and everything were an awful ordeal. Alison just couldn't get her mind off it. I took her away finally, for two months. I sometimes wonder if she ever really got over her father's death."

"How old is Mrs. Cordeley?"

"She'll be twenty-four in August."

"Does she complain of nightmares, bad dreams?"

"She wouldn't complain of anything, Doctor. She's not the kind who complains. But she must have nightmares, to account for the sort of things that happen. I've often heard her calling out in her sleep. She sleeps very restlessly."

"How long have you been married?"

"Three years in November."

"Was either of you married before?"

"No."

"When was the last time she had a physical examination?"

"About four months ago. I'm sure there's nothing wrong with Ally physically."

"Do you know of any mental ailments or disturbances in Mrs. Cordeley's family background?"

CORDELEY thought for a moment. "I never knew Alison's mother. She died when Alison was fifteen. They say she was—well, I don't know. Her father was a little eccentric, in his last years—but I suppose all men get that way. . . . Doctor, tell me honestly. What do you think it is?"

"I can't make a diagnosis without seeing your wife, Mr. Cordeley. I should have to examine her, talk to her."

"Do you think all this—makes sense?" asked Dick. "Is it *possible* to do all these extraordinary things in her sleep?"

"Yes, it's possible," said Dr. Rinehart. "Somnambulism, this activity without consciousness or later recollection, may represent an effort to satisfy certain desires—in pantomime. It may be simply a way of discharging tensions. It may represent an effort to escape the terrors, or the temptations, of nightmares. That's particularly true in cases of sleepwalking by children." Dr. Rinehart smiled. "And it may mean what it most simply and obviously suggests, though it's curious that people always ignore that: a running away from bed . . ."

"And in my wife's case?"

"I don't know. The question is: What does she achieve, what does she *gain* psychologically, from this sleepwalking? To answer that, Mr. Cordeley, I should have to talk to her, know a great deal more about her."

"How dangerous is it, Doctor? Her ailment?"

Dr. Rinehart spread his hands. "It's dangerous for anyone to go about like that. This business of getting all the way from your house to Grand Central is extraordinary—and alarming. I'd urge you to bring your wife in as soon as possible."

"What if she doesn't want to come, Doctor?"

"What makes you think she won't?"

"Well, after that last time, the night she was out on the terrace in the rain, I urged her to come to see you. Our doctor recommended you. But Alison refused. She was scared by the very idea."

"Make the suggestion," said Dr. Rinehart. "See how she reacts. I should think this experience has shaken her up more than the other episodes."

"Do you want me to come with her, Doctor? Or would it be better if she came alone?"

Dr. Rinehart smiled gently. "It doesn't matter. Whichever she prefers."

"Would you come to our house, Doctor? Maybe it would be easier . . ."

"Of course, if it's an emergency."

"You don't seem very optimistic," said Cordeley wryly.

"I should be deceiving you if I were, Mr. Cordeley. I can be neither optimistic nor pessimistic until I see your wife. She's the patient. I'm sure you understand that."

"Doctor, can she be cured?"

Dr. Rinehart hesitated. "Most ailments can be cured, if they're caught in time. In a case like your wife's, quite candidly, if the symptoms are as involved, the complications as many, as your information suggests, the treatment may take a long time."

LIEUTENANT MITCHELL said, "And here's your ticket. That's about all there is to it, Mrs. Cordeley." They were in the restaurant at the airport. "They'll announce the plane any minute. How's the grub?"

"Wonderful. I was starved. . . . There's really no reason for you to wait, Lieutenant. I can carry on from here. You've been grand."

"It's all right. I guess I'd better—sort of hang around until you're in the air."

Alison smiled ruefully. "Afraid I might have a relapse?"

"Well, no, I wouldn't say that, Mrs. Cordeley. But you know how it is."

"Yes, I know how it is." She finished her ham and eggs, drank her second cup of coffee, and lighted a cigarette. "Do you often have—cases like mine?"

"I get more than most of the boys, seeing as how I'm attached to the M. P. Bureau. You'd be surprised how often people just up and skedaddle—mostly kids, of course. We get an awful lot of tracers on kids being lost, or people afraid they're kidnaped. Police keep a pretty close touch on M.P.s. The way I look at it, some people just get lost. Some get panicky. Some are daffy. Some are—amnesia victims, we call them. Some just pick up and blow, like they didn't give a damn and were checking out on everyone and everything. Some take a powder—to get out of a jam no one else knows about, and the wife or family goes nuts trying to locate them. And when we turn them up, we turn up some cute pieces of funny business too and they get thrown in the clink and the family sees red because we found 'em! Their 'loved ones.' Ha!"

Alison inhaled deeply and let the smoke out and watched it writhe to the ceiling. "What type am I?"

"Well, now, I couldn't really say."

"You know darned well you've got a theory about me."

"Lady," he said, "I learned a long time ago to keep my angles to myself. You're not the ordinary run of dame, you know. You've got—beggin' your pardon—class. Plenty of class."

"You haven't answered my question, Lieutenant."

He nodded pleasantly. "That's true."

"Do you think I'm—daffy?"

Lieutenant Mitchell took a long time lighting his cigar.

"Who knows who's daffy, Mrs. Cordeley? Can you tell me that? Some of the nicest people you ever took a gander at will grab a meat ax and make chop suey out of their loved ones. I could give you the old malarkey and say '*You,* Mrs. Cordeley? You nuts? Put it behind you. You're right on the beam like nobody's business.' That would make you feel better. And then again maybe it wouldn't, because you'd wise up to me giving you the oil, and if you was really pots, it wouldn't matter what I said. But just between you and I, just confidentially and off the record"—he winked—"you look like an all-there to me. A real all-there lady, and I'm happy to make your acquaintance."

The loud-speakers crackled, said: "Flight 38 to New York. Now loading at Gate Four."

"Let's go, Mrs. Cordeley. Back to school."

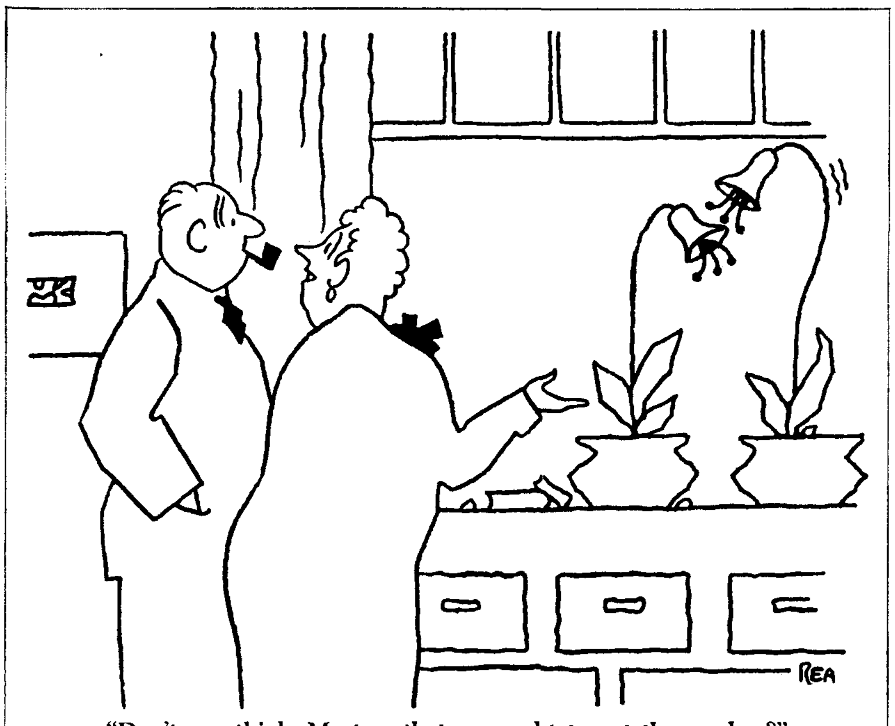
They went out of the restaurant, through the swinging doors, and started for Gate Four. As they turned a corner, Alison collided with a man and woman. "Oh, I'm sorry. I—Barby!"

"Ally! Raise the dead if it isn't Ally!" A little blonde with a retroussé nose threw her arms around Alison. "What are you doing in this godforsaken city? When did you get in? Where are you going? You're gorgeous as ever, woman. Oh, this is my brother Bruce. Bruce, Alison Cordeley."

"How do you do?"

"Barby, it's good to see you!" Alison remembered Lieutenant Mitchell standing close to her, at her elbow. She turned to him. "Would you excuse us for a moment?" she said, rather too loudly, awkwardly. To Bruce and Barby Elcott: "Mr. Mitchell has been—seeing me off. He arranged the flight and everything. I'm going to New York."

Bruce Elcott made a mocking little



"Don't you think, Morton, that we ought to get them a bee?"

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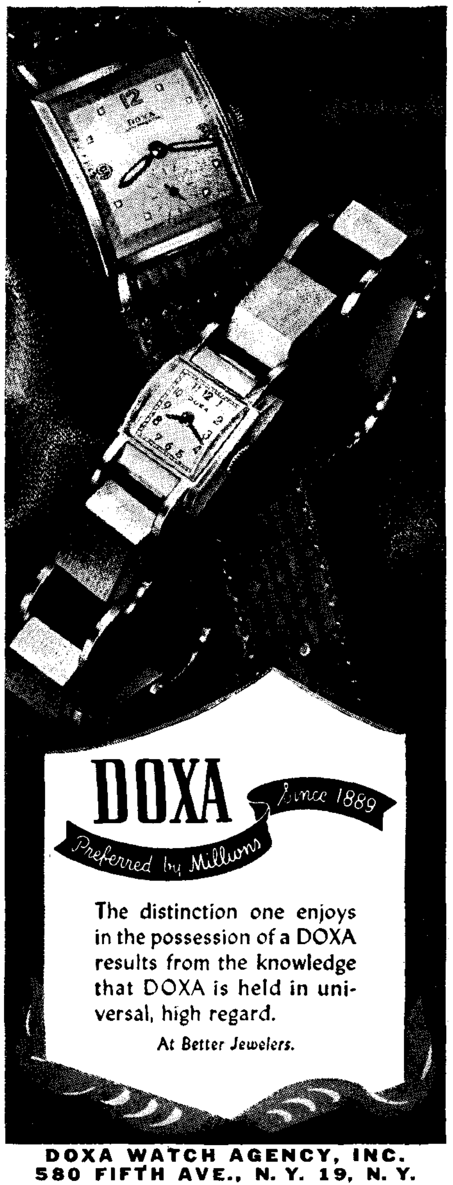

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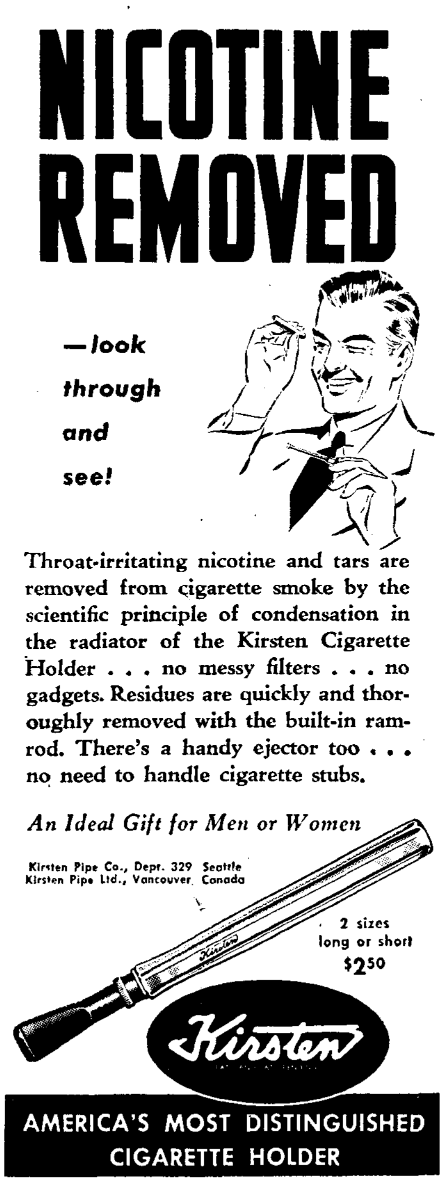

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bow. "In that case, we shall be flung together. Flight 38, New York."

Barbara was babbling. "Why didn't you tell me you were in town? I must say you're rude, Ally. I ought to tear your page out of my Girl Grad book. It's been *years,* Ally."

"I just got in this—not so long ago."

"Don't nag her, Sis," said Bruce.

"Shut up. She's *my* friend. Business trip, Ally?"

"Yes—in a way. Something came up—an emergency."

The loud-speakers droned: "Flight 38 to New York. Will all passengers please board the plane?"

"This is absurd!" Barbara wailed.

"Don't be a cretin," said her brother. "Raise your lips and I'll kiss you good-by. It's the custom . . ." He made a face and shuddered. "*Adios,* child." He winked at her.

Alison shook hands with Lieutenant Mitchell. "Thanks again!"

"Good luck, miss."

Bruce said, "Come on."

THEY entered the plane. Alison took a seat at the window, and Bruce sat down next to her. The door of the plane slammed shut. The stewardess said, "Fasten your safety belts, please. Put out your cigarettes." The motors broke into a cacophonous roar.

They fumbled with their safety belts. "You've got my female." He reached over and took the short strap out of Alison's hand, placing it around himself. Then he gave her a longer strap from his side of the seat. "You'll need this, the long, graceful one. It's called the male. The short squat one, the one with the clasp, is called the female. The symbolism is unflattering, don't you think? Was that a policeman seeing you off?"

Her face froze. She turned to him. She tried to say something indignant, careless, annoyed, but the words would not come out.

"I couldn't help noticing." He grinned. "He had a star under his coat, a gun on his hip, and that air, that unmistakable air of alert stupidity that God gave the guardians of the law. Like a vegetable with delusions of grandeur."

The plane started taxiing down the field. "Wave to Barby," he said with a smile. "She expects it. And to the nice little detective." Alison waved out of the window automatically. Her brain was spinning. This man was too quick; he saw too much; he was too completely at ease among the bombshells he tossed around. "Don't be frightened of me," he murmured, almost as if he had sensed her worry. "I'll keep your secret."

She glanced at him slowly. His eyes were dancing, mocking her. The most striking thing about him was his look of perpetual amusement, of mockery, of delighted disenchantment. That infernal impudence of his, that air of superior amusement, made Alison uneasy. She was afraid of him.

"You're nervous," he said.

"Do you notice everything?" She tried to be sarcastic, but failed again.

"Uh-huh. Better wave to Barby again. Look at her hop around!"

Alison waved to Barby, weakly.

"That's enough," he said. "You'll throw your arm out . . . Besides, that's enough homage for Barby. Where did you meet her?"

"Barby? We were at school together."

He wrinkled his nose. "Finishing school. *That* museum of crinoline and popovers."

"And where did *you* go to school, Mr. Elcott? Or didn't you bother?"

"M.I.T. I was the black sheep of the family. The only Elcott in five generations who escaped from Harvard. Do you like Barby?"

"Very much."

"Silly thing, isn't she?"

"That's a nasty thing to say about your sister."

"Nasty? I adore her. But she *is* silly."

"She's your sister, Mr. Elcott, and—"

"Don't silly people have brothers and sisters?"

"That's not what I mean."

"You see how illogical you are . . . Look at Barby now. She's throwing curves and yelling." He sighed.

The motors burst into a deafening roar, and the plane rushed ahead. Then the airfield pulled away beneath them as if a gigantic hand were yanking the plaster model of a landscape down and away. Alison got a glimpse of Lieutenant Mitchell, the cigar in his mouth, looking up, staring up after the plane. Barby was hopping up and down beside him.

Bruce slumped down deep in his seat. "Do you want to talk, or do you want me to talk?"

"Must we do either?"

"It's over two hours to New York."

"Can't we just be quiet?"

"Oh, you're *that* type," he said. "Probably don't talk at concerts either. All right. Perhaps you want to reflect on your crime."

She turned to him angrily. "You're not funny, Mr. Elcott, and it's quite embarrassing. I committed no—no crime."

The mockery went out of his eyes. They were rather soft eyes behind their banter. "Sorry. Do you have anything to read?"

"No."

He tossed her a pocket-sized magazine. "You can have this one."

For himself he had a thick and heavy volume. The title was Journal of Experimental Science.

Alison took the magazine and opened it ostentatiously. She made an effort to absorb herself in the pages, but she couldn't help being aware of the fact that he was not reading. He was watching her with complete absorption.

In a moment he handed her a cigarette and lighted it for her. They loosened their safety belts. Alison went back to her magazine, and still he watched her. She tried to read for a moment, then turned to him. "I would appreciate it if you didn't stare at me."

"Don't you believe in democracy?"

"Democ—don't be absurd."

"It's not absurd. I'm not harming you by looking at you. Yet you order me to stop it."

"You're being childish."

He inclined his head in a little bow. "What were you doing in Boston?"

"Must you be inquisitive?"

"I mustn't, but I enjoy it. That's one of the advantages of being a son of one of the Stately Homes." He crossed his legs easily. "The ordinary rules of decorum don't apply. Everyday courtesies are off bounds to the 'better' people. A gentleman, you may have heard, is one who never offends—unintentionally."

HE SETTLED deeper into his seat, and began to read. He really did read. He had dropped the whole thing. Alison found herself looking at him out of the corner of her eye. Then she heard him say, without turning his head, "Must you be so inquisitive? Must you stare?"

She jerked. "Sorry."

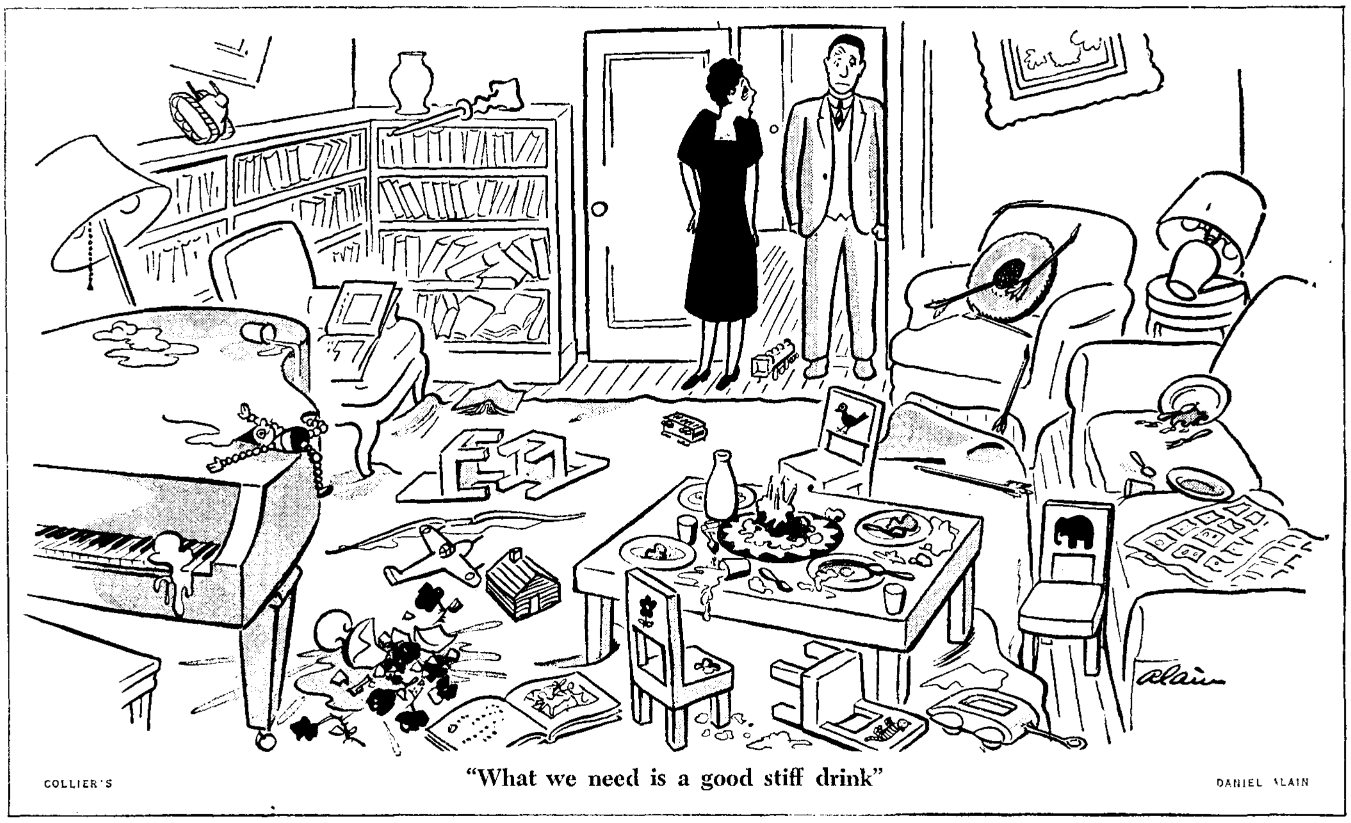
"I forgive you. What time shall I call for you?"

"What?"

"What time shall I call for you? Tonight. We can go to the theater, and have dinner. I'll enjoy it and you can throw barbed looks at me. I'm going to be in New York for five days. Today is Friday; that gives us Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and—"

"I think that most unlikely."

"Well, you can have Monday to your-



"What we need is a good stiff drink"

Best way to "go places" . . .

in a new 1946 Hudson, with new style and luxury around you . . . and a famous engine up ahead!

HUDSON

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN

Now that you can *go* again—go in a sleek *new* car that will bring you all the pleasure there is in luxurious highway travel.

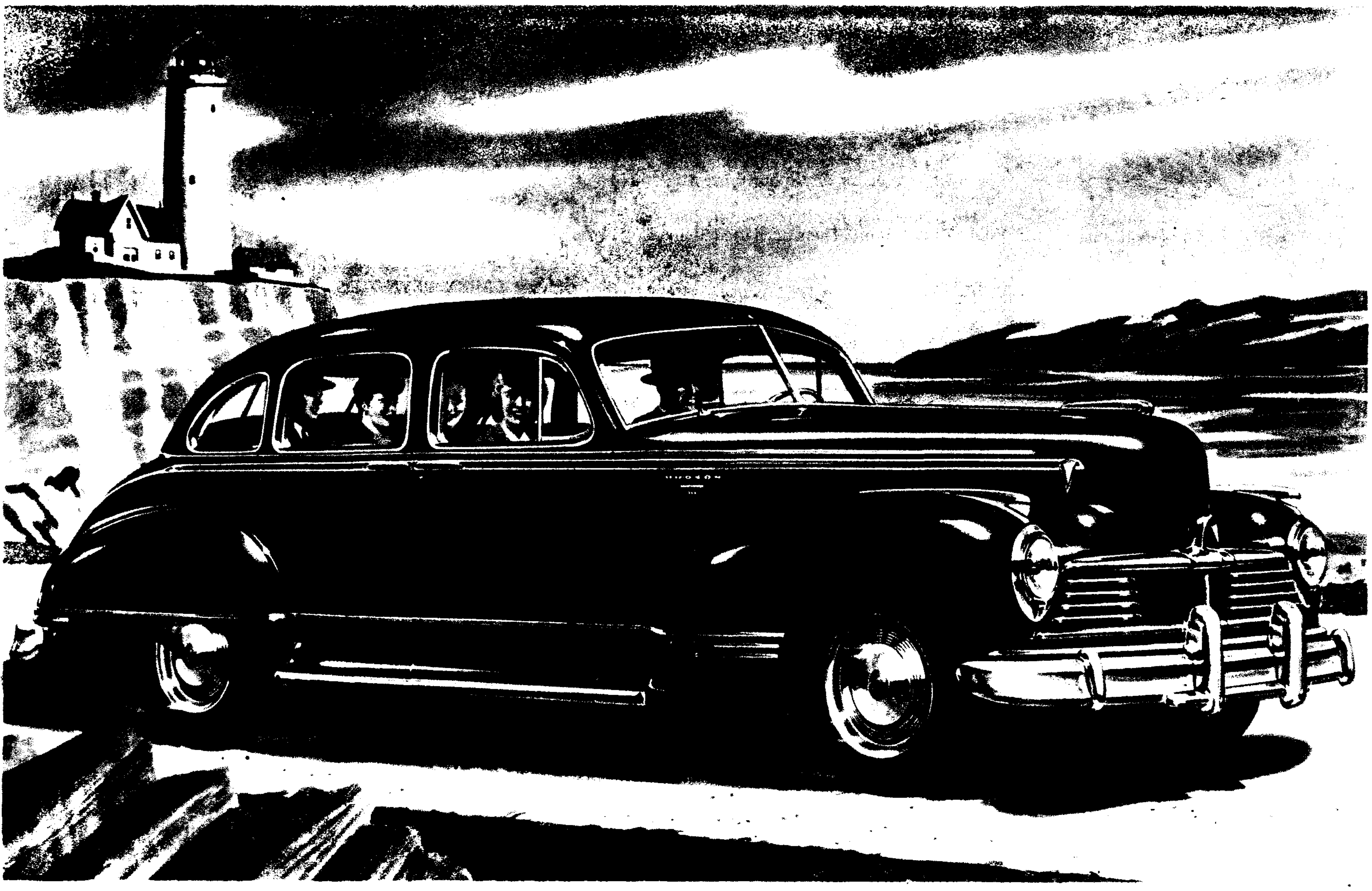
More power to you! New 1946 Hudsons give you a choice of two world-famous engines—the Super-Six and Super-Eight. Power you will never use to its limit at any touring speed. Power so smooth and effortless that day-long jaunts leave you fresh as a June morning.

Give yourself plenty of room! Every Hudson seat is 3-passengers wide, and soft, cool Airfoam cushions—standard in Commodore models, available in others—banish body fatigue. Rear luggage compartments are enormous, in a choice of models that includes 6-passenger Sedans, Broughams and Convertible Broughams; and 5- and 3-passenger Coupes.

Be sure of safety! Along with smart new outside styling and wholly new luxury interiors—along with unmatched records of endurance—you again get "America's Safest Car" in a 1946 Hudson, as a long list of exclusive safety features attests.

Hudson is steadily stepping up production, to meet a demand that has been zooming since the first day these new models were shown to the public.

Call at the nearest Hudson showroom now—and discover "the best way to go places."

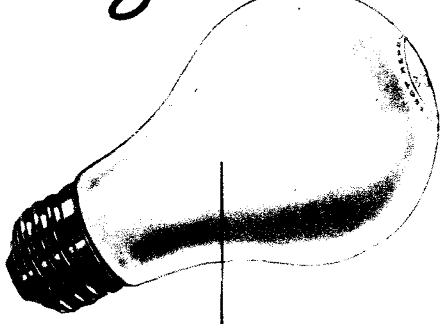


Choice of famous 102-h.p. Super-Six and 128-h.p. Super-Eight engines—in a Super Series or a distinguished Commodore Series. Nine standard body colors—four 2-tone combinations available at extra cost. Pictured here, the 1946 Hudson Commodore Sedan.

glamourize your outdoor evenings

A welcome beacon to guests . . because they know these gay yellow bulbs mean delightful evenings outdoors.

Bug Banisher



original *INSECT-REPELLENT* LAMP

REDUCES ATTRACTION FOR NIGHT-FLYING INSECTS UP TO 92%

Look for dining and amusement places lighted with the yellow bulb most bugs don't like.

use them for all outdoor lighting

At your favorite store . . . in the blue and yellow display. 60 watt — 25¢, 100 watt — 35¢, plus Fed. Tax.

Copyright 1946, Verd-A-Ray Corp.

VERD-A-RAY
CORPORATION
TOLEDO 5, OHIO

self." He smiled—an easy, infectious smile. "Now get off your high horse, Toots. Let's be friends."

His candor was too engaging to resist. "All right."

"What time tonight? Seven o'clock? Long dress?"

She shook her head.

"All right, short dress. It might be better anyway for sightseeing. That's how I spend most of my time in New York—on rubberneck wagons. The rubberneck wagon is the best show in the world. I take every tour there is: Mysterious Chinatown, the Bowery, Streets of Sin, Harlem at Night. You'd probably like Chinatown best, at first. Ever been there?"

"No."

"You see? You're a New Yorker. My favorite is Trip Number 7 that starts from a cigar store on Forty-ninth Street. It takes you past the Tombs. The guide knows the name, date and details of every ax murder since 1849. He looks like a turtle. You'd like him . . . We'll have a late dinner at Voisin's and catch the eleven-o'clock tour."

"No." She sighed. "What do you do for a living, Mr. Elcott?"

"I enjoy myself."

"Don't you *do* anything?"

"Of course I do. In the spring I raise flowers. In the summer I study the stars. In the fall I think. In the winter I read."

"Don't you work for a living?" she blurted out.

"No," he said. "I contribute my services to deserving agencies of our government."

"You seem to have a flip remark about everything."

"That's because I said you were in a jam."

"Oh, we're back to that, are we?" Suddenly she smiled. "The detective might have been a bodyguard."

"Ah!" He nodded. "But he wasn't."

"How can you be sure?"

"Because you told me. You said he *might* have been."

"You *are* exasperating."

He grinned. "I'll come around at seven."

"You're not coming around at seven or eight or nine, or any other time, Mr. Elcott."

He pushed her handbag over; it had slid against him. Then he hefted it in his hand for a moment. "Heavy, huh?"

She took it quickly from him. "You're impertinent."

"That was a statement of fact. But I suppose you're right. Observations of fact can be impertinent. Like telling a fat woman she's fat. Or if I told you you were beautiful. You would think I was impertinent, yet you are beautiful. Moreover, you're *very* beautiful. It's not the same thing, you know. It's the difference between a caterpillar and a butterfly."

SHE turned to him as if she had won a victory and held the upper hand. "What else do you think, Mr. Elcott? What else do your all-knowing eyes see?"

"A challenge?"

"Yes."

"Fine. You've got a temper. You've got a will. And you've got money—oodles and oodles of money. You've got the most revealing symptom—the way you handle your anger. The rich are rude; the poor vulgar." He smiled. "No charge. These lectures are given for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Misunderstood Heiresses . . . If you won't let me pick you up at seven, why don't you come to my place? Kensington House. There isn't an etching in the hotel."

She shook her head.

"Your vocabulary is terribly limited. Why not?"

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Elcott, I'm married!"

And then an extraordinary thing happened. He flushed. This man who seemed so cynical, so blithe and self-assured and superior, got quite red and embarrassed. He stared at her, and he frowned. "Married?"

"Didn't you hear Barby introduce us?"

"Barby introduced you as Alison Cordeley."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I assumed you knew. I didn't mean to—lead you on. I didn't, did I?"

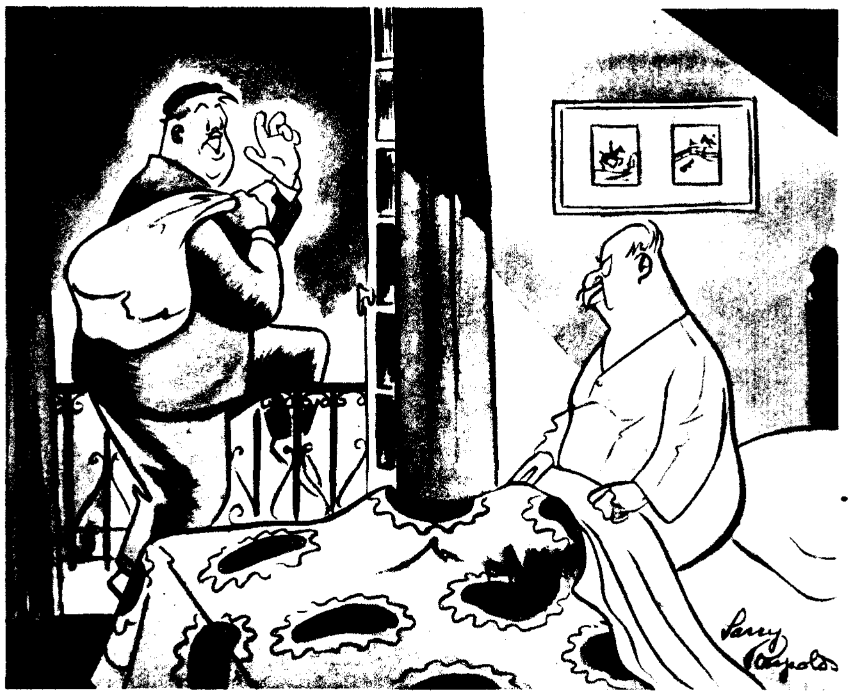
"No." He spoke slowly now. "I guess my hunch was pretty good, wasn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"You really are upset about something." He nodded toward her hand. "You're not wearing your wedding ring," he said.

(To be continued next week)

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"This ain't necessarily goodby, then—I understand you got a summer place too"

COLLIER'S

How to give a
DRY MARTINI
Perfect Flavor

ASK THE MEN who mix 'em at fine bars. They can tell you two important things about a Dry Martini. First, the quality of the vermouth is just as important as the quality of the gin. Second, for uniform high quality, always use famous imported Martini & Rossi Vermouth.

MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH

REGULAR
MARTINI & ROSSI
EXTRA DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI

MARTINI & ROSSI Vermouth has long been world famous. The subtle M & R flavor has never been successfully duplicated. Keep both kinds on hand. *Extra Dry* for a Dry Martini. *Regular* for a Manhattan. W. A. Taylor & Company New York City. Sole Distributors for U. S. A.

PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

Dinner Was Late

Continued from page 16

She turned to the window. "The view is even better," she said unsteadily, "than I had hoped from down below."

They stood watching a tug far out on the black water drawing a train of low barges, each shadow sparked with emerald and ruby against the amethyst sky.

"This is the New York I dreamed about when I was gone," she said. "Not the harbor, I mean, or even the lights of the buildings over there. But seeing it from here, from this apartment—" She stopped because her throat was tight.

"The trouble is," he said, "there are too many New Yorks. You can come back and search for months and never be sure the one you hope for even exists, until you hit the lucky combination that opens it up to you."

She asked in wonder, lifting her face to his, "How did you know?"

The generous line of his lips drew taut. "There are a lot of us," he told her, "who came back."

After a moment she said softly, "I hope you found your lucky number."

He didn't answer for a time, looking down at her. Then he said, "Perhaps—"

She said, her voice hasty and chattering, "I can't express my gratitude—"

"I have my own," he told her quietly, his eyes again adding meaning to his words, stirring response all through her body that startled her. Dizzily she turned away, into the room.

"To name one item," he went on in a brusque, changed voice, following. "A fresh palate is required for a little French restaurant that's opened up around the corner. Let's not let it languish for lack of appreciation."

"Let us not, indeed," she cried gaily, "if their onion soup can equal mine."

"Yours?" She could feel his eyes move over her face and hair. "And you tell me you're about to write a thesis tracing the medieval theory of humors through the work of Freud and Sheldon?"

She turned swiftly to the kitchen. "The proof is up to me, I guess." She stepped firmly on the floor to keep her feet from dancing.

He came after her and moved about too lithely, she thought, for an assistant professor, opening cabinets, peering into cupboards. "Ah!" He came up with a broken coffeepot. "Drugstores are always open." He scrawled with an air of triumph on one of his scraps of paper. "Now what else?" He frowned, his pencil poised.

"There was another thing," he said, returning to the living room. He took up his hat from the sofa. "I had to be home half an hour ago for a phone call. From a student— Wait—" His smile flashed and he strode to the bookshelves. "I nearly forgot—" He lifted a fat volume from the bottom row and handed it to her. "That, with your unpacking," he told her, "should hold you."

SHE stood still in the middle of the floor where he had left her, watching the door close after him. The book was heavy in her arms and she looked down, dazed, at the encyclopedia, CONST to EDWAR. She shook her head, puzzled, tossing back her hair. Walking to the sofa, she turned the leaves vaguely until she reached Dordogne-Doré, then light broke and she laughed aloud. But her heart beat faster with trepidation absurdly real. Somehow if the dormouse should be disappointing, it would damage everything.

When she had finished reading she stood up, still smiling, and walked about the room, turning on lights. An electric clock with numerals that moved across a little window startled her; it said 5:53. She hurried to the bedroom.

Her larger suitcase had been set with care upon a folding rack, its fasteners opened, and the smaller one placed on the dressing-table bench. Laying out her toilet things she caught her own reflection by surprise, saw with a sort of shock the trembling lifted corners of her mouth, the young deep lucency of her blue eyes, the color in her cheeks that rimmed her face with less an outline than a glow of light. She saw this new vision of herself for only the briefest instant, but long enough to leave her with elation she could not quite control.

She laid away her clothes, and—still smiling—undressed with slow, deliberate grace. She stood in the shower carelessly long, reveling in her new aliveness.

She was not aware of the exact moment when the smile left her lips. It was quite gradual, the change to ordinary, insensate ways of moving. It began, perhaps, when she had given all the time she could, even in this new mood of lavish delicacy, to dressing; when she had brushed her hair until it lay like poured gold over her shoulders. She wandered to the radio and turned it on, listening with only half her hearing to the news; her ears were waiting for the doorbell, for his footsteps on the stairs.

OTHER buzzers burred dimly down below, stopping her breathing; other feet climbed, but halted halfway up and entered other doors. She did not see the clock, but suddenly the radio cut through, telling her the time.

Seven-thirty, she heard with physical shock. It had been two hours since he left her.

But habits here, she told herself at once, were different from the convent-like routine of those two years. It was early still for dining in New York.

Seven-thirty passed, and then it was not early. Still, it was not late—there was a play, remember, Dinner at Eight? Each moment merely made it certain that the next would bring the harsh rasp of the buzzer in her ears.

She started reading titles of books, methodically, left to right, the length of every row, noting with a fraction of her mind the ones that she should read. But she did not reach out, her hands were clasped behind her, one held in the other, hard. Her body was stiff with tension tightening as if a key were turning, winding, with the clicking of the clock, each click winding tighter, tighter till she couldn't hold firm another second against the truth. He was not coming.

He had not invited her, she knew suddenly. He had not even spoken of seeing her again.

The wind came over the water carrying fragments of sound—church bells somewhere far off, striking the hour.

She ran to the kitchen, but the wind blew hard again and brought the broken music of the bell. And the tolling brought with it the truth: The understanding she had felt between them didn't exist except in her imagination.

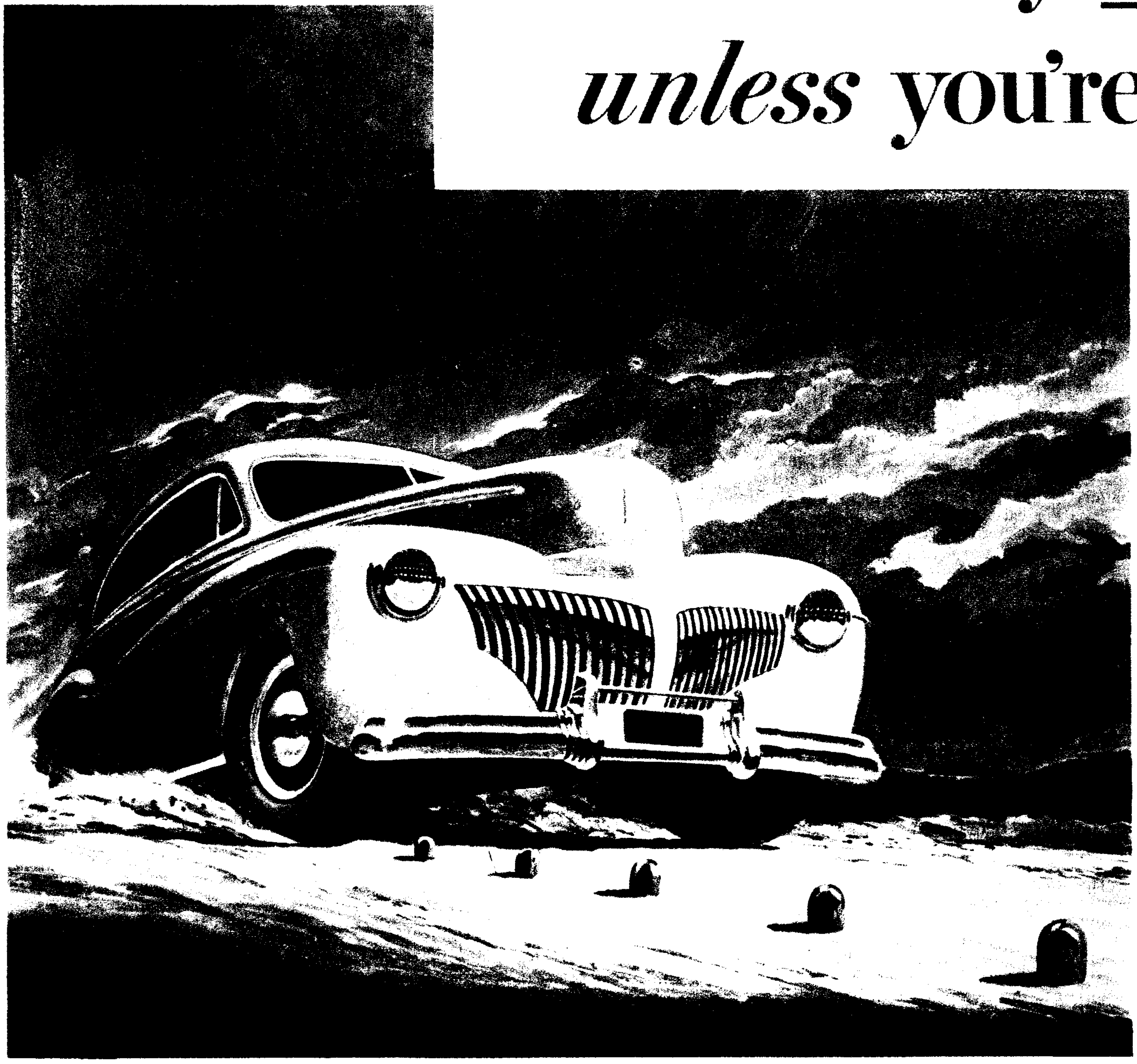
Despairingly she searched for contradiction. "I have my own gratitude," he had told her, standing beside her in the dusk. But he had gone on then, denied the meaning that he saw her read into his words. He had spoken of the restaurant, not as an invitation, but in haste to turn the conversation back to safe, impersonal channels.

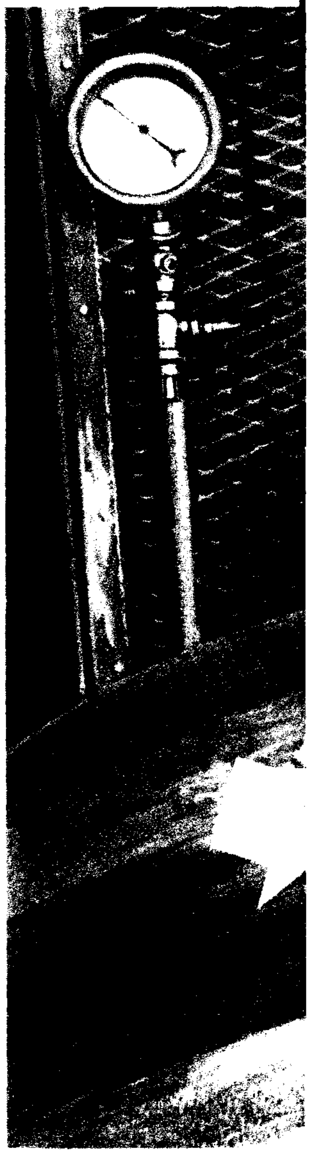
She had answered it as an invitation, Rosamund remembered, shame rising hot through all her body; she had offered eagerly, immediately, to cook for him: an offer he had not accepted. For it was then he had become so businesslike, rushing through the final details of his duties.

Duties, that was all they were—just a

Don't You Believe in Signs, Sugar?
SOFT SHOULDERS
I DECLARE, JOE! YOU TREAT ME LIKE I WAS A BAD BREATH BETSY OR SOMETHING!
HONEY, I NEVER SAID THAT-AND I NEVER WOULD! BUT MAYBE YOUR DENTIST COULD SURE ENOUGH HELP, AT THAT!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH-HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES-STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS-REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER-THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
MARRIAGE LICENSE BUREAU STRAIGHT AHEAD
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

You don't stay first *unless* you're best





Something you'd want to miss! Suppose you wheeled around a curve when suddenly, ahead of your car, you saw sticking up out of the pavement a row of solidly-embedded, 3-inch-high steel knobs—like the ones pictured here.

Would you make sure you missed them?

You're darn right you would!

You'd feel that no tire ever built could be expected to withstand such a series of terrific impacts! You wouldn't want any tire of yours to hit even *one* of those knobs! But look . . .

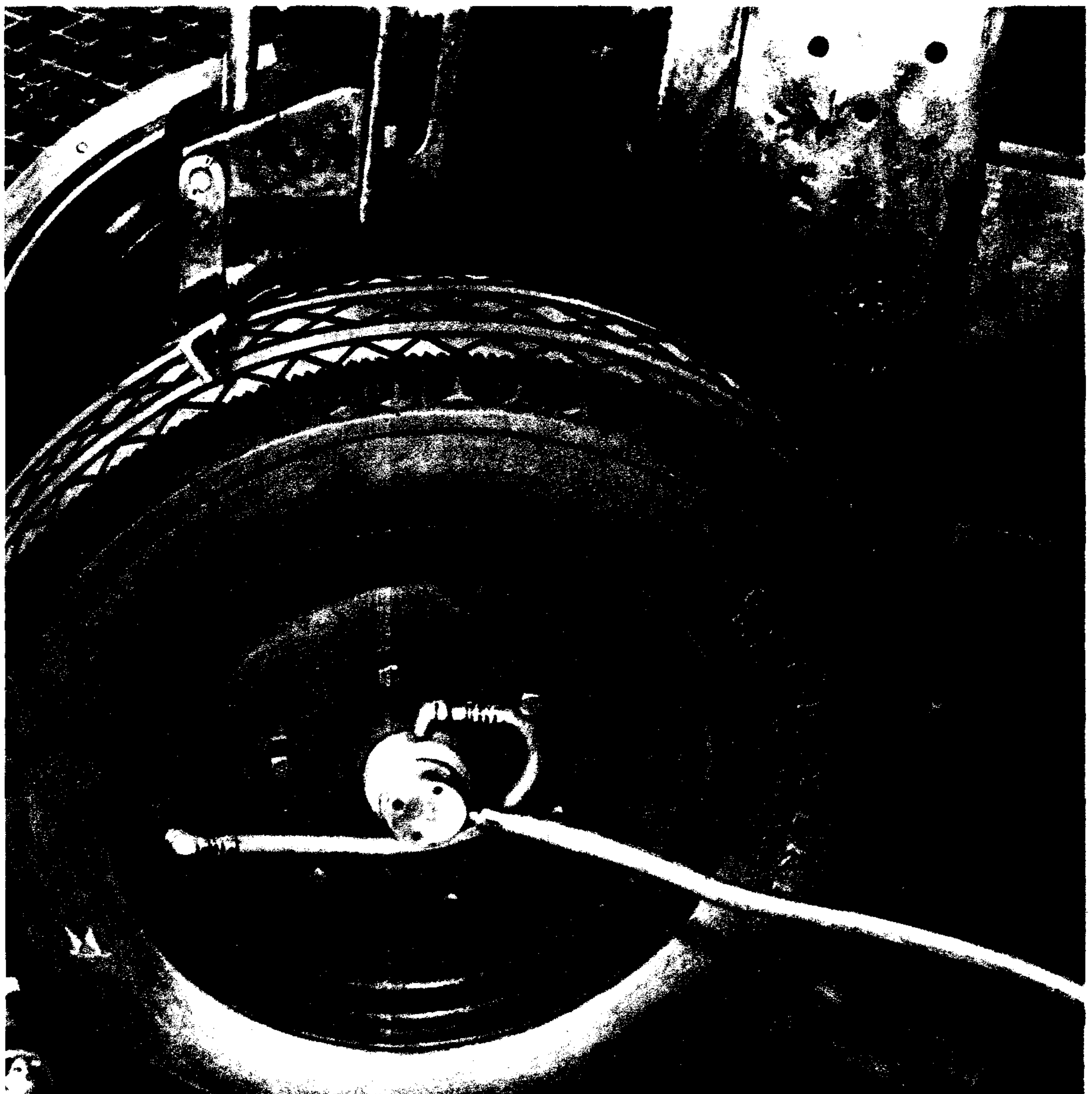
Here's a Goodyear ti
such impacts—in rap

How? Like this: T
knob is fixed to a dr
speed. The tire is hel
a pressure equal to t
Every time the steel
dents the tire almos
such blows do not br

First–every year for 31 years

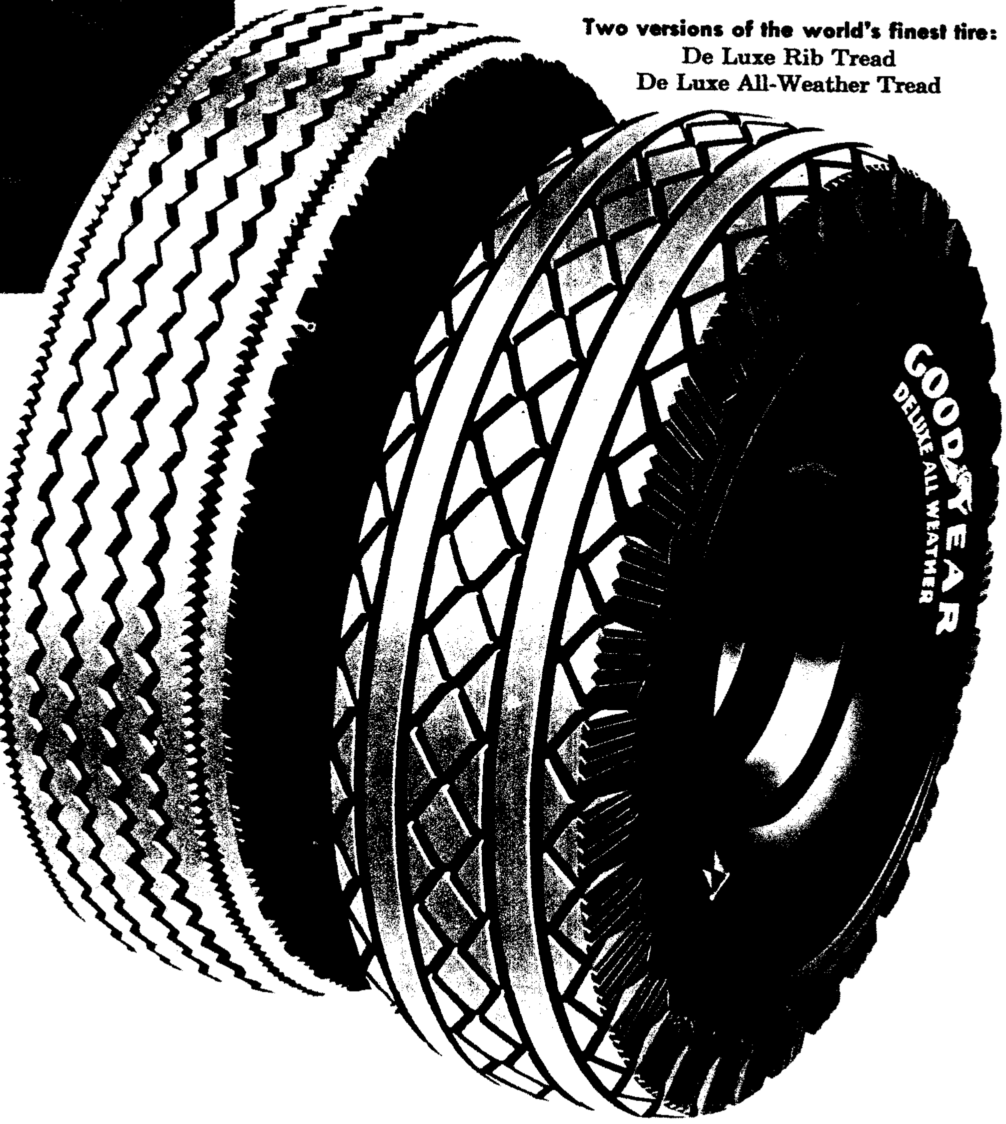
GOOD

All-Weather T. M.—The Goodyear T. & R. Co.



GOOD YEAR

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind



Two versions of the world's finest tire:
De Luxe Rib Tread
De Luxe All-Weather Tread

; more than 3000
sion!

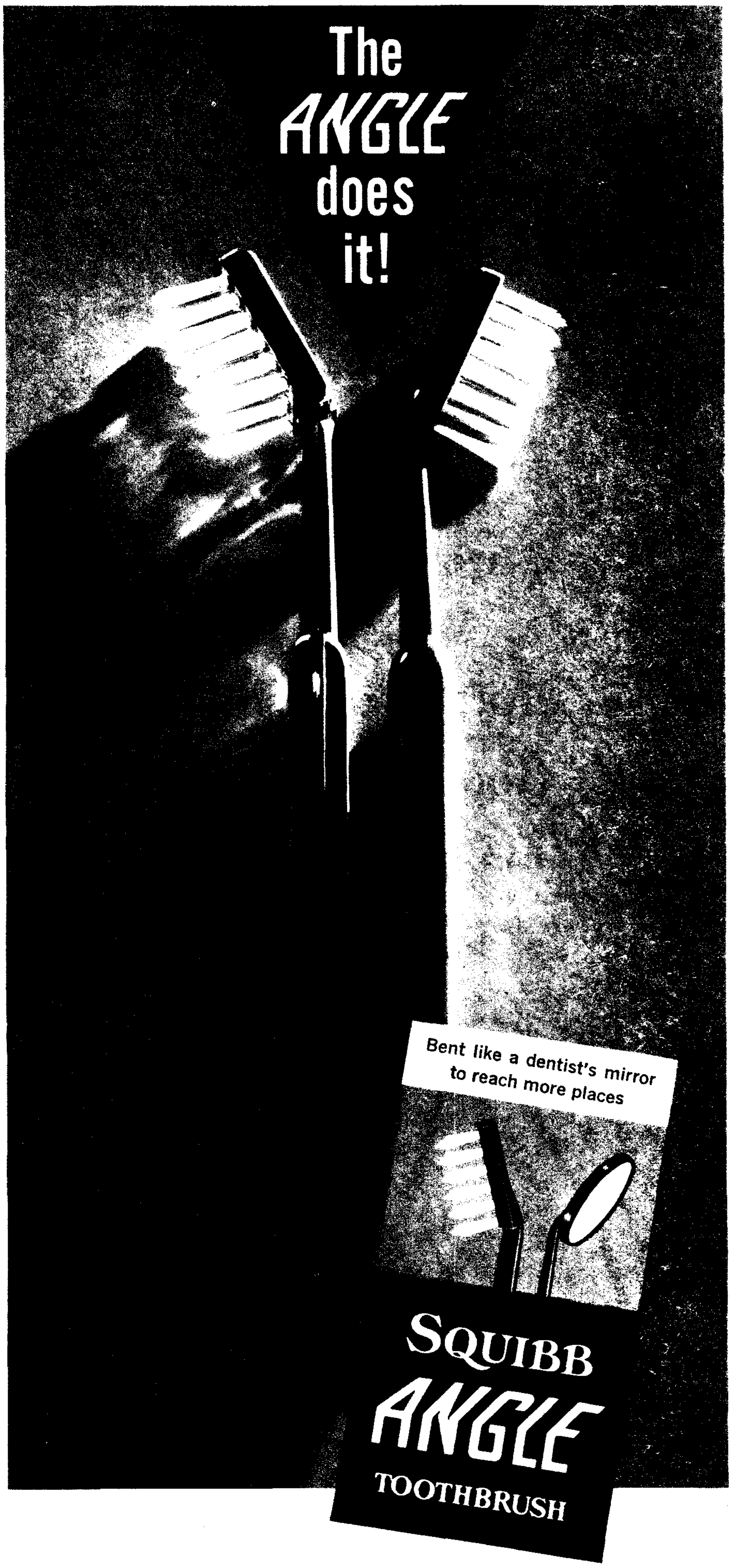
ı-high solid steel
revolves at high
t this drum with
fully-loaded car.
omes around, it
rim—but 3000
reak that tough

Goodyear tire! Lesser tires fail—but not the Goodyear!

Here's another proof of the extra strength and toughness, the extra mileage and safety of today's Goodyear tires.

Added proof, if it were needed, that today's Goodyear is the finest tire built. No wonder, in 1946, Goodyear holds its place for the 31st consecutive year as America's first-choice tire!

EAR



"I CAN ACTUALLY GET AT my back teeth now" is the surprised comment of many users. "I would never go back to my old-style brush." A practicing dentist designed this brush with its patented "mouth-mirror" angle and the small head, to reach "forgotten" places. The angle helps you clean every surface, every crevice. By the way, children can use this brush with ease, and do a good job, too. Six colors. Your choice of hard or medium bristles.

Listen to Academy Award Theatre every Wednesday 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.—CBS Network

SQUIBB *A name you can trust*

landlord's duties he had taken on for an absent friend. And she had thrilled to intimacy in every one. Even his voice speaking of the water pipes had warmed her with a sense of being sheltered.

How could two years have changed her so, she wondered in sick humiliation—two years of living with women, marching with other women to classes, saluting and being taught by women; and then teaching in her turn still other serried rows of women. Rosamund shut her eyes but still she heard the sound: "Hup, two, three, four!" and the dutiful, hearty singing of the marching blocks of uniforms. It was enough, she thought, to make a girl a little crazy; enough, perhaps, to leave her vulnerable, like a spinster who imagines every male about to ravish her.

The clock clicked in the living room, and the numerals slipped into place. She looked, but blindly. She was seeing herself once more in the twilit window with Howard Marshall, watching herself expose her naked loneliness and need.

The clock clicked again and the numbers settled slowly into place: 8:10.

WHAT was he doing now, she wondered bitterly. Sitting in the little French restaurant with the girl whose phone call he had raced home to take? Was he telling her across the table the tale of his new tenant? She could hear his voice, low, his chuckle of amusement. Oh, he would tell it kindly, he would omit the cruel details, Rosamund thought in sudden scalding fury. Anything was bearable but his masculine pity.

She went to the desk in haste and fumbled for pen and paper and envelope. She would write a note of thanks which would erase at once the impressions his male egoism had received. She would show him that she had not singled him out in any way, that it was just her nature to be provocative and challenging with men.

She found the pen and wrote:

Dear Howard Marshall,
This will be brief—I've only a moment before my housewarming party—but I wanted you to know what fun it was to find a home through your connivance—

She tore the paper viciously across. The tone was so blatantly unlike her. In his eyes it would make her even more absurd. She dropped the pieces in the basket and began again:

My dear Mr. Marshall,
It was good of you to take your time installing me in my new abode. I promise I shall repay you by being the most ideally unbothersome of tenants—

The clock clicked and her eyes watched the numerals slide inevitably into place: 8:20.

She crushed the paper slowly between her two clenched hands. It would be about as reassuring as if a student took the trouble to state that he had decided not to cheat.

A letter would not reach him, anyway, tonight. To change his impressions while they still were malleable she must telephone. She sat down at the little table and found his name: Marshall, Howard R. . . . What did the R stand for? Her finger had dialed MA-6 before she stopped, her heart beating fast. What would she say to him, if he should answer? Embarrassment almost stifled her. What had she nearly done? A man takes a girl in common courtesy to an apartment, flees from her overcharged emotions, and hardly gets home before she calls him up—

She dropped the instrument abruptly on its cradle. Any action she could take would only make things worse.

She looked away, up over the pale green spaces of the walls around her. And suddenly she wondered how the room had ever seemed a refuge, serene and soothing; it was bleak and cold. The angled ceiling to the dormer windows pressed in on her; she felt trapped, as if he had deliberately led her here, imprisoned her in a hostile place.

She almost ran to the closet in the foyer. She must not be caught here now, she thought, putting on her hat, caught waiting humbly, supperless, if he should call, or come, by any chance. Of course he would not, but there was the coffeepot; he had spoken as if he meant to buy a new one, tonight. Or was that just another of her assumptions?

No, he would send the coffeepot, not bring it. And she would never see him, until one day in the library or corridor when he could not avoid it; he would nod hurriedly, embarrassed. Her shame came back, burning through her body.

She opened the door, and stopped. He had forgotten the key. She could not leave another person's possessions unprotected. She was trapped.

The clock clicked and she had to watch the numerals slide into place: 8:33. She walked slowly back into the room, her eyes still on the clock. It clicked again: 8:34. She could do nothing, nothing but stay here watching this clock and remembering things that were intolerable but which could not be changed.

She could not bear it. Her body ached with an agony of frustration. Her heart began to pound. Loneliness gripped her like panic.

THE phone rang then and she stood still. It was a call for Simon Dorn, she thought, and forced herself to cross the room. If not, if Howard Marshall should be apologizing about the key, there was one final detail of her shame she could deny him. She could say she had had her dinner sent in.

She lifted the instrument with dread, it seemed weighted: her arm was very weak.

His voice said, "Rosamund?"

She answered, "Yes. Yes, Howard."

He asked, "Are you quite faint with hunger?"

She said, "Yes, Howard. Famished!"

He said, "The student came in person, with a problem you would understand."

"You mean," she asked, "another of us? Another for you to find a home?"

"I hope I helped him," Howard said. "But it was touch and go, there, for a while. He thought he'd given college too long a try already—college—and life itself, I was afraid. If I had broken off our talk to phone, he would have been—well, gone. But you—I knew—" He stopped, and she heard his breathing, quick and unrhythmic, harsh across the wires.

"You knew I'd wait," she ended his sentence for him.

"Yes, I knew." His voice was breathless still, but with a difference, a wonderful buoyant gladness in his tone. "I knew you wouldn't doubt that I would come."

"No," she said quietly. "No, Howard, I was sure." Her own voice held a full deep tranquillity that she had never heard in it before. Yet now it seemed her normal tone. And what she had told him was true. She knew that she had never doubted him for a moment, all this time. But she had doubted herself; she had doubted the truth the world has always given all women as a weapon in their game against all men.

After she had laid the telephone down she walked to the dormer window and stood watching for Howard's lithe, boyish figure to come swinging into light. She must not forget to tell him, she thought, smiling again, of the dormouse: how it curls up like a furry ball among the roots of autumn flowers, "remaining torpid till aroused by the advent of spring."

THE END

The Captain Was a Lady

Continued from page 23

She remained in Banff for ten days, and during this time brought her crew up to complement and entered into contracts on her own terms with Messrs. Barclay and Adam, Stone Merchants, Aberdeen, and the North of Scotland Grain Corporation. She informed her brothers-in-law by letter of her commitments and guaranteed them their share of the profits, then, her dispositions made, sailed once more for South America.

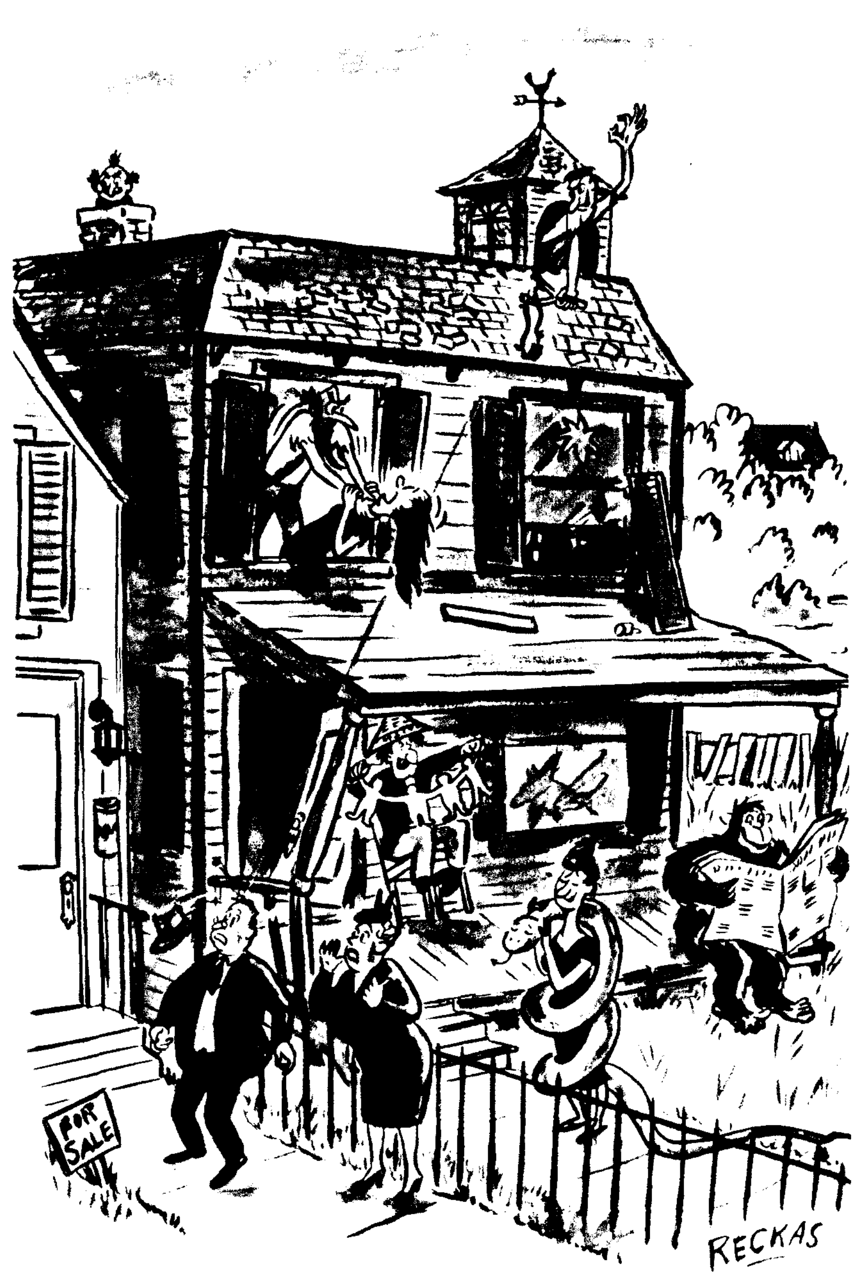
THE period that followed was the most arduous and probably the happiest of Christian's life. She was a capable and conscientious captain, and she took a pride in the happiness of her ship. She was strict, but just. Although she was deeply offended by many of the coarser practices of the A.B.s she nevertheless appreciated that such habits as drunkenness and swearing were the prerogatives of the British seaman and, beyond the advice tendered in her weekly sermons, made no attempt to stamp them out. She herself was a deeply religious woman, and she did her best to encourage the word of God on board by presenting each man who joined the ship with a Bible.

On her second trip from Aberdeen, Christian took Robbie with her "in the hope of making a man of him," a venture which, in so far as it entailed stretching him, was wholly unsuccessful. He was, however, almost as broad and strong as any of the hands and was well worth his board, not only for his services as steward, but also for his pawky ways and unfailing good humor. He was, it seems, a born clown, and in the long dull spells in the doldrums when the pitch melted in the deck seams and tempers frayed thin, his buffoonery was a diversion and a safety valve.

Robbie was good for morale. And in particular he was good for Christian, for with him she could occasionally drop the arduous role of "the Old Man." She could let down her hair and be a sister. It made a great difference to her to have someone with whom she could talk freely.

The record of the next two and a half years in the South American trade is an interesting and, at times, an exciting one, but no more so, I feel, than that of any sailing ship which habitually cocked a snook at old Cape Stiff. It is not unique, and I am going to skip it.

During this time Christian was carrying granite to Buenos Aires, reloading with assorted merchandise (sometimes of a highly speculative nature: gee-gaws of every kind, candies, gay cotton



"Before we buy, suppose we find out a little more about the people who live next door!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS

He makes 5400 horses work as a smooth team

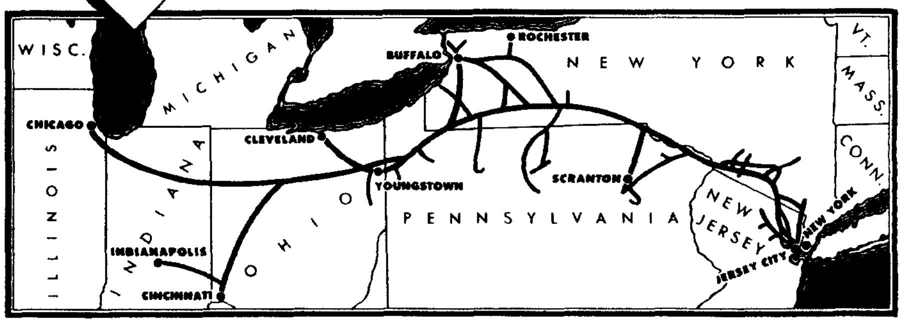
OPERATING a 5400 horsepower diesel locomotive is a highly skilled job, and a mighty *important* one to *you.* It is Erie's modern and efficient locomotives under smooth handling which speed your products to their destination.

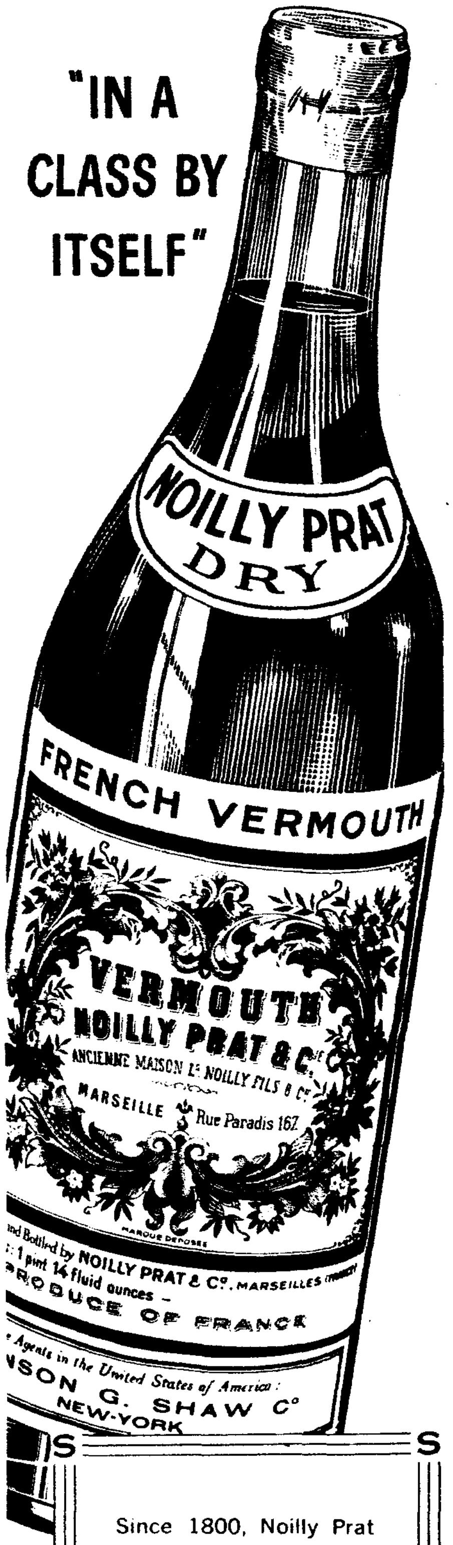
When the route of your shipment is through the Erie Area, *specify "via Erie".*

Skilled manpower, modern equipment, and extensive facilities in *all* departments *all* along the line, assure Erie shippers the safe, dependable transportation their products deserve.

Erie Railroad

Serving the Heart of Industrial America





Since 1800, Noilly Prat has been the outstanding French vermouth. Its unique quality and flavor have won for Noilly Prat world-wide acceptance. In a class by itself...Noilly Prat is indispensable for a perfect dry Martini or a dry Manhattan. With Noilly Prat, your first sip gives you a new conception of a fine, dry cocktail.

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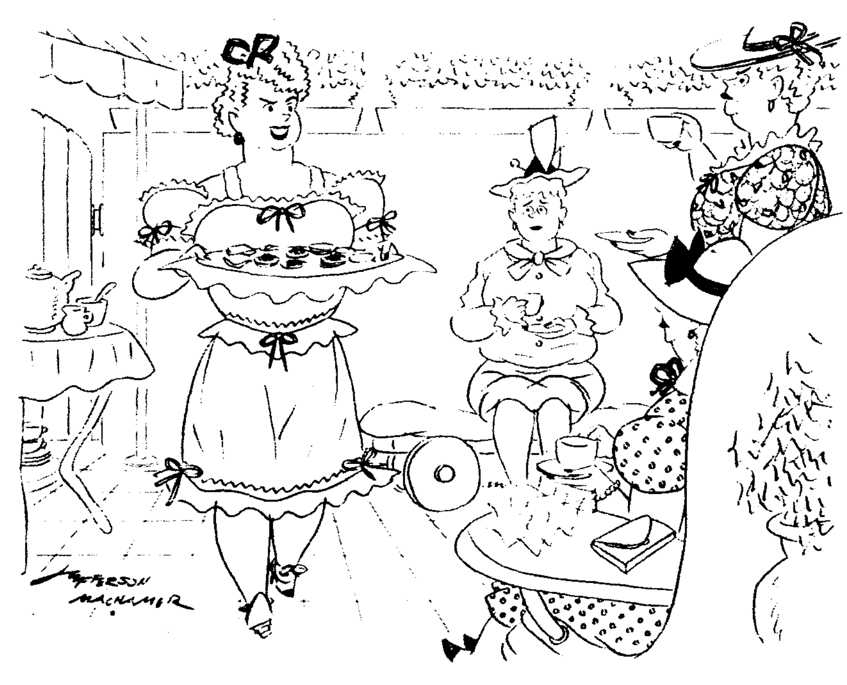
SOLE U. S. AGENTS



COLLIER'S "Hope you girls won't mind, but for the ones with caviar, I'm charging a dime" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

dresses, beads, etc.) and proceeding round the Horn to Iquique or Antofagasta, where she loaded the usual cargo of nitrates for the voyage home.

In the latter part of 1862 circumstances forced a change in this program. Off the Azores she spoke a homeward-bounder who told her that war had broken out in Chile and that ships were being seized, and when she reached the Argentine she learned that this was true. The Buenos Aires newspapers were full of the Chilean war. Fighting was raging all along the west coast, and the nitrate ports were closed.

HERE was a pretty pickle. There was no suitable cargo to be picked up in Buenos Aires, and at first Christian thought of continuing in ballast to China, where she was certain of a cargo. She changed her mind, however, when she happened on an advertisement in the Herald-News. It was an advertisement for a bankrupt manufacturer's stock of umbrellas.

"Mr. Griffiths," she said to the mate, "we are going to Australia. The American clippers that used to sail to China in ballast are now calling on the way at Australian ports with general merchandise, and I hear they are making a pretty fortune. We are going to share in that fortune. We are sailing to China, via Australia, Mr. Griffiths. We are shipping a cargo of umbrellas."

"Umbrellas, ma'am!" (My dear Janet, you should have seen the man's face!)

"Umbrellas," she said firmly. "I know perfectly well that there is not a heavy rainfall in some districts of Australia. Nevertheless, immaterial of weather, the umbrella is a part—indeed an integral part—of the respectable woman's wardrobe. Now in the mushroom cities that have grown up round the gold fields there must be thousands of women and, I'll warrant, bare an umbrella amongst the lot. A respectable woman must have an umbrella, Mr. Griffiths. It's a necessity."

"But, ma'am, these women are not respectable. They'll never buy your umbrellas. Not the women of the camps, ma'am."

"Mr. Griffiths," she said, "all women wish to be respectable, and those unfortunate women who are not respectable wish it most. I am confident that my umbrellas will be a success."

And so to Australia.

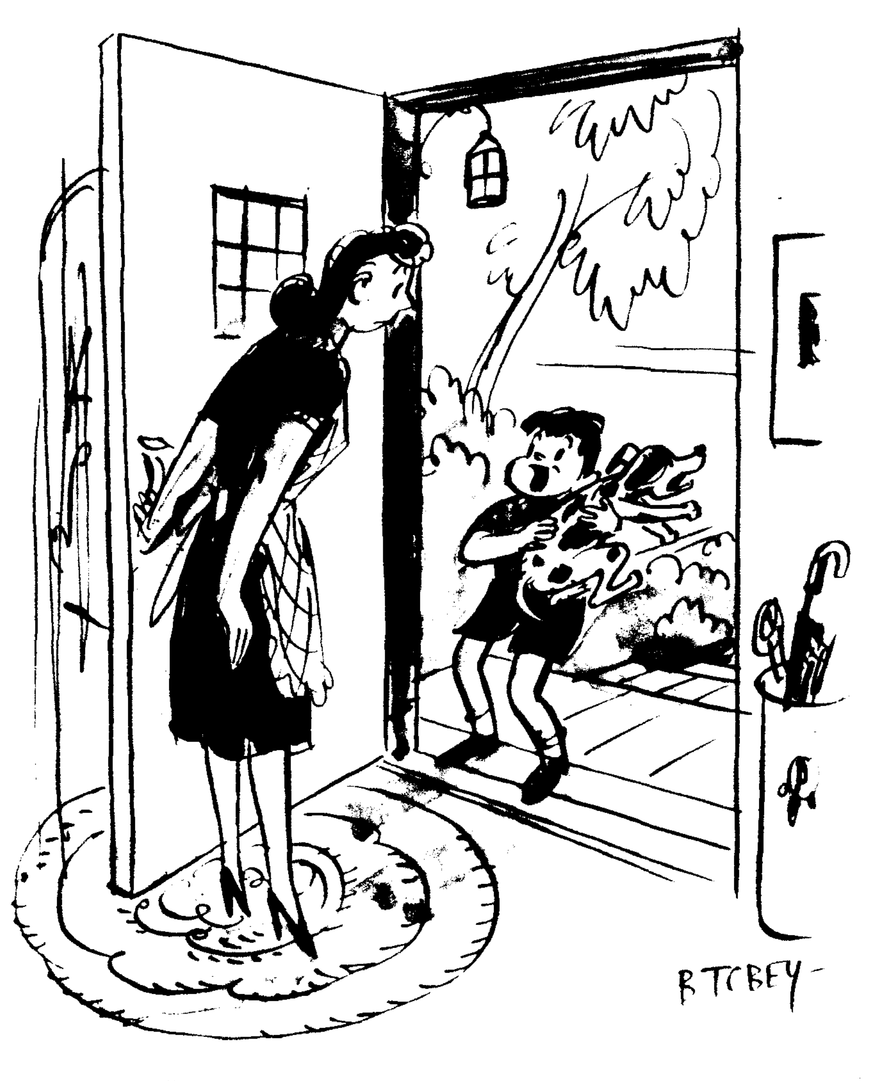
The storm sails were set, all top hamper brought down to deck, and everything lashed. The Horn was rounded "with somewhat less than the usual difficulty," and for 6,000 miles the Christian Dee ran down the easting, constantly menaced by ice, driven almost to the 60th parallel before favorable winds set in to fetch her up Cook's Strait under a brave show of sail. She reached Melbourne 81 days out from Buenos Aires and arrived, as fate would have it, on the same tide as a black Baltimore clipper, one Lady Caravel; Captain, Tancy McCoy.

Christian writes: "No sooner had the Lady Caravel berthed than Captain McCoy had the audacity to step on my poop and demand to see me. Robbie brought the message, saying that a handsome American captain wished to pay his respects. I would have been hard put to recognize the gentleman from this description had I not already heard his voice on deck, and I bade Robbie return and inform Captain McCoy that I had nothing to discuss with him either now or on any future occasion and kindly to serve me by taking himself off my ship. This he refused to do, saying that he insisted on seeing me and *would not budge* until he did. Knowing my man, I thereupon sent for Mr. Griffiths and instructed him to take all hands of the starboard watch and turn the hose on Captain McCoy, washing him off the ship if needs be. This was duly done despite obstinate resistance on the part of Captain McCoy, who even attempted, I am told, to return up the gangway and was restrained only by the force of the jet which the crew, not without relish, played upon him."

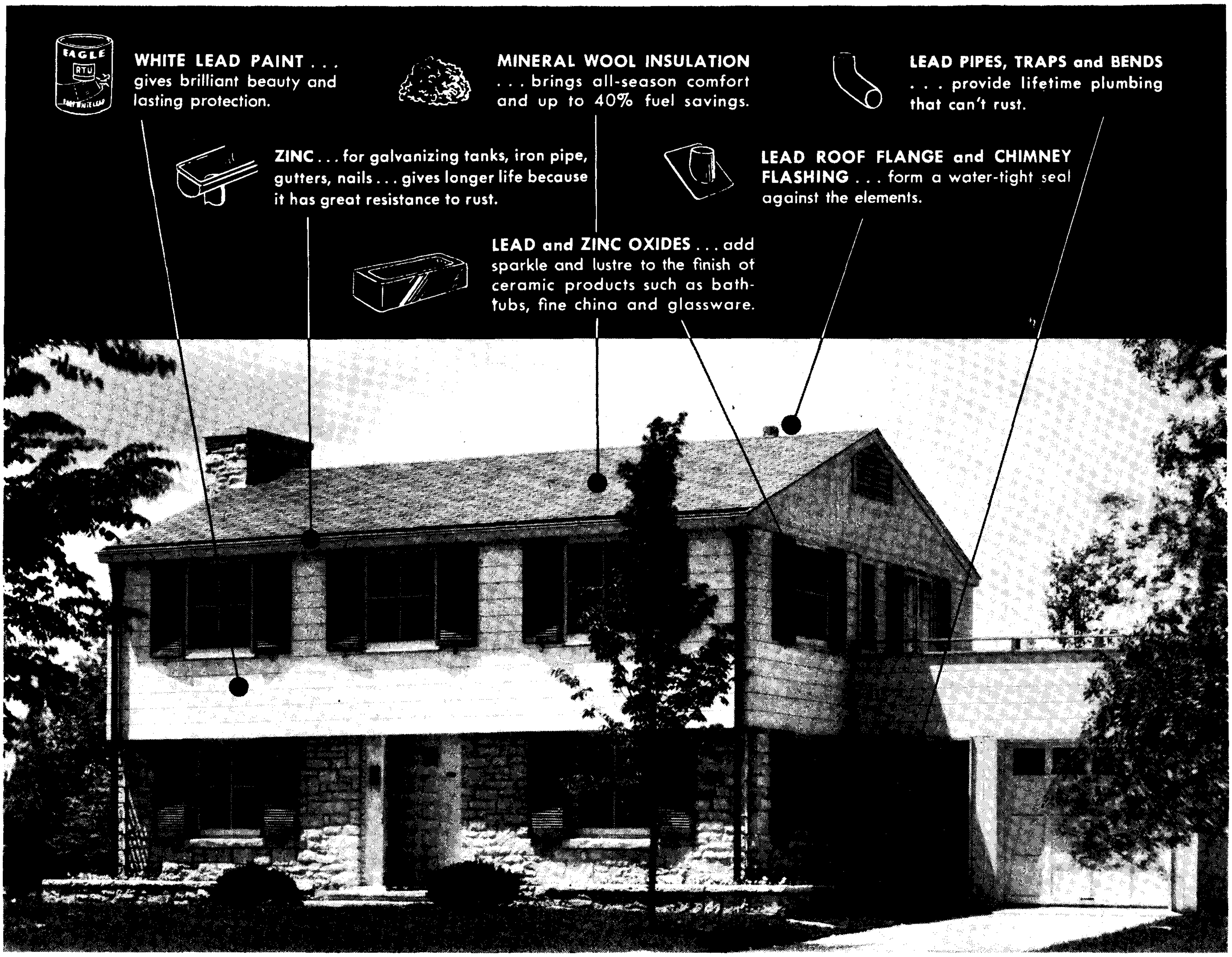
THAT night, the dockside pubs were full of the affair, and two of Christian's men, returning from shore leave, were beaten up by members of Tancy McCoy's crew. In the morning the ship chandlers who came on board shook their heads gravely at Christian. They told her that the story was all over town and that Tancy McCoy was a dangerous man to make a fool of. They warned her to be on her guard.

Rumors of McCoy's lurid threats were widely circulated and caused so much uneasiness in the fo'c'sle of the Christian Dee that a meeting was convened behind Christian's back and it was decided that a bodyguard should be formed. This consisted of Mr. Griffiths, the mate, George Somerville, the Negro cook (the two most powerful men on board), and, because he insisted, Robbie; and by all accounts this picturesque trio accompanied Christian wherever she went.

It must have been an extraordinary procession: the handsome, fashionably dressed girl, imperious as any queen; the mate, armed with a revolver; the



COLLIER'S "Can I keep him, Mom? He followed me home" BARNEY TOBEY



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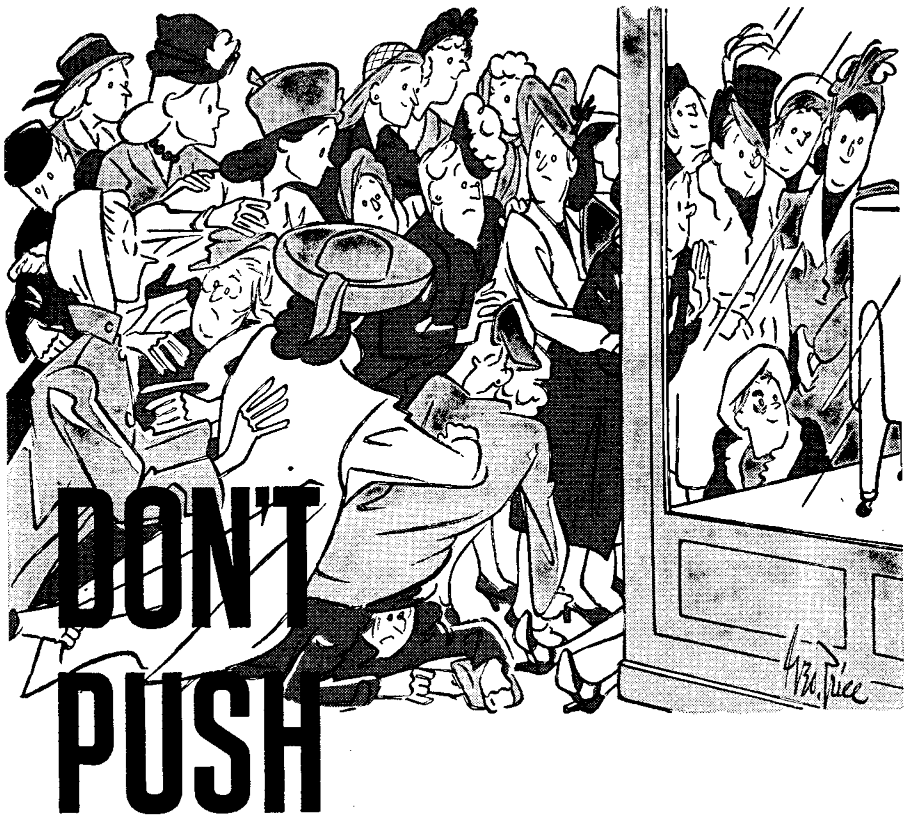

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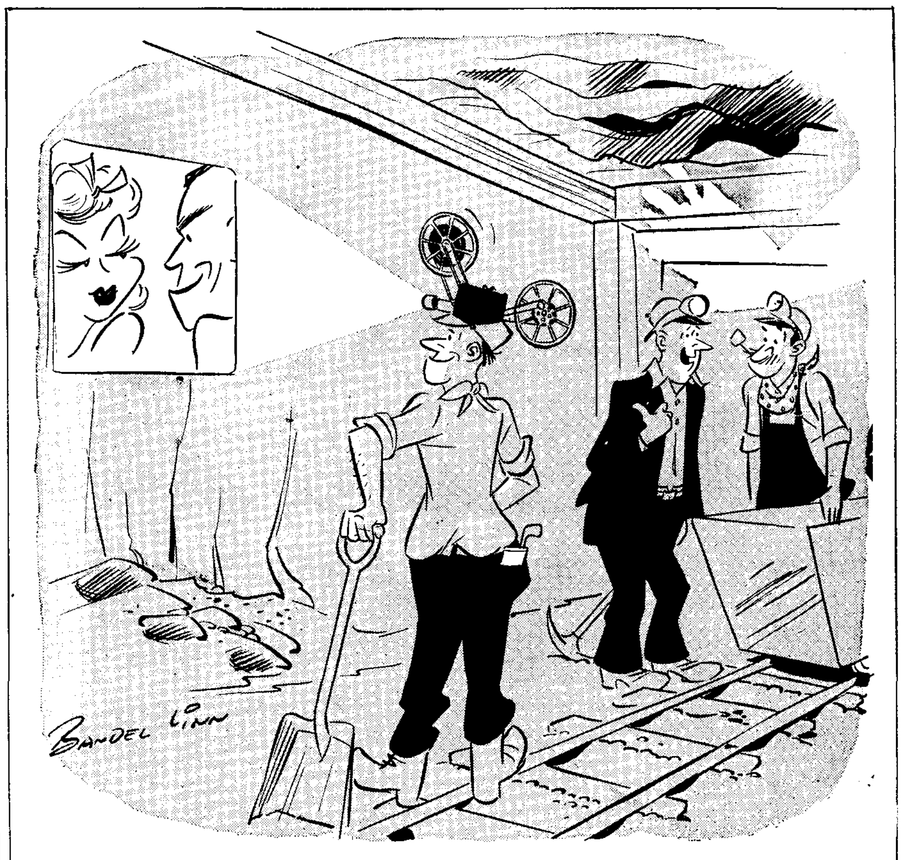


COLLIER'S "Morrissey certainly gets some original ideas!" BANDEL LINN

giant Negro with a belt full of knives which clanked together as he walked; and the grotesque dwarf with his massive head and shoulders, swaggering, winking and grimacing to spectators.

It is not surprising that this swashbuckling retinue excited a great deal of interest in Melbourne and that an account of the procession has even found its way into the official annals of the city. Christian herself was fully aware of the stir that she caused and found it, she confides to Janet, "by no means displeasing." Even dealers who did not want her umbrellas appreciated the value of a virtue which merited such jealous guarding and treated her with royal respect. Eventually, after ten days' hawking she found a market for her brollies and was returning in triumph from the broker's office where the contracts of sale had been signed when she encountered Captain Tancy McCoy and "as public a humiliation as has ever befallen one of my sex."

Had it not been for a broken shoulder strap or a defective girdle she would have escaped this unfortunate meeting, for "it was," she writes, "to effect a repair in my costume that I entered the Ship Inn. It was necessary for me to pass through the public room and this I was in process of doing with averted eyes, as I was conscious of the impropriety of my presence in so masculine a saloon, when a hand grasped my shoulder and, turning, I saw through the haze of tobacco smoke the dissolute and reckless countenance of Captain McCoy."

Events followed fast and furious. Before a single word had been spoken the faithful bodyguard was at Tancy McCoy's throat and the place was in a turmoil. Tables and benches were uprooted. Pictures were torn from the wall. The chandelier was wrenched, in a cloud of plaster, from the ceiling. It was as if a revolving storm was bottled in the room, the vortex an energized mass compounded in equal but indistinguishable parts of Messrs. McCoy, Griffiths, Somerville and West.

In a few seconds it was all over. Mr. Griffiths lay by the door nursing a broken jaw. The Negro, his skull split open, was stretched out on a bench, as neat as an undertaker's job. And poor Robbie, who had been tossed over the bar counter, was propped stiff-backed and glassy-eyed against the wall, a sitting target for the bottles toppling from the shelf above.

Tancy McCoy, alone of the protagonists was on his feet, but he had not come through unscathed. Both eyes were swollen and he was bleeding profusely from a knife wound in his left arm. He stepped across to Christian where she stood, rigid, by the bar and, before she could suspect his intention, swept her off her feet and laid her full length on the counter. He held her pinned down with his wounded arm, the blood dripping on to her finery, and with his right hand made a swift exploration of her skirts. He seized an embroidered hem and, ripping a full yard of petticoat off her, threw the flowered silk around his arm and knotted it with his teeth. Then for the first time he looked at her squarely, his eyes merciless and sardonic, measuring her, while the whole room watched and waited.

"Your zoo wants tamin', ma'am," he said at last, and turned and hammered on the bar with his fist, calling for a drink.

CHRISTIAN was no longer a queen. Stripped of her retinue, her dignity, and her petticoat, she fled to the ship like a frightened child. She would have left Melbourne there and then had it not been that an opportunity presented itself of scoring off McCoy, whom she had detested before but whom she now hated, she informs Janet, "with a passion which smolders in my heart like red-hot coals and sets up a violent throbbing in my temples when I think of him, and alas, I can think meantime of nothing else but my degradation at his hands."

It was the second mate who gave her the idea for a small revenge. "I hear the Chinaman's found a sucker," he said. "Seems McCoy's going to carry his corpses, but he's asking a hundred dollars a coffin, and the Chinaman won't go beyond seventy-five."

Christian decided there and then.

"Mr. Jones," she said. "Fetch me the Chinaman."

"The Chinaman" was something of a joke. He had come on board shortly after the Christian Dee's arrival in Melbourne and had stated his business. He was, he said frankly, embarrassed with a large number of bodies. They were the bodies of Chinese which had been collected from all parts of Australia and entrusted to him to ship home to China for interment in the ancestral burial grounds. His trouble was that he could not find a ship to accept so unpropitious a cargo. Christian understood that. One corpse was Jonah enough. No sailor in his senses would be shipmate with a hundred. She had shaken her head. "I would sooner ship a crew of Finns," she had said.

Now, however, for the satisfaction of doing Tancy McCoy out of $10,000 she was willing to fly in the face of Providence. "I am a religious woman," she said to the Chinaman, "and I respect your faith, although in fact you are no better than a heathen. We must all help each other in this life. I will take your corpses at eighty dollars apiece."

This being agreed, she imposed a condition. "Provided," she said, "they are in good fettle. I will take bones, of course, but as for bodies—I'll take them in good repair only. Is this clearly understood?"

"Clearly," the Chinaman said. He demurred at the necessity for a receipt. "An Englishman's word is as good as his bond."

"No doubt," Christian said. "But I'm Scotch, and a woman forby. Here, man, take your paper."

The coffins—most of them highly ornamented—were brought down to the quay and loaded on board. The carpenter prized open the lids, and Christian herself examined the contents. One hundred and four passed muster. Eighteen were returned to the quay. She indicated them to the Chinaman with a disdainful sweep of her arm.

"Captain McCoy can have these," she said.

According to the port records the Lady Caravel left Melbourne forty-eight hours later than the Christian Dee, yet Christian, when only six days out, reports a race with McCoy, and another humiliation.

The Lady Caravel was sighted in the middle of the afternoon. She was then hull down on the horizon, and although Christian, with a good beam wind, crowded on every scrap of sail, the Lady Caravel continued to overtake and by the end of the "last dog" was in plain view three miles to the southward. She must have been a fine sight as she cut through the blue waters of the Pacific, Old Glory at the masthead, her forecastle awash and her lee rail dipping, a narrow band of gold leaf emphasizing her elegant sheer, the black hull setting off to perfection the great white spars with their reckless spread of canvas—thirty sails in all, fold upon fold, immaculate as table linen, gleaming in the evening sun.

Christian, holding the Lady Caravel in her telescope, saw nothing of the Yankee ship's beauty. She was extremely angry, for the crew was looking to her and there was nothing she could do. She was already carrying more canvas than was safe and her masts were creaking ominously. Her best just wasn't good enough. Tancy McCoy had the legs of her, and soon he would be showing her his heels.

Dusk, limiting the visibility, brought a measure of relief. She could no longer see the Lady Caravel, last sighted about a couple of miles on the beam.

"Hand me the telescope," she said to the mate.

"I'm afraid it's broken, ma'am."

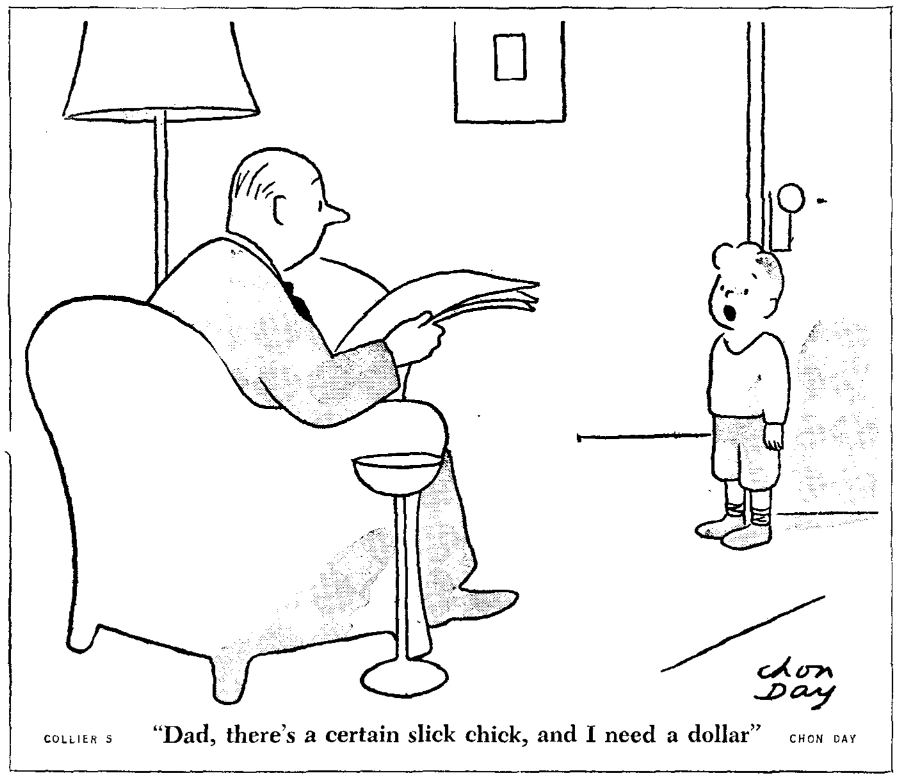
She ran her finger over the eyepiece, feeling the ferned surface of broken glass. "That wasn't necessary, Mr. Griffiths," she said coldly. "I can swallow my pills. I do not need to be humored like a child." For half an hour she walked the poop in a tantrum, as bad-tempered and peevish as only a captain dare be. "Call me if the wind freshens," she said finally, and went below.

Five minutes later she was back on deck. "Mr. Griffiths," she said, "douse the lights. We have no choice but to accept the humiliation of being passed, but we can at least deny the Caravel the satisfaction of knowing for certain that she has passed us. I want all lights extinguished."

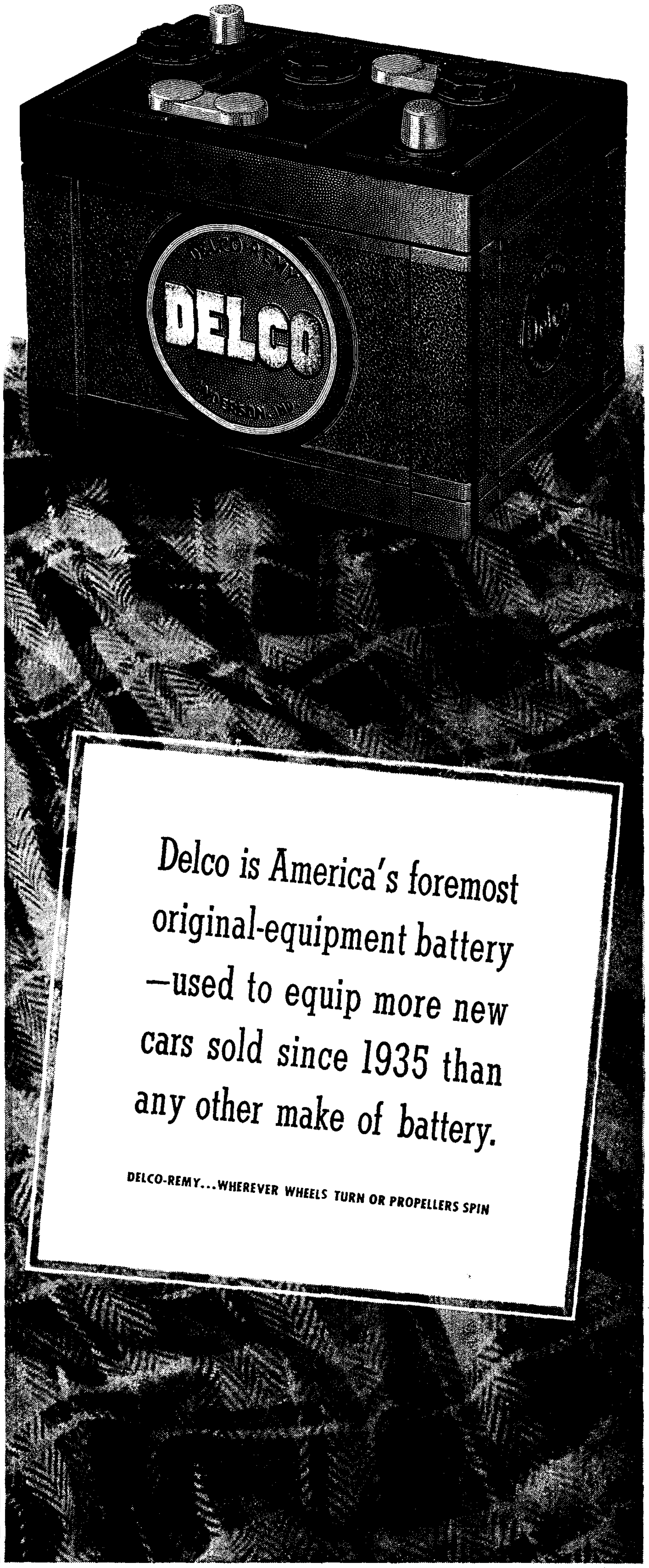
FOR the remainder of the night the Christian Dee, on a taut bowline, sped through a darkness that was unrelieved save for the dim light which filtered onto the compass bowl, and when at last morning came it was seen that she had the ocean to herself. There was no sign of the Lady Caravel.

Seven days later they spoke the brig Carinthia out of Whampoa bound Adelaide who informed them that she had seen the Lady Caravel the previous day lying becalmed to the northward. Christian received the news with satisfaction, and drove on. She had still a chance of showing Tancy McCoy the way up the Straits of Formosa, and she writes that she would have given £1,000 for the pleasure.

Leaving Luzon astern, Christian set course for Formosa but was set inshore and, missing the island altogether,



COLLIER'S "Dad, there's a certain slick chick, and I need a dollar" CHON DAY



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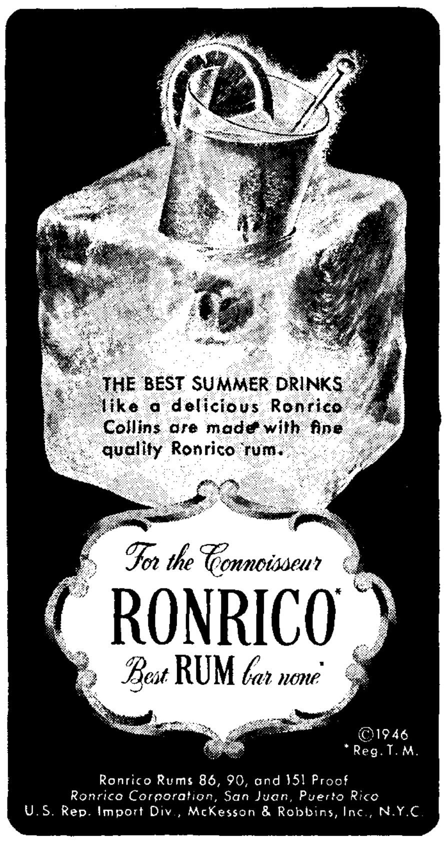
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sighted the Chinese mainland north of Canton. She headed north, hugging the coast; and it was while she was on this leg of her voyage that she had the most remarkable and melodramatic experience of all her remarkable life.

She was boarded by pirates.

In the early days of the treaty ports, piracy was rife in the China Seas and, with some modifications, still is. Beacons, buoys and other navigational aids habitually disappear and ships which run aground on the unmarked reefs and shallows are picked bare as a bone overnight.

It was done more dramatically in the nineteenth century. Mirs Bay, where Christian was attacked, was a notorious pirates' lair and to this day, according to the Chinese Pilot or Sailing Directions is "littered with the wrecks of looted and stranded ships."

At 11:15 Christian logs rounding the Point. "The light airs on which we had been ghosting died away and we found ourselves becalmed in the Bay." Inshore, they could see sampans, junks and lorchas drawn up on the beach, but it was not till dusk when a dozen lorchas put out from the shore that they realized their predicament. Each lorcha contained about twenty men, pulling with long sweeps, and at each masthead was the unmistakable ensign of piracy, a large urnlike contraption known as a stinkpot which was released by a pulley onto the victim's deck where it burst and served as a gas bomb, giving off dense sulphurous fumes.

Christian immediately served out muskets and cutlasses, stationed men in the rigging and on the deck, and herself retired to her cabin with a musket and a pistol. The musket she leveled through the open port; the pistol she laid on the table by her. If the worst came to the worst she intended to shoot herself. She had no illusions about these gentry. When they acquired a white woman they had a habit of holding her for ransom and of returning her, finger by finger, to her friends.

When the Christian Dee opened fire, the lorchas separated and closed in from all directions. It was impossible to keep them all at bay, and soon yellow hordes were pouring over the sides of the ship and bloody battle was joined on deck. It would have lasted only a few minutes had a diversion not come from an unexpected quarter, for just then the Lady Caravel, moving to a flap of her sails, rounded the point and immediately fired the Long Tom mounted on her fo'c'sle for precisely such an emergency as this. The defenders took new heart. The Lady Caravel, sailing like a witch, nosed up alongside and Tancy McCoy, with a dozen of his men, leapt from her rigging to the deck of the Christian Dee. Say what you will against McCoy, he could fight! In the brief space of time it took to hack down half a dozen pirates the deck was cleared and the enemy, routed, was scrambling pell-mell into his lorchas.

TANCY McCOY tossed his cutlass aside and sheathed his bowie knife. Then he went aft. Christian heard steps on the gangway and knew them immediately to be his. She laid down her smoldering musket and, after a moment's hesitation, concealed the pistol in a locker. When he kicked open the cabin door she was standing stiffly by the table, her face pale and hostile.

"I am indebted to you—" she began.

"Save your breath," he said.

Tancy McCoy closed and bolted the door.

She fought him like a tigress, tooth and nail. He on the other hand did not exert himself. The harder she struggled the better he liked it. He deliberately let her wear herself out.

"You could always scream!" he said.

"I fight my own battles," she panted, sinking her teeth into the back of his hand. This appeared to irritate him, for he pinned her down on the deck, flat on her back, as helpless as a turtle.

"Captain McCoy," she said piteously, "you would not take a woman against her will!"

"Yes, ma'am," he said, mocking her. "If needs be."

He kissed her then, and in her private diary she says it was as if he had taken control over her bones, for they bent and softened in his arms.

"Harkee!" he said. "Your friends are comin', ma'am."

She listened and heard voices. McCoy's face, a bare inch from hers, obscured her vision. He was still smiling—"leering" is the word she uses—and she could feel the heavy pound of his heart against the quick flutter of her own.

There was a knocking on the door. "Mr. Griffiths, ma'am. Do you require anything? Do you want any help?"

"No, no. Of course not," she said.

Her diary gives a frank account of the whole affair. "I could not then meet Captain McCoy's eyes," she writes, "so I closed mine."

Tancy McCoy stayed the night.

ALTHOUGH this was a matter of some consequence in Christian's life, it was only of trifling account in the life of the ship, and this she plainly understood. Her entry in the log combines taste with accuracy and reduces the incident to its proper level of importance.

"On the night of January 23d," she records, "Captain McCoy was accommodated on board."

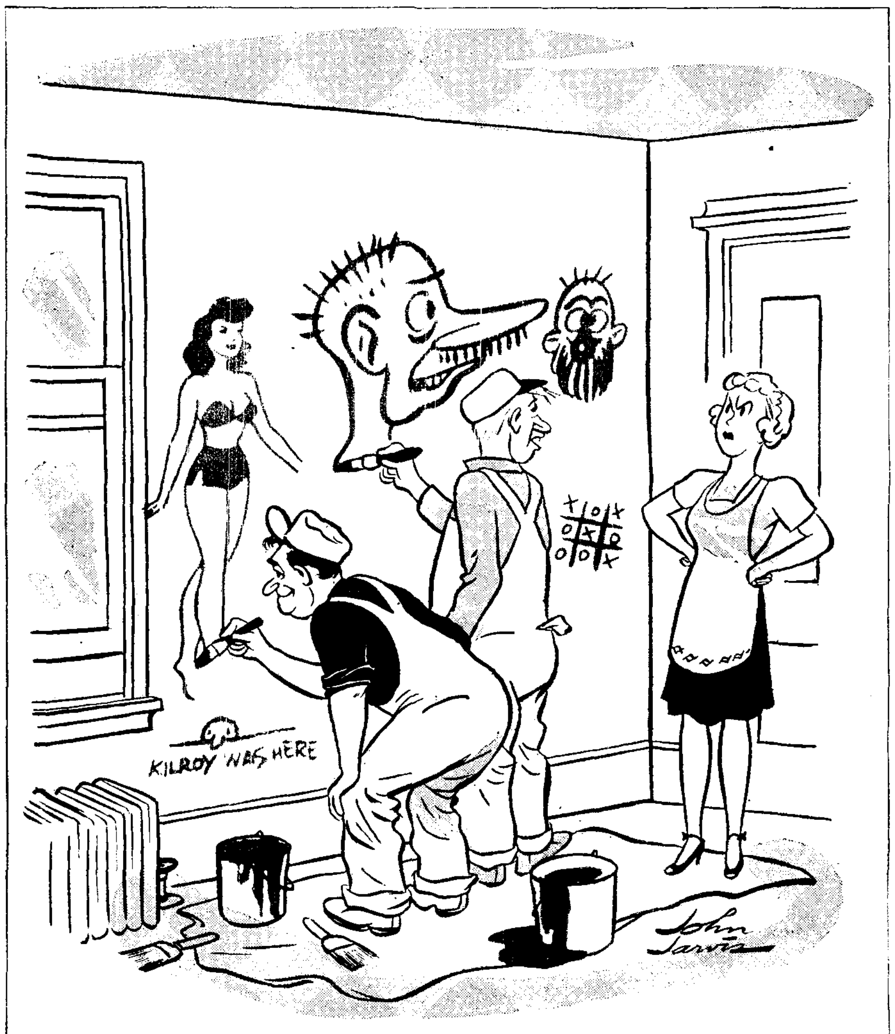
Next morning Christian came to her senses and, making what she describes as a "very feminine and tiresome scene," dismissed Captain McCoy. A light breeze had now sprung up and the ships filled away, McCoy waving and shouting from his deck that he would be waiting for her in Foochow. He hoped to perpetuate the relationship. It would have been very convenient, in port. But Christian, a strict Presbyterian, already repented her folly. She could justify a single lapse. After all, she had done her best. She had put up an adequate fight, and had the marks on her to prove it. There was no shame in a yielding to superior force. An acknowledged liaison was a very different matter. She had a nice conception of right and wrong; and accordingly, instead of proceeding to Foochow, directed her course to Amoy.

"I shall never," she writes in her diary, "see him again." And the following day she adds an isolated comment: "Never. It would be injudicious."

ON THE 27th of February she left Amoy with a cargo consisting mainly of rice and reached Aberdeen four months later to a day, the fastest trip the Christian Dee had ever made from China. Christian had then been away from home for more than a year, and it was a year in which a great deal had happened. Her mother and Janet had died of cholera; her booklet, Aids to Deep-Sea Captains, had been published and cordially received; and her brothers-in-law had at last obtained an injunction restraining her from taking the Christian Dee to sea.

For three months, awaiting the hearing of Evans vs. Evans Christian cooled her heels in Banff, fretting at her enforced inactivity and writing elaborate memoranda to her lawyer. During this time she designed the house in which she was to spend the remainder of her days, and, after careful enquiries, presented the Harbour Trust with the sum of £1,000. In return for this magnificent gift (and at a charge of £3.15s. stg.) she was enrolled as a burgess of the Royal and Ancient Burgh, a unique honor and one which, a week later, the people of Banff would have given much to rescind.

On the 18th of October, 1863, the case of Evans vs. Evans came up for judgment and was argued before Lord Tannadice in No. 3 Court in Edinburgh. It was a dull business. There was only a handful of persons in the court. An



"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Royn—we're going to paint over this!"

COLLIER'S JOHN JARVIS

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elderly Q.C. got up, fiddled with his papers and his wig, and declared without interest that it was intended to prove not only that a woman was not a fit person to have command of a ship at sea but also that this particular woman, Christian Evans or West, being of a licentious and promiscuous nature, was *ad hoc* an unfit person to represent Her Majesty in her trade abroad and to hold a position of authority over men. It was proposed to call witnesses from Trinity House, from the Marine Federation, from organizations representing Seamen's Welfare, and from the crew of the ship, the Christian Dee.

CHRISTIAN was taken completely by surprise. She had not expected her brothers-in-law to hit below the belt. She immediately instructed her counsel to withdraw her counterpetition, and to settle on the Evans' terms. Her good name was worth more than a ship to her; more, I believe, than anything on earth. But of course she did not save it. A lawyer's tongue has been many a woman's worst enemy. By the time she arrived, dispirited, in Banff, the tale was in every house, and children, seeing her step from the stagecoach, ran excitedly to tell. She was the talk of the town: an object; the new burgess, that trollop; a public shame. The women, who had always suspected her, tore the remnants of her reputation to shreds.

Christian retired to the big white house on the braes. Here, she lived a hermit's life, seen only twice a week when she darted, heavily veiled, to the Kirk. Robbie, alone of her family and friends, remained faithful, but less than a year after her return to Banff he died "of the decline," a phrase which may cover anything from tuberculosis to a broken heart.

Robbie had been the last link with her active and happy life at sea. His death closed the door on her past. There was now no one to recall the old times. No one who knew or cared to know. No means of ever picking up the threads again. No connection whatsoever with that former world. She lived, she writes Mrs. Hartingdon, a London dressmaker, on her memories. And these memories must have had the unreal quality of dreams: her past was so very, so irrevocably dead. . . .

But Christian was still young, and she was rich. It does not come altogether as a surprise to find her marrying again in 1866. Her bridegroom was a Mr. William Buchan, a bachelor of 53, a tailor by trade, and an elder of the Kirk, a very respected man indeed. But, like all of us, he had faults. He had never in his life done anything more athletic than tie up parcels, and he was asthmatic. There is still some record of his speeches at the Deacons' Court and, frankly, they are dull and they are pompous. They are the speeches of a man whose wife has to call him Mister, even in bed.

Christian married him because she was lonely, and because he asked her to. And also, of course, because she liked people to be proper, and because, at heart, she was every bit as conventional and respectable as Mr. Buchan himself. Contrary to popular expectations, the marriage appears to have been an unqualified, if not quite a howling success. The first child, a boy, was born on the 10th of May, 1867.

One morning in September of the same year, the black, arrogant hull of a strange ship, a Baltimore clipper, was seen to be riding at anchor in the Bay; and, later, Captain Tancy McCoy, spruced and nervous, came to pay a call.

At first Christian would not see him, but she had now no crew to throw him off the doorstep. Mr. Buchan was at the shop. She had only a scared domestic servant. She made her toilet and went to the door.

She uses a deal of words to describe the meeting. In her diary it stands out like an oasis in the desert of dull, domestic entries.

It got off to an unfortunate start. He frightened her by taking off his cap. "Captain McCoy," Christian said, "I'm married."

"You were married before," he said, but his words were incidental only. He was, Christian says, "completely engrossed with looking," and she trembled under the intensity of his stare. He was not a reliable person to be alone with.

"I waited for you in Foochow, ma'am," he said. "I waited every year. And then I guessed you must be ill, and I came for you."

"I'm married," she said again.

"Mirs Bay," he said. "I told you then. I told you what I felt. These things, I meant them all. I'm not a man for fine speeches. But I say what I mean, ma'am. Why didn't you come?"

"I don't know. There's no use talking about it. I'm married now, Captain McCoy."

"An old man. They told me in the town."

"That will do. Please go now, Captain McCoy."

"I came for you." He reached out and caught her arm. "Five thousand miles by the log. I'm taking you with me, ma'am."

"Do hush!" she said. "There now, you've wakened the baby!"

She felt him jar under the impact of her words, and she would not meet his eyes. They listened to the baby, who had ceased to whimper and was now bawling lustily.

"He's usually such a good baby, too," she said.

He let go her arm, and, smart as a ferret, she jumped back inside and slammed and bolted the door. She was aware of having had a providential escape. She ran upstairs and watched McCoy from her bedroom window.

He stood quite still for several minutes, then he put on his cap and turned away slowly. She watched him till he disappeared round the corner of the brae. She was still trembling. She thanked God, she says, for the baby.

That evening, as she sat opposite Mr. Buchan at her substantial mahogany dining table the domestic servant announced that two foreign sailors had brought a parcel. It was large and flat. Christian retired to her room to open it.

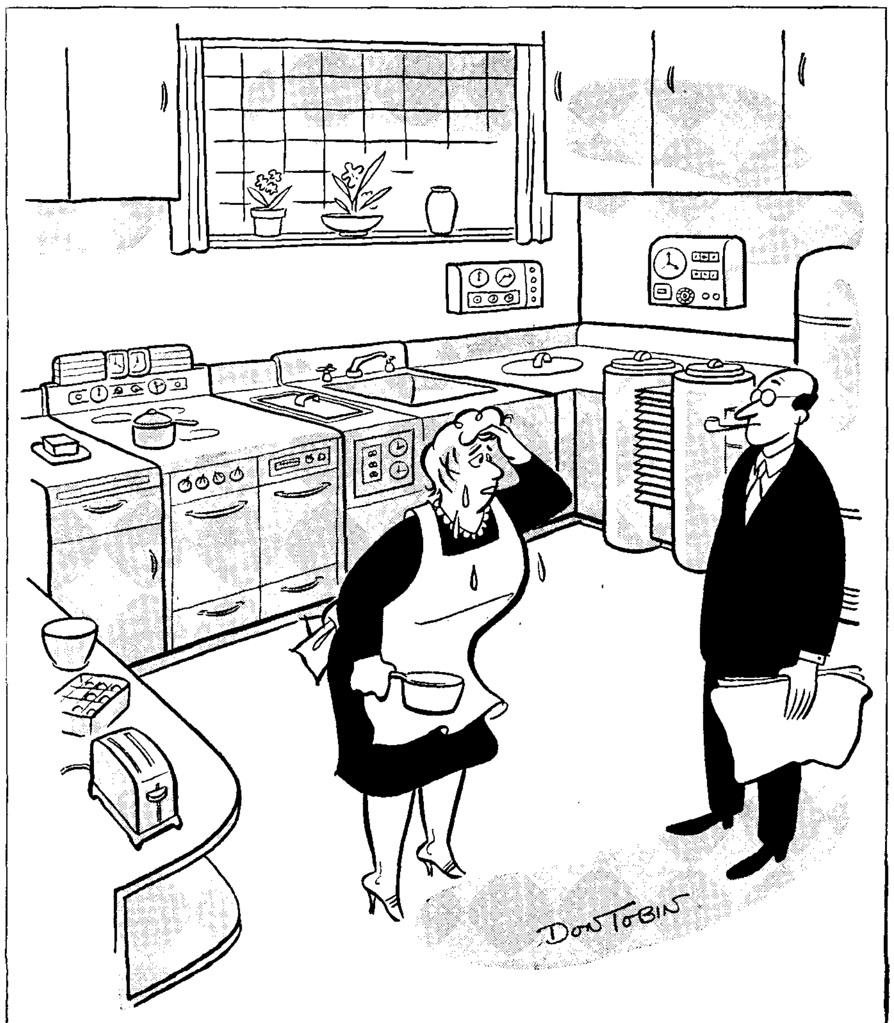
"I saw it was the portrait of me painted years before in Foochow." This entry is perhaps the most revealing in her diary. I find it almost unbearable in its pathos. "Even then," she adds, "I did not weep."

IN THE next five years Christian bore Mr. Buchan three more children, two boys and a girl, and after the birth of the last child, the girl, Mr. Buchan, worn out, took to his massive four-poster and did not leave it again, alive. Christian did him proud. She gave him a splendid funeral, and a stone which still bears comparison with any in the cemetery. He deserved it all. He had been an exemplary husband and a faithful servant to the community.

Christian's energy was now devoted solely to the task of bringing up her children. Her gifts to the church and her adherence to clothes at least ten years behind the fashion had to some extent atoned for the follies of her youth. She was not forgiven, but men now lifted their hats to her in the street and all but a few of the women were prepared to recognize her in passing. She was able to rear her children in ignorance of the cloud that shadowed her life. They grew up believing that they, and she, were as good as anybody else.

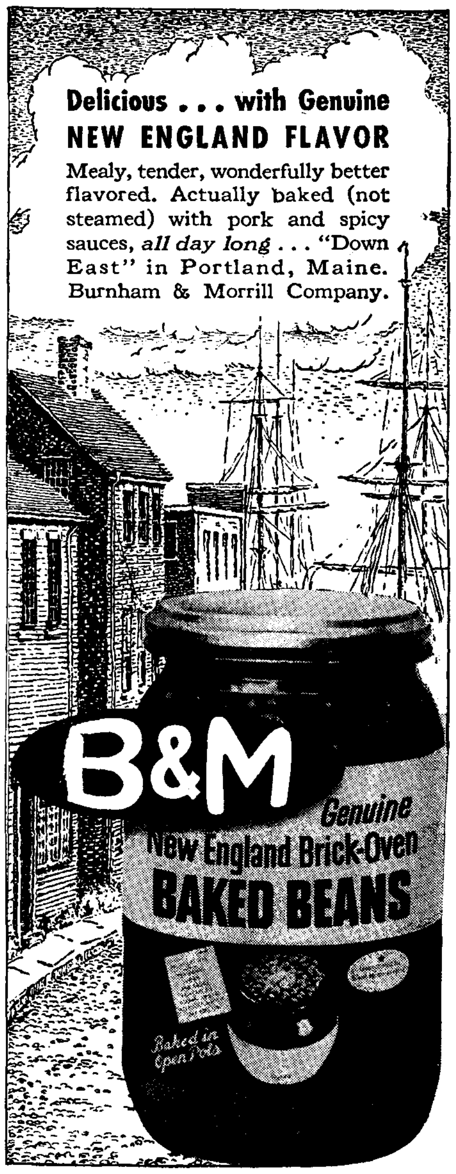
Two of the sons, as one might expect, went to sea, one in the navy and one with the newly formed Clan line. The youngest son became a minister in Galloway and her daughter Janet made an excellent marriage to an Aberdeen physician.

Alone again, time hung heavy on



"I'm simply exhausted—all day pushing buttons, turning switches, setting dials!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN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Yep, Boss, the fleas lie down and die *fast*, when you attack 'em with the new, *improved* Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder with DDT. It doesn't stir up fleas — it doesn't irritate me. It's a safe and sure combination of ingredients, Boss, that the Sergeant folks perfected after years of work, and it has been thoroughly tested on dogs, too. Let's get some today so I can forget about fleas. Your favorite drug store has it, and we can get Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap there, too.

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Johnnie Walker sets the course

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Christian's restless hands, and in 1887, with some misgiving at her own audacity, she resuscitated her first love, navigation, and, converting the two big downstairs rooms, opened a School of Navigation.

She did not wish to make money. She wished only to be of service, and her fees were nominal. It was, I suppose, this feature rather than the excellence of her teaching which promoted the school's success. At five shillings a term a mother could afford to take a chance on her son being corrupted, and many of them did.

Soon a large wooden signpost indicated not only that the school was established but also that it had acquired the status of an academy.

Here Christian spent many of what I like to think were the happiest hours of her life. She taught navigation and chartwork, nautical astronomy, trigonometry, and meteorology, and she taught them well. There are men alive today, old men with long memories, who have told me proudly that they sat, as laddies, on Mistress Buchan's long benches and that they learned more than just a trade—they learned the nobility of sailing, and they learned to love the sea.

The year before her death, as if warned of that event, Christian decided to have her portrait painted. She was not a vain woman, and I cannot but think that her motives were largely moral. She could not bring herself to destroy the Foochow portrait, yet she did not wish to be judged by it. She felt it proper to record the other side of the picture. It was her duty to posterity.

On the 12th of December, 1893, at the age of sixty-four, surrounded by her family who had been summoned in good time, she passed away peacefully. She was then almost an institution in Banff, and a whole respectful column of the Banffshire Journal is devoted to her obituary.

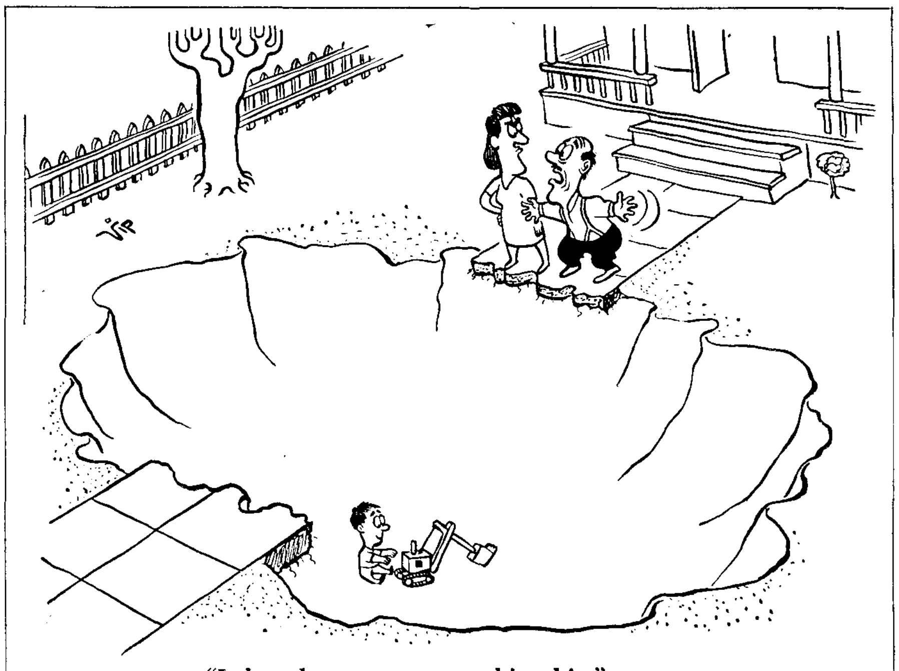
Her death, according to the certificate, was due to (1) hepatic cirrhosis, (2) myocardial degeneration.

This is something of a mouthful, rather beyond the layman, and the other day I confronted my doctor with it.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "What did she die of?"

"The bottle," he said.

THE END



"I thought you were watching him"

Any Week

Continued from page 4

label you—a Fascist, a Red, an isolationist, a Tory, a Nazi, a militarist, some sort of a phobe or phile. In one week we've been denounced as an isolationist, a One Worlder, a Communist, a Tory and an "antilabor stooge." All you have to do to achieve such comprehensive honors is to disagree with someone or cause someone to disagree with you. One letter, from Mr. Thad La Cherno of Newport, Rhode Island, hangs two tags on us —Fascist and Royalist, which is the first time in our much betagged career that we've been called the latter. We've written for an explanation, not angrily, just hurt.

AFTER careful consideration we've decided not to give you the name of this candidate for the Presidency. He might get himself elected and we, for one, are afraid that the rewards he offers would be too much for a people who have got so used to mismanagement. Anyway, he puts it thus:"Are you tired of food, housing, clothing and whisky shortages? Are you sickened by the reports of starvation abroad? Do you want big men in important public office? Are you getting enough money every Friday night? Do you want the cost of living reduced? Do you want your rights, reduced taxes, a United Nations that isn't a political grab bag? Do you want Peace? Okay, sucker, vote for . . ."

WITH some heat, Mrs. Juniata O. Caldron of San Francisco, California, reports that "this state is paying out millions of dollars to strong healthy men and women for doing nothing and this does not include our legislature nor our representatives in Congress."

WE HEAR, too, from a gentleman whose daughter is not only nineteen years old and a sophomore in college but has announced her intention of voting the Communist ticket as soon as she's legally able. He was naturally interested, asked why. "Well," said she, "the government is practically forcing organized labor to go back to work by not only granting their demands but giving them even more than they demand. Forced labor is Fascism, and Communism is our only sure defense against Fascism."

THE gentleman is startled. But we have written to assure him that that's nothing —nothing. He should read the Congressional Record now and then. . . . W. D.

Hon. Crime Boss

Continued from page 19

tolls from the lower-caste brethren who run the rackets in his territory—pretty good money, since all his expenses are paid for him.

A big source of income is the legally sanctioned prostitution area in his district—about 60 densely clustered stalls with open fronts on narrow winding streets always cluttered by dirty, vociferous children, who play their games entirely indifferent to the elaborately painted faces peering from the houses.

Every one of the tiny houses has a vivid warning splashed across its front in yellow Army paint: OFF LIMITS. VD.

Most of the girls spend the greater part of their lives in these sordid hovels, inextricably bound to their tawdry profession by a debt they are never allowed to pay off.

Unscrupulous Traffic in Women

Sold into prostitution while very young by unscrupulous brokers, the girls start off in debt—by design. The house advances them money to buy kimonos and other necessary clothes. Article 2 of the government-approved contract used in Kizu's district begins, "I shall borrow Yen . . . ," and the prostitutes spend the rest of their lives trying to clear up that first loan.

They are allowed little chance to buy their way out of slavery, since the house takes about 90 per cent of their earnings. The third article in the contract stipulates: " . . the debt as mentioned in the preceding article shall be paid back by degrees with my earnings from my profession. Seventy-five per cent of the above earnings, however, shall be your due as your income, and the remaining 25 per cent shared to me as my income. And 15 per cent of the above-mentioned proportion to be my income shall be appropriated to repaying my debt, the remainder being for pocket money."

American occupation authorities outlawed this vicious system of white slavery several months ago, but it's a hard thing to supervise, and it continues.

Other money spinners for Kizu are the Pickpockets' Association and the Street Vendors' Association, which runs the black market. He sells the protection to both outfits.

Like the other gangsters, the pickpockets have a clearly defined code of chivalry. They don't steal from women, and when they relieve a man of his wallet they keep the cash and usually mail papers and other nonvaluables to the owner.

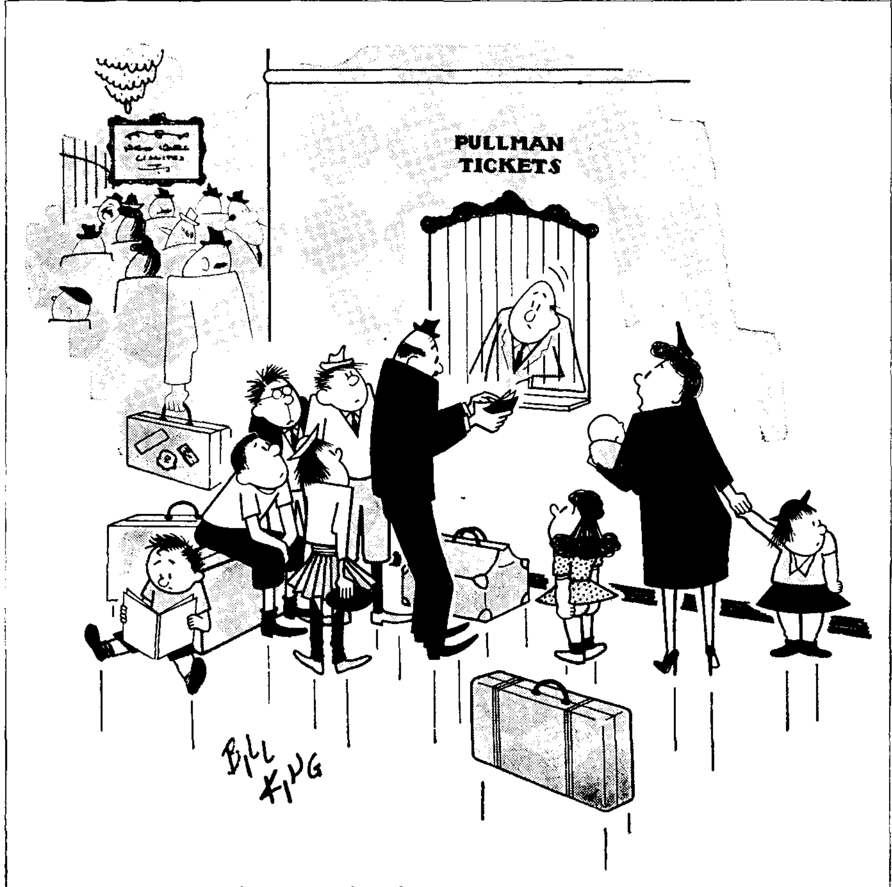
A Tokyo newspaper recently carried a letter of thanks from a grateful father to a pickpocket who returned a certificate the writer's son needed to sit for a school examination. The thief knew that the mail would not arrive before the examination started, and delivered the certificate to the house, together with a note wishing the boy success in the examination. "Japan needs more men like this honest pickpocket," the father wrote.

It's heartening to learn that the pickpockets leave G.I.s strictly alone. One reason is that the soldiers have too much money. Their wallets are bulky with yen, pictures and papers, which make them very difficult to extract from the pocket unnoticed.

There's nothing hidden or furtive about the black market in Japan. It's conducted right out in the open, and flourishes on the main street of every community. Goods are sold from flimsy stalls, or else spread on the sidewalk itself.

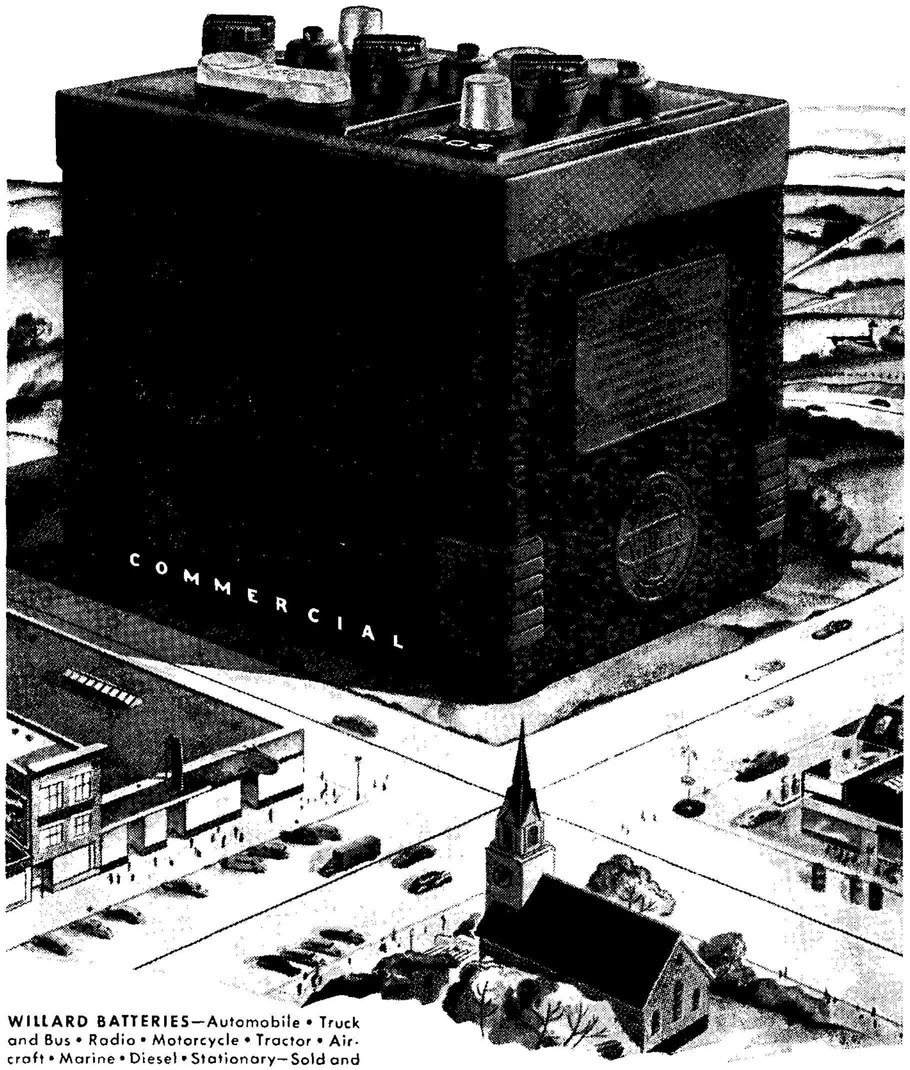
The government food ration in Japan is not nearly sufficient to sustain life, so that the Tokyo housewife has to depend upon the black market for almost three quarters of the food her family eats, and for 90 per cent of the fuel she needs to cook the food. Poppa San, the head of the family, buys his beer and cigarettes from the street vendors, and the children save their money for an occasional American candy bar.

Prices are sky-high. Rice, the bread and butter of the Japanese diet, costs



"It's only a couple of dollars more, dear, and I'd really feel much more comfortable if we got a lower"

COLLIER'S BILL KING



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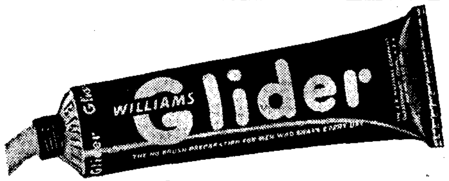
GATOR ROACH HIVES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A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING
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For the 1 man in 7 who shaves daily
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NO BRUSH

Modern life demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation. To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider, a rich soothing cream. Glider *protects* your face. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating*. It's quick and easy to use. Needs no brush—not sticky or greasy.

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Get Glider at your regular dealer's. Or send us your name and address with 10¢—and we'll mail you a full three weeks' supply. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CC-3, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. (*Canada:* Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only.

Everett B. Hurlburt
PRESIDENT

about $2 a pound, American sugar $6 a pound, and butter about $6.50. American cigarettes find a steady market at $25 a carton, and a candy bar cannot be had for less than $1.25.

It's a lucrative racket, but the vendors have to pay a good percentage of their profit to Kizu's henchmen to be allowed to stay in business.

Kizu gets like payment from the dozens of gambling houses in his district, the beer halls and the geisha houses and the restaurants. In return for the cash, he "keeps order."

Riding a bicycle, while I followed in a jeep, Kizu took me on a conducted tour of his territory. Everywhere we went through the narrow, crowded dirty streets the gangster was treated with marked respect and deference. This obvious fealty prompted a question about the general election last April, hailed as the first really free expression of the people's will in the history of Japan.

Kizu said the people in his ward had voted for the ultraconservative Liberal Party almost to a man—and a woman. This was surprising, since this section of Tokyo is densely populated, and, before the arrival of B-29s in Nippon skies, was a great industrial center, but Kizu explained:

"Our country is not yet ready for revolution. It may come later, but it is too soon now, so I instructed my people to vote for the Liberal Party."

In addition to this paternal advice, Kizu sent some of his boys to break up Socialist and Communist election meetings; five who threw rocks with too much enthusiasm were jailed. The Liberals were duly elected.

With the same naïveté he displayed when talking about Lewis Valentine, the gangster explained that his men have a fond regard for General MacArthur. Imprisoned during the war by the military police, a number of them wangled releases with the political prisoners MacArthur ordered freed last October. They look upon the Supreme Commander as their liberator.

Kizu introduced me to a couple of senior members of the brotherhood—both of whom had incomplete left hands—and after much polite talk over endless cups of tea they agreed to send me to see Umezu, the big boss.

They gave me cards of introduction and a very incomplete address. "Just ask any policeman in the district," they explained. "He will take you to the house." I found the house with the help of obliging policemen, and after a short parley at the gate was ushered into the old man's presence.

A Gentle-Looking Crime Master

At 75, Umezu looks more like an ascetic priest or scholar than an underworld boss. He is agile in spite of his years, and is proud of his ability to sit bolt upright for 10 hours at a stretch without moving a muscle.

The story of his rigorously disciplined life made it very clear that becoming a full-fledged gangster in Japan is no easy business, but calls for hard training and stoic indifference to pain and privation.

As a child in the ancient, storied city of Kyoto more than 60 years ago, Umezu attended an American mission school and wanted to become a Christian teacher.

But times got tough, and young Umezu had to get out and make money, so he became an apprentice gangster. It was a hard life. Before he could be accepted into the brotherhood, he had to achieve immunity to seven things: cold, heat, hunger, pain, the discomforts of imprisonment, and greed for money or life. That's the basic training program for apprentices.

He wasn't allowed to drink or fight (except for his boss) or run around with women. Then as now, only one in about 200 survived the arduous years of apprenticeship to win his diploma as a gangster, duly pledged and accredited.

Umezu learned well and worked hard to make a Spartan of himself, so that when the time came to give his first finger in the sweet cause of mediation, he was able to chop it off like a veteran; and he was able to walk out of jail after his eighth stretch with his head high and his spirit unbroken.

He retired five years ago, after more than 50 years in the business, but he still keeps a close watch on the activities of the 200 district bosses who run Tokyo.

These men keep Umezu in funds. During his active rule the old man observed to the letter the gangster brotherhood's code of ethics, which demands that he give most of his money to those who need it more than he does. In return, the junior bosses now take full care of Umezu's every need.

The gangster brotherhood was born out of a historic battle over 300 years ago in which Shogun Tokugawa overthrew rival Shogun Toyotomi, the powerful plunderer of Korea. Tokugawa made his capital in a village called Yedo (now Tokyo), and the defeated samurai who had followed Toyotomi drifted there also, only to find themselves outlawed by command of Tokugawa. Professional soldiering denied to them, they became *ronin,* or masterless samurai.

Finding Jobs for the Ronin

Finally, some enterprising businessmen organized them and hired them out as samurai to feudal lords making their annual journey to Yedo to pay homage. These visiting lords found it much cheaper to hire their court followers when they reached the capital than to bring their own courts on a long journey.

Before long, these bosses had a large and loyal following of *ronin,* and since the *ronin* were the gamblers of the day the bosses found themselves in charge of all gambling. Their control gradually spread to the other vices and to labor organization.

None of the brotherhood has achieved high government position, for the members believe firmly that they should stay clear of politics. They admit, however, that they are used as tools by political bosses to organize votes.

Relations between the police and the gangsters are strictly give and take on an unfathomable Oriental basis. Even if gangland fights lead to murder, the police will not intervene unless there has been really too much publicity or the gangster-appointed mediator has been unable to settle matters to everyone's satisfaction.

And then, if public opinion demands an arrest, the boss may appoint a deputy to serve the prison term instead of the guilty man. Both Umezu and Kizu were jailed as proxies many times in their younger days.

Gang Ideologies—East and West

Al Capone would have regarded the whole business as a very screwy setup indeed. On the other hand, Umezu expressed pained surprise at the methods used by the Chicago mobster and his contemporaries. The old Jap prefers mediation to force, but the results are about the same.

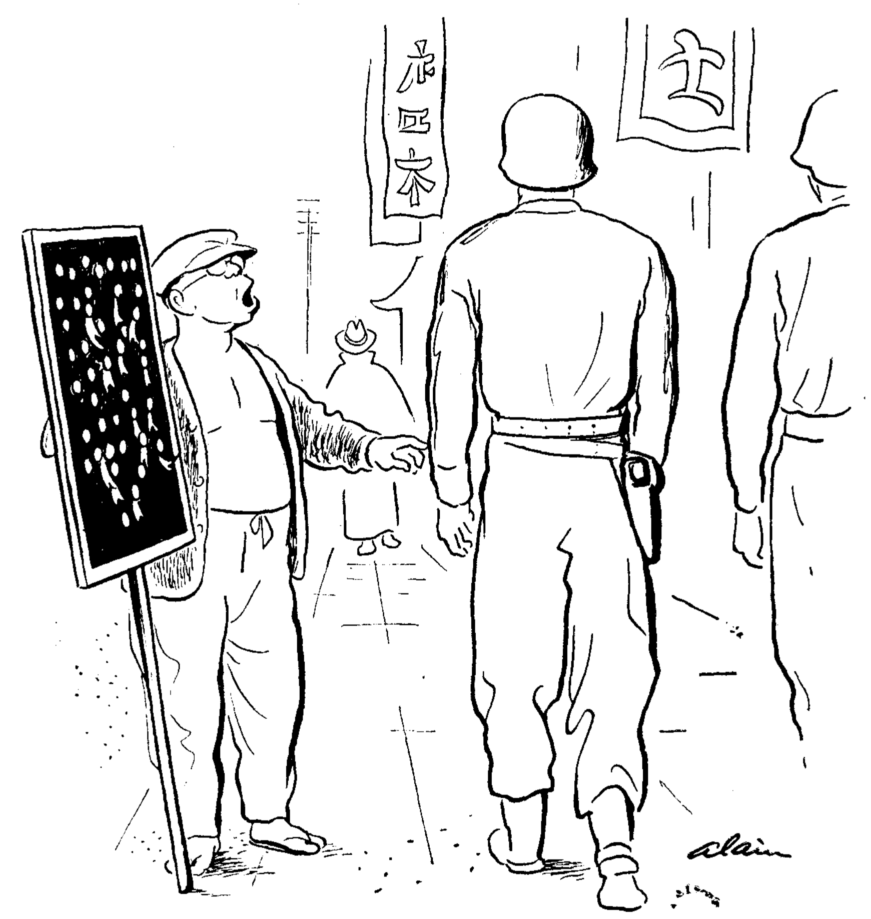
His philosophy is contained in a framed poem which hangs on his wall. Roughly translated, it says "Crime with Peace and Honor," and the advice he gives his bosses is always based on this conception.

He is afraid, however, that the younger men are straying from the teachings of their gospel, and thinks this may be due to the bad influence of Tojo and his fellow fire-eaters who preached use of force.

Yet for all his bookishness and fine philosophy, Umezu wields tremendous power. It has been conservatively estimated that in Tokyo alone his gangs rule the lives of more than one million people.

Whether this rule is benevolent or not, it is a tremendous threat to the success of the occupation and the achievement of democracy of Japan.

THE END



"Here you are—'Pearl Harbor Avenged'—get your 'Pearl Harbor Avenged' buttons!"

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KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

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what these flags mean?

THESE 2 FLAGS MEAN:

"What is the weather forecast for today?" (Cool and delightful—if you serve your friends mild and mellow Kinsey Whiskey.)

THESE 2 FLAGS MEAN:

"I have sighted ice in position indicated." (Good! Now just add Kinsey and soda . . . and you'll enjoy the most delicious, most cooling highball you ever tasted!)

THESE 2 FLAGS MEAN:

"You should proceed at your utmost speed." (. . . to your favorite liquor dealer or tavern and order Kinsey. This superb blend is not "just another whiskey." People who know say it offers *something special* in smoothness and flavor. We think you'll agree, so try Kinsey . . . *tonight!)*

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SINCE 1892

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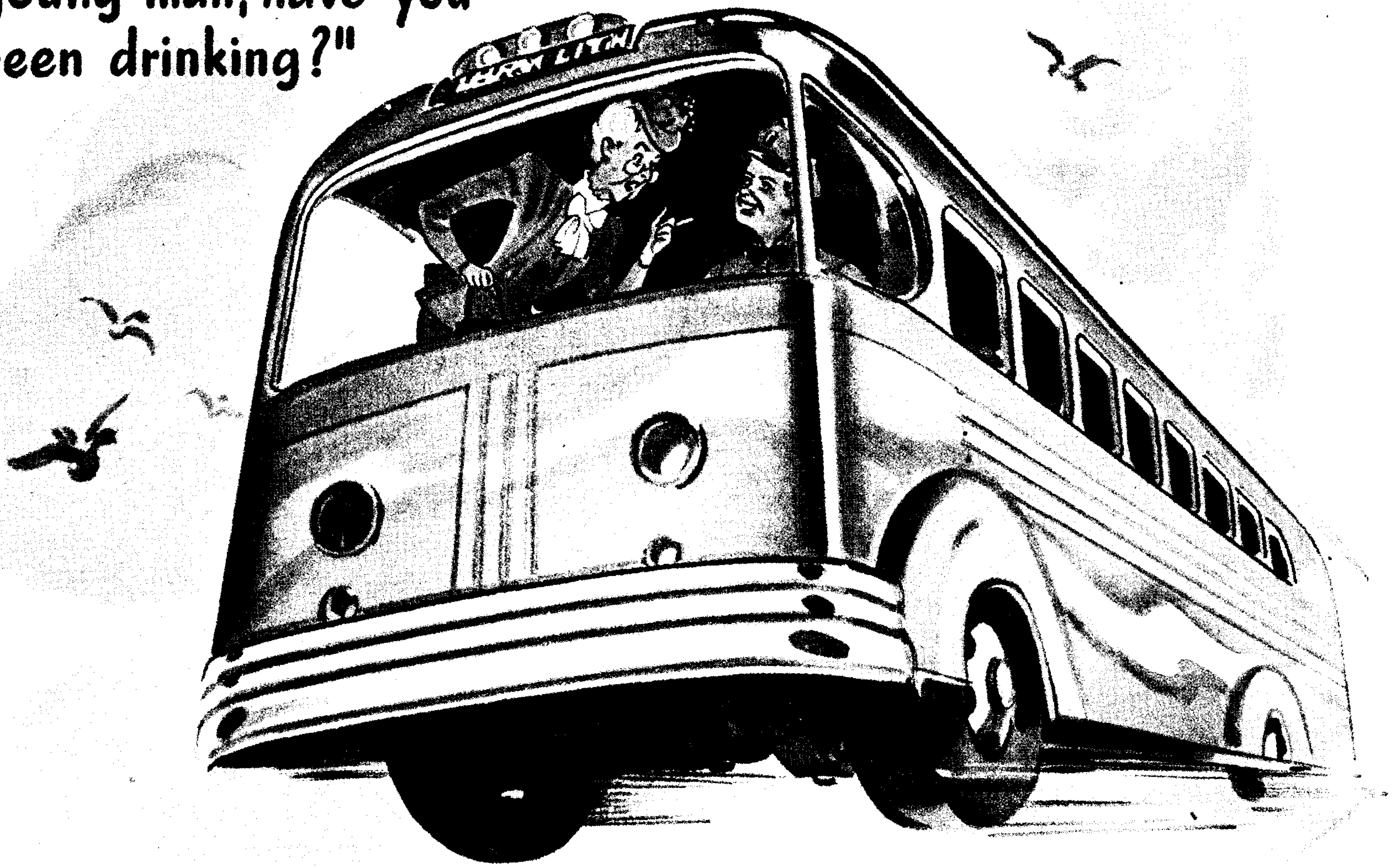
"Young man, have you been drinking?"



"No'm, I never touch the stuff. You can't on this job."

"Well, all of us passengers seem to think this bus is . . . ahem . . . flying—that is, up in the air. I decided it was time someone spoke to you about it."

"No! Do you feel that way too, ma'am? Thought it was just me. Y'see, I just came back from the Air Force. When the boss put me on this bus this morning, he says,

" 'Joe', he says, 'we changed buses on this line while you were away. This one is Alcoa Aluminum. She's strong, but light. Notice her on the take-off', he says, 'and see how fast she accelerates . . .

" 'She takes less horsepower, and she's easier on tires, and gas, and oil', he tells me. 'And without all that weight to lug around, you don't have to beat your brains out to stop and go on schedule'.

"Well, ma'am, after that take-off I guess I just got to imaginin'. Reckon we all did. She does ride light and sweet and smooth, doesn't she?

"Shucks—this is just good old Highway 14, and we're a half-hour out of Green City. Now if you'll kindly step to the rear, ma'am, I'll bring you in right on time."

• • •

Operating economy . . . lasting beauty, unmarred by rust . . . important as those Alcoa Aluminum advantages are to buses, they become still more important when you remember that the *lightness* of aluminum permits designers to use thick sheets, massive sections that mean *maximum safety* in bus construction. Alcoa Aluminum demands no sacrifices anywhere. And Alcoa is ready with the world's greatest fund of aluminum knowledge, to help you use it.

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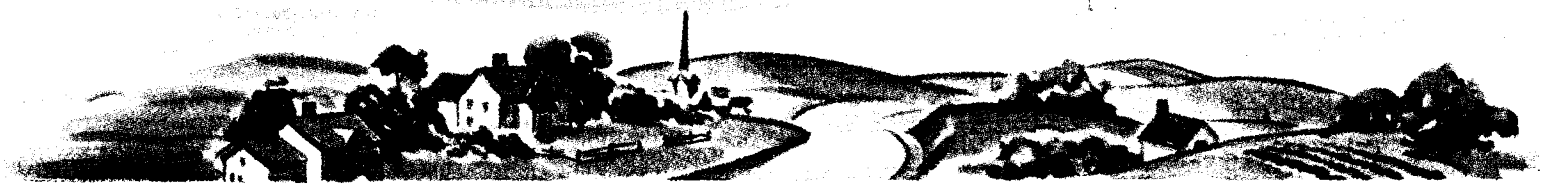

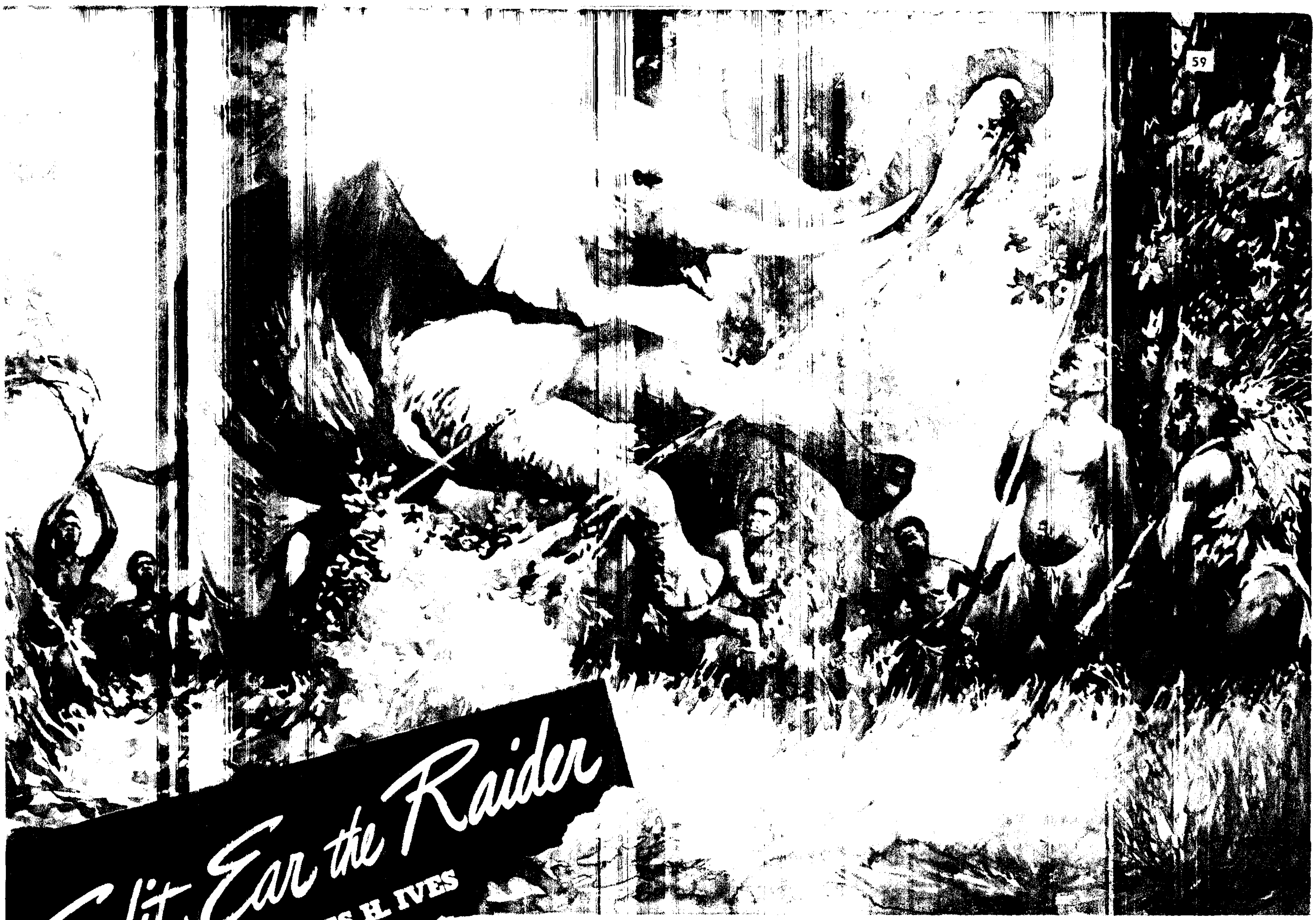

Split Ear the Raider

BY CHARLES H. IVES

His tormentors were silent while Split Ear was near them, but when the men yelled and waved branches, Split Ear charged and screamed and charged again. Madly he hooked at shrubs and vines with his tusks, his every move an agony

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

The strongest animal in that wilderness was the jungle elephant, but not the deadliest. The deadliest was the jungle man

ALL the hot day through, old Split Ear and the seven cows of his herd had slumbered in the deep jungle. Occasionally one of them would reach overhead and pull off a tree branch and stuff the leaves into her mouth, but most of the time had been spent in dozing. Only the twitching of an ear or the stamp of a padded foot revealed the huge, gray bulks to be elephants and not gigantic rocks. Overhead the burning African sun tried to pierce the mass of interlaced vines and branches that formed an almost impenetrable roof above the damp jungle floor, but only a few rays of sunlight found their way through to make a mottled camouflage on the wrinkled hides of Split Ear and his harem.

Split Ear was big even for an African elephant, and the size of his herd testified to his craftiness and prowess as a fighter. The long rip in his right ear was but one of many scars he had acquired in the series of battles he had fought to establish his right to rule his herd. In the part of the African jungles that he ranged, other elephants were numerous but traveled in groups of two or three or, at the most, four. It had meant constant vigilance and aggressiveness to keep the cows from being abducted by other bulls.

Split Ear's success had, perhaps, gone to his head for he was somewhat of a bully and, worse, had begun to lead his herd in raids on the natives' gardens. He had become bolder and bolder in his raids. Just the night before, while his cows were tearing up cassava in a garden behind a village, he had followed an enticing scent of peanuts right up to the corner of one of the little bark houses. Moving quietly as a shadow, he had first investigated the whole outside corner of the house with his trunk, before he discovered that the peanuts he was seeking were inside the shack. Quietly he had laid hold of the corner post and then with a quick jerk of his mighty head he had pulled the side out of the hut.

Three large baskets of peanuts fell out at his feet and he had rapidly stuffed them into his mouth until the clamor of the outraged inhabitants of the house, their screams of fright and yells of rage had driven him off. As he shuffled off into the darkness he had made a quick count of his cows already on the move. With them he had slipped off into the jungle and gone on until the racket of the villagers could no longer be heard, and at last Split Ear had given the command to stop where they now lay. Here they had stayed all day and now the deepening shadows and growing hunger told the leader it was time to seek food.

Slowly, ponderously, he started down the slight slope of the knoll on which they had been resting. Hardly a sound broke the deep stillness as the eight huge beasts moved through the jungle. Split Ear stopped beside a tall stump, backed into it and slowly moved his rump from side to side as he scratched an itching scar. The tree stump creaked and groaned, and the old tusker's chirrups and gurgles testified to the efficacy of the treatment.

FARTHER on, the herd came to a stream, one of many that they would cross in their night's wanderings, and they drank and then contentedly squirted water over themselves. As they crossed the stream and the swamp lying beyond it they sank into the mud nearly to their bellies. Each foot plunged deep into the cool mire and was pulled loose with a sucking plop, leaving a deep print that rapidly filled with muddy water. On they went, stopping now and then to browse a bit upon the forest shrubs.

Finally a smoky tang in the air told him they were approaching a village. More cautiously now he led them, rolling his eye at one young cow who stopped to feed upon a small bush. Just as the short dusk changed into black night, Split Ear thrust his huge head out of the jungle and saw large gardens of peanuts, cassava, plantains and bananas stretching along the rear of a village. He listened and watched for a while. The air was full of the scent of men. Silently he stole out into the gardens and just as silently the seven cows followed him, one by one. At first they fed quietly, but the succulent plants and vines were rich, appetizing. Soon loudly, carelessly, the herd tore at the food, cramming it as fast as they could into their mouths.

Then they heard the shout. Almost immediately a tremendous din broke out on the other side of the village, screams, whistles, the beating of pans. Lanterns and flaming torches danced among the rows of plants. There was no need for Split Ear's warning call; at the first shout the cows had turned for the jungle. As they slipped into its cover some of them trailed peanut vines from their mouths. Split Ear carried a bunch of just-ripened bananas.

Suddenly there was a bright flash and the sharp explosion of a gun behind them and Split Ear heard a dull smack as the bullet struck the young cow, heard her squeal in fright and pain. Now panic seized the herd and they rushed into the jungle, leaving the young cow down on her knees. Split Ear found her groaning, trying to struggle to her feet. Quickly and surely the great bull ran the tip of

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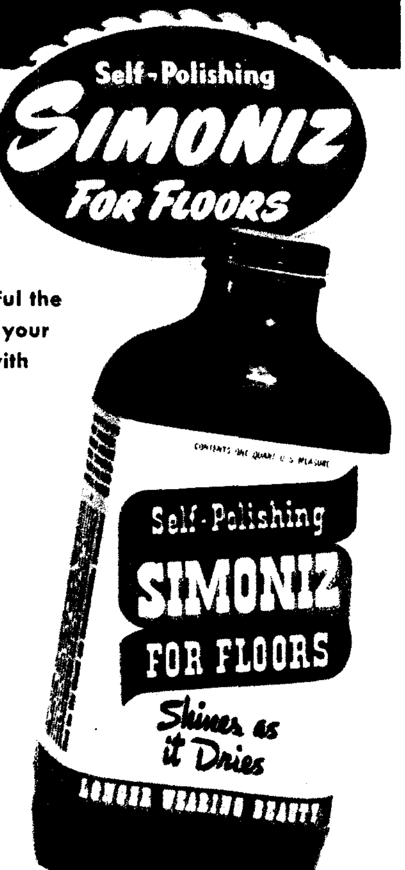


FOR LINOLEUM, ASPHALT AND RUBBER TILE, AND FINISHED WOOD FLOORS

his sensitive trunk over her body until he found the bloody spot high on her right shoulder where the slug had hit. Actually she was not badly hurt, but in her fright and pain she had stumbled over a log and now lay half-crouched upon the ground. Split Ear chirruped as he urged her to go on. She made a feeble effort to get to her feet, then groaned and sank back as the blood spurted from her shoulder.

Split Ear tried with his great tusks and trunk to help her but the cow rolled on her side and lay heavily, blowing and panting. Suddenly another huge form appeared on the other side of her; the matron of the herd had come back to help. As the oldest cow, she had almost as much authority in the herd as did Split Ear—and she was the mother of the injured beast. Now she examined the wound and a note of impatience came into her voice as she began to prod her daughter in the ribs. At first she was gentle, but when the fallen elephant did not rise, the mother prodded more painfully until at last the young cow lurched to her feet. Then with Split Ear on one side and the old cow on the other she slowly and painfully hobbled off into the forest.

ALL night long the great beasts fled. The young cow stopped from time to time to rest, standing quietly between her escorts. If she was in pain, she also enjoyed the special attention she was receiving from the two leaders. When the herd came to a swamp, the young cow leaned heavily against Split Ear while the matron rooted up muck and mud and plastered it on the injured shoulder. The bull was uneasy and insistently urged the herd onward until they had left the village many miles behind them. And at last, when the sun was high in the heavens, they came to a low hill deep in the jungle.

Three times during the night Split Ear had trumpeted commandingly as he called his herd together. Now the seven gathered for a brief time about the young cow. The bleeding from her wound had stopped, but she could not rest her weight upon the right foreleg. Slowly she hobbled down to the creek that flowed along the bottom of the hill, and the old cow walked beside her. Split Ear took his stand on an elevation where he could watch the path on which they had come and could catch all the scents floating on the currents of air that drifted through the jungle. Hour after hour he kept guard while the others dozed and ate. From time to time the young cow whimpered and then the old one would plaster more cool mud upon her wounded shoulder.

For several days the herd was limited in its movements because the young cow could not travel. On the sixth day, however, she began to move about more freely and to put her weight on her injured leg. It was a good thing, for Split Ear was having more and more trouble keeping the cows from wandering away. Great elephant bodies demand nourishment, and eight huge stomachs consume a tremendous amount of provender each day. During the week, Split Ear and his herd had cleaned the hill bare. Late in the afternoon of the seventh day, Split Ear led his herd down off the hill. As they moved through the jungle there was no indication of their presence other than a glimpse of eight great shadows slipping among the woods, or a ripping sound as a branch was torn from a tree. Where the ground was firm there was absolutely no trace of their having passed that way, but in the swamps and soft creek bottoms, long rows of big postholes filled with mucky water and trampled grass and low vegetation marked the path.

Dusk was about to fall. The swift-flying flocks of whistling parrots hurtled overhead, returning to their roosts in the tall, cottonwood trees. Day-walking beasts of the jungle were seeking out their roosts and hiding places, and the night-roaming beasts were stretching and yawning before they set out on their forays. Cautiously Split Ear's massive head and towering shoulders thrust themselves out of the jungle at the edge of a large clearing where hundreds of coconut palm trees had been planted.

Slowly and carefully Split Ear pointed his trunk in several directions, searching for the man-scent. He was some distance from the road that ran along the front of the plantation, and it had been several weeks since the natives had last cut the weeds and grass between the rows of young trees, so he found no smell. While he stood there, his cows hidden in the jungle behind him, the dark African night ran across the gardens. His huge body was almost indiscernible as he walked out into the clearing.

Split Ear moved up to one of the young trees, braced himself, gave it a push with his forehead. With a loud snap the soft, eight-inch-thick tree broke off at the earth line. With his supple trunk Split Ear reached into the top of the fallen tree and twisted out the delicious "cabbage" of young leaves he found there. He hastened to the next tree. On either side of him cracks and soft crashes of falling trees showed that the cows were as busy as he. He varied his method of felling occasionally by standing on three legs as he placed one of his forefeet against the trunk, surged forward, and "walked" the tree down. It was rich fare and even an elephant had to stop and rest a bit after downing twenty or thirty of the cabbages. So the herd ate and rested and ate again until, just as the dawn was breaking in the east, they turned back toward the jungle, leaving the entire plantation a ruin behind them.

Split Ear had to prod two of the cows sharply with his tusks to keep them moving away from the place where they had feasted so royally. Just as he was hustling the recalcitrant beasts into the cover of the jungle, loud wails and screams burst out behind him. He rolled an eye backward, saw a group of natives leaping and running about behind him. With a grunt he walloped one loitering cow across the rump with his trunk and gave the other one a vigorous shove with his tusks. They squealed resentfully, but the whole herd lumbered rapidly away into the cover of the jungle.

LATE in the afternoon the next day, the sky darkened and a roaring in the distance announced the coming of one of the fast-moving, torrential showers common to the jungle. The cows, still logy with food, moved close together, but Split Ear maintained his position slightly off to one side of the knoll. The storm came rushing over the treetops, and the wind tossed and swayed the great forest trees as summer breezes ripple fields of grain. Rain teemed down in torrents and Split Ear turned his rump to it. He stood like a huge, gray rock while the water poured in cooling rivulets down the crevices in his hide. And because the storm made such a noise and so disturbed the air currents, he caught neither sight nor scent of the seven small, brown men who were carefully stalking him. Their naked bodies were just the color of the matted leaves upon the jungle floor, and not a leaf moved to betray their presence as they pushed their short spears ahead of them through the undergrowth.

The storm was lessening now and Split Ear blew strongly through his trunk and reached out for a tree branch. Just as he curled his trunk about the leaves there was a confusion in the brush on each side of him. Before he could turn his head he felt deep shocks and a fiery agony in his sides as six of the pygmies hurled their spears deep into his belly.

Pain and fright seized him. He charged down the hill and as he lifted his tail to run, another spear was hurled into him. Screaming, he rushed on.

Charging blindly, he smashed down trees eight, ten, twelve inches in diameter and filled the forest with the sound of ripping vines and falling trees and earth-shaking bumps. Now he heard a great tumult all about him as his cows ran into the jungle. On he smashed and the spear shafts in his sides caught in the trees and vines until his pain overcame his fright. He slowed down to a fast shuffling walk and began to utilize the cunning that had made him a leader. In a glade in the jungle he stopped at last and tried to pull out the spears. But with the first pull he groaned and his mighty shoulders poured out sweat. Farther on he attempted to rub off the spear shafts but only succeeded in driving them deeper into his hide. When night came upon him, he stood belly-deep in a small swamp. The cool mud felt good, but didn't come high enough about his belly. When he started to roll, the spears hurt more. Now his great body was afire with pain and he was passing blood. He stayed in the swamps all night. Many times he trumpeted to call his herd, but no answer came.

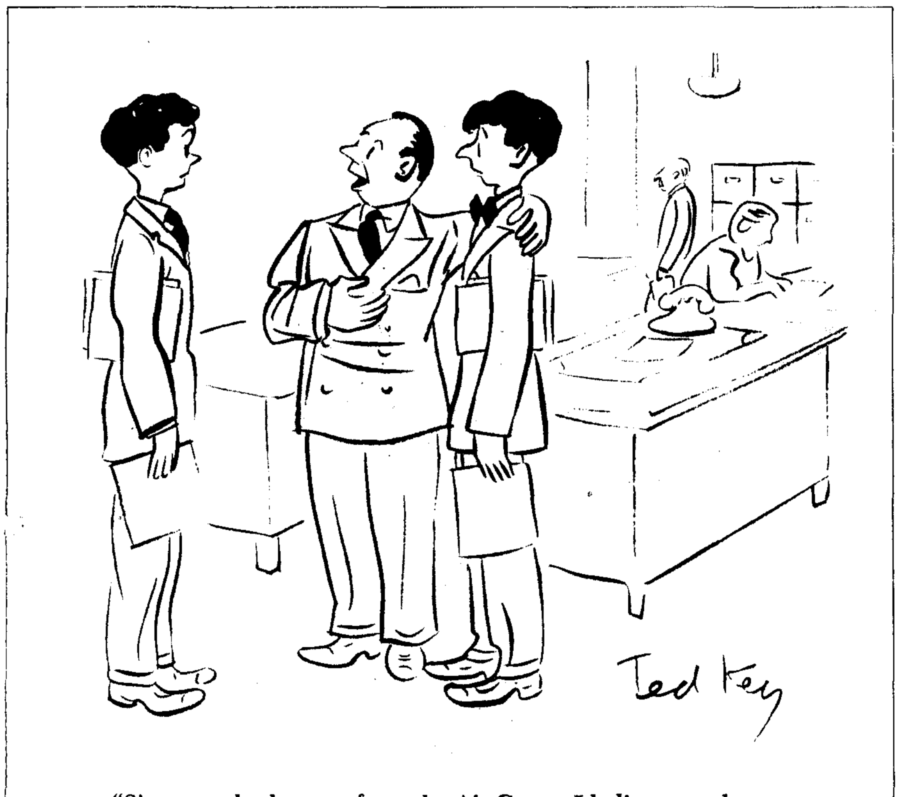
MORNING found him forcing his way onward; even in his agony he was careful to leave as little trace as possible. Long stretches of hard ground held only splotches of blood to mark his passing. His body ran with sweat and his bloodshot eyes sank deeper into his head as his agony bore down upon him. A great thirst consumed him, yet he found he could not drink from any of the streams he crossed. A strong breeze began to blow through the jungle and just as he was entering a deep thicket at the bottom of a small valley he caught a faint man-scent coming from behind him. Rapidly he pushed on through the bushes, crossed the stream on the other side, went a short distance into the jungle beyond. He turned sharply to his right and walked a few yards, when he turned right again and recrossed the stream to stand a few yards to the right of where he had first emerged from the thicket.

Absolutely motionless, he waited, his red eyes fixed upon the thicket and his long trunk stretched out to test the air for the scent of his enemies. Long before there was any motion in the bushes his sense of smell told him that the hunters were coming. Finally, the slightest motion of a branch betrayed their presence and as the first three pygmies stepped out into the open, Split Ear raised his trunk and charged at them. All the agony he had undergone was exploded in the fury of that charge. Great ears outthrust on each side of his gigantic head, white tusks flashing, he screamed and rushed again on them. In his rage he overran his mark. Then he turned and on all sides of him he heard yelling men, saw branches and bushes waving violently. He charged the nearest native but found nothing, for the little man had slipped off a few yards and was standing motionless against the dark trunk of a mahogany tree. Old Split Ear's eyesight was no better than that of any elephant and the air was so full of man-scent as it poured from the sweating bodies on all sides of him that the elephant could distinguish no individuals.

His tormentors were silent while Split Ear was near them. As the men yelled and waved their branches Split Ear charged and screamed and charged again. Madly he hooked at shrubs and vines with his huge tusks. Once he found a short log lying in the undergrowth and, trumpeting and snorting, plunged his tusks into it and trampled it with his great feet. Bloody froth slobbered from his mouth as he thrashed about. Every move he made was agony and that agony drove him on to greater frenzy. None of his fighting tricks helped him here. He was fighting shadows. On he charged and each charge became a bit shorter, a bit more labored than the last.

Finally, the old raider stood with heaving, sweating sides, his breath coming and going in great sobbing sighs. His courageous heart commanded but his tortured, exhausted body could not obey. Slowly, painfully, he turned from his tormentors and staggered across the small stream. As he heaved his huge body up the far bank a fierce fire ran through his veins and struck his great heart. There at the edge of the deep jungle a shudder ran over his tremendous form. No longer could he control the mighty muscles, and slowly his hind quarters swayed to the left. With a crash Split Ear fell on his side. One long groan marked the end of his raids and his life—and it was drowned in the pygmies' shouts and chants of victory.

THE END



"Since you both came from the Air Corps, I believe you boys should know each other. Major Whitcomb—Colonel Brown"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

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Heat's got him down!
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Wonderful to taste, too... cool, delicious, refreshing!

Whenever you're hot, tired or thirsty ...get renewed zest from Iced Coffee, the summer drink with a lift! HAVE ANOTHER GLASS!

HOW TO MAKE DELICIOUS ICED COFFEE... It's Easy!

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- Make regular strength; cool to room temperature before pouring over ice.

Iced Coffee SETS YOU RIGHT!

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BRAZIL COLOMBIA COSTA RICA CUBA
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GUATEMALA MEXICO VENEZUELA

Skeptical lady fans demand an on-the-spot demonstration of a perfect fit before they condescend to accept free tickets to the Brooklyn ball game

Such ecstasy! Such excitement! It could be a home run, nylons or a new, adorable creation. One never knows what to expect in a ball park these days

CHEESECAKE at the Ball Park

BY STANLEY FRANK

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN—PIX

THESE are scenes from the great American game of baseball, which sometimes is played with no distractions on the field other than the umpires.

The ballplayers are wearing short pants, caps and foolish grins. The winsome creatures showing hauteur and the *haute mode* in beach fashions are models from a New York department store. They appeared at the Yankee Stadium and Ebbets Field much to the bafflement of naïve male customers laboring under the delusion that a ball game was the attraction. The big idea, as thinly disguised as the models' architectural features, was to lure lady fans into the ball park for a small service charge. Each of the first 500 women who showed up at each game also was given a free pair of nylons.

Pregame exhibition of form and class. The best break the bleacher boys have had at the Yankee Stadium in a long time

BLADES
EXCHANGE BANK TRUST CO.
The YANKEES USE

Abner Doubleday forgot this development when he originated baseball in 1839. This is known in intellectual circles as a century of progress

Howling Hilda, the Verce of Ebbets Field, expresses her devotion to the Bums. She is being taken away on transports of delight—but not far enough, perhaps

This one is for fans who wonder what occupies athletes in the dugout. Discussion of strategy to be employed in the game?

Such nonsense has been going on since 1912, when Robert Lee Hedges, president of the St. Louis Browns, introduced Ladies' Day to baseball. Hedges hoped to convert women to the sport, operating on the well-established theory that they will fight the police to get anything free, be it a ball game, a barracuda or a time bomb.

All sixteen clubs in both major leagues since have set aside one day a week, usually a Friday, for our fine-feathered friends, the dames; but no good has come of it.

Years of on-the-cuff inducements and diligent plugging over the radio have failed to increase appreciably the attendance of women. Ladies go only for sports in which someone is in imminent danger of being killed or maimed. Boxing, football, hockey and racing enchant them, but the skills and strategy of baseball, the delicate balance of offensive and defensive forces, leave them colder than a sinkful of dirty dishes. Ladies scream as ecstatically over a long foul as they do over a home run. The pitcher who works a low-hit shutout is hooted as a mean old spoilsport.

Old clients of Wrigley Field in Chicago, where Ladies' Day is most popular, still remember with a shudder the frightful rumpus raised by free-loading females after the Cubs made a triple play. The women thought they were being shortchanged on the required number of outs when the athletes changed sides for the next inning.

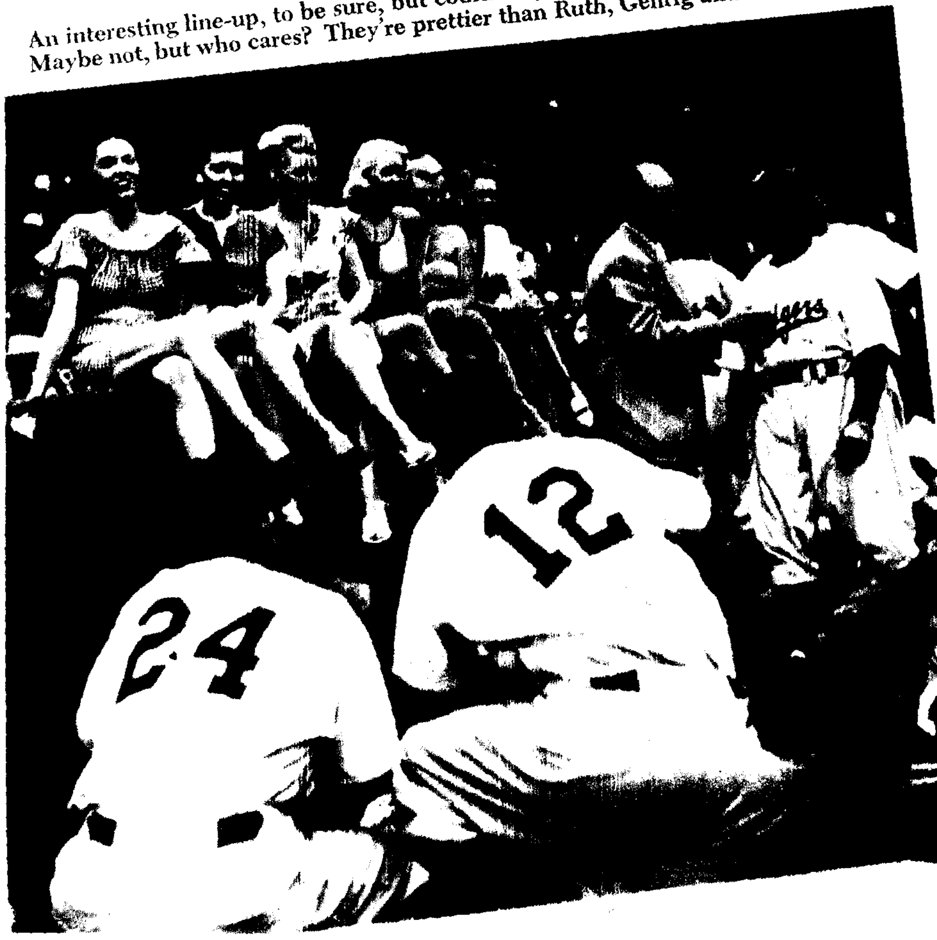
Although the service charge and money spent in the concessions on Ladies' Day bring added revenue to the home club, it is largely a snare and a delusion. The owners probably lose the comparable amount represented by the income on Ladies' Day from the slump in normal attendance. Male patrons will even go to work rather than expose themselves to the yammering and the yattating that make the afternoon hideous. It further is significant that serious women fans prefer to pay full admission and sit where they choose instead of taking advantage of the cut rates which oblige them to remain in segregated sections with their shrill sisters.

The violent crushes ladies get on certain players pose other problems for the management. The ladies rarely go for the stars of the team. Their dream boats are the heroes who have been with the club for many years and have been knocking their brains out to support another clinging vine. The old guys hanging on to jobs by their fingernails want to be remembered only by the man who makes out the checks, but the indignant demands of their public force them to haul their creaking carcasses through nine innings for admirers who don't know the difference between a squeeze play and Adam's off ox.

The one discernible benefit Ladies' Day has conferred upon the populace is a reduced preoccupation with the melancholy marital misfortunes of radio programs blatted over the air during the shining afternoon hours. Broadcasts of ball games are louder and longer than soap operas.

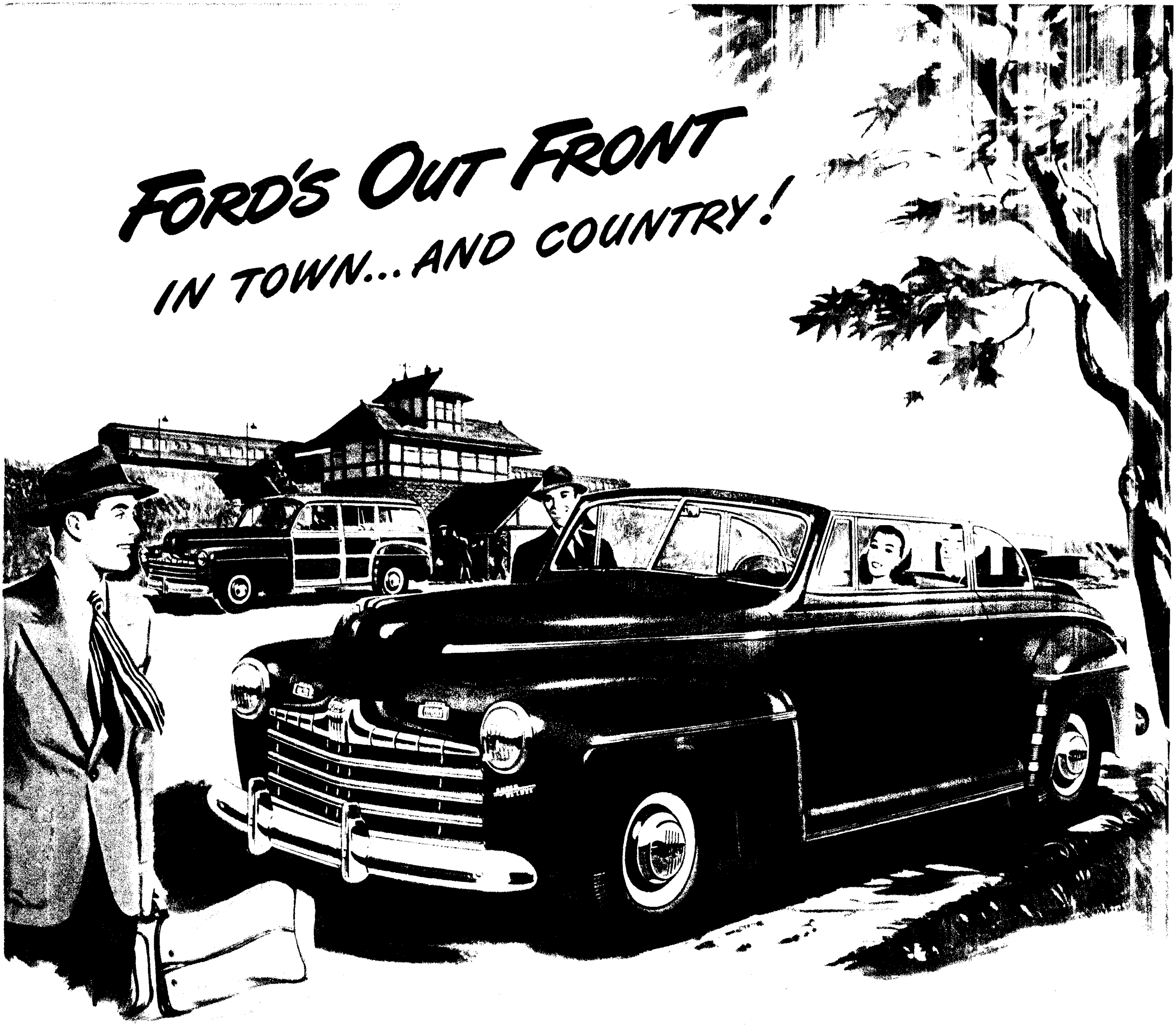
The results of the games shown here? The Yankees lost to the Red Sox, 5-4, and the Dodgers licked the Pirates, 16-6. The moral of the story escapes us at the moment. ★★★

An interesting line-up, to be sure, but could they hit like Murderers' Row? Maybe not, but who cares? They're prettier than Ruth, Gehrig and Meusel

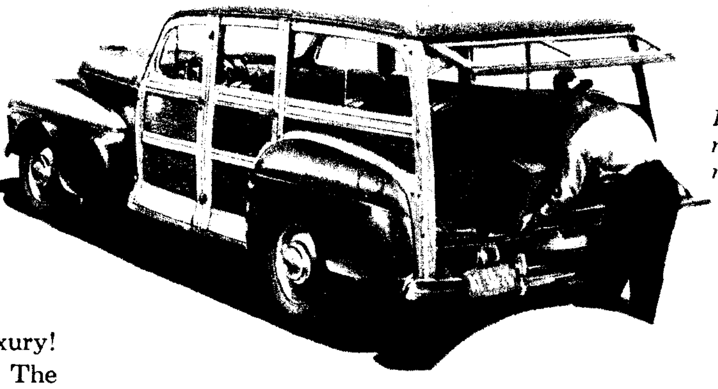


The Dodgers' Peewee Reese and Pete Reiser reassure their admirers by demonstrating they have sufficient brains to come in out of the rain

Dodgers
Dodgers



The new Ford convertible is right at home in the smartest settings! And its dashing style is combined with touch-a-button convenience . . . in just thirty seconds this open car becomes a snug "sedan"! All kinds of room for six people . . . all kinds of "go" with that lively 100-h.p. Ford V-8 engine.



Plenty of room for luggage in the rear compartment—even when the removable seats are in place!

The new Ford station wagon carries 8 in luxury! Seats can be removed easily for light hauling. The husky body is fashioned of rugged maple, with beautiful birch or gumwood panels. The big seat cushions are covered in smart, long wearing Vinyl plastic leather. In station wagon style, Ford's the leader. Ford has built more station wagons than all other car manufacturers combined.

TUNE IN

The FORD Sunday Evening Hour—ABC, Sundays, 8-9:00 P.M., E.D.T.

There's a Ford in your future

The Truth About Henry Kaiser

Continued from page 12

its kittens. But he finds it useful in his endless negotiations, exhortations and promotions to parade an imposing wrath. He once startled a room full of Army brass by reaching across a luncheon table and roundly shaking a four-star general who had been needling Kaiser's air-cargo scheme.

In the bosom of his own organization, Kaiser seldom has need for anger, for he is rarely crossed. When advisers fail to agree with him, give him advice he doesn't want, he feels let down and sulks. But as the broadening rings in the Kaiser industrial pond grow ever broader, Kaiser becomes the only figure in the organization who can keep track of them all. The bigger the problems get, and the wider the circles spread, the more Kaiser is forced to face basic issues himself, make the final lonely decisions, shove his men about if necessary and ride rough-shod over their wishes.

When Kaiser's older son, Edgar, who is general manager of Kaiser-Frazer, flew to New York with Joe Frazer, president, recently to discuss urgent production problems, they found Henry Kaiser, eyes akindle, soaring in the blue on a tangent of his own. "If we can't get steel, we'll make cars out of aluminum," Kaiser announced. Then, deaf to Edgar's appalling problem of getting the first car into production, Henry Kaiser spent the afternoon painting the glory of the lightweight car of the future. Instead of one problem, Edgar now had two. Not only did he have to get the assembly lines rolling, but also to start partial production on 200 sample aluminum bodies at an estimated cost of $10,000 apiece.

When Kaiser bursts, with drum and cymbal, upon an industry, behind him usually is a corps of engineers, bulky reports, and some of the smartest brains in the business, fresh on the pay roll. When Kaiser made his debut in steel, it was Tom Girdler and his Republic Steel technicians who helped set up the blast furnace. When Kaiser went into aluminum, his aides had armed him with minute government production-cost data for the two leased plants, plus two plant superintendents hired away from Alcoa, and metallurgists fresh from Reynolds Metals Co., Inc. In automobiles, production lines at Willow Run were laid out by Charlie Fennell, who has designed most of the Chrysler plants.

Young Heads in the Business

Behind Kaiser, too, are young men like son Edgar, 38, and Clay Bedford, 39, who in their twenties supervised the building of the monumental Bonneville Dam, Edgar as project manager and Clay as superintendent, and who in their thirties built the Kaiser shipyards and mass-produced the Kaiser ships. Men who cut their teeth on epic projects by which the future will judge our generation are not likely to shy from tasks that are new to them.

"We haven't ever done this before?" Kaiser men say, "So what!"

About his continental domain, Kaiser spins like a massive top, whirling in the course of a year along an orbit of some 75,000 miles. When he's at Oakland, first thing he does daily is to head for his own private hobby lobby, a vaultlike, former machine shop where Kaiser spurs aides in their pursuit of the dream products of the future. Hatching currently about the place in various stages of development are a one-room G.I. house, "midget manors"; an aluminum house, light enough to be hauled from factory to site; a toy car driven by a fractional-horsepower motor. And testifying to Kaiser's dream of filling every family garage with a second, third and fourth cheap, light car, are a half-dozen "conceptions" in as many shapes, sizes and materials.

When Kaiser is in New York, he hides away in an office at Radio City of which the address and telephone are unlisted and the front door is blank.

Whether in Oakland, Los Angeles, New York or Dearborn, Michigan, a visitor to Kaiser executive offices will have the vague feeling that he's been there before. The reason is that the *décor* is everywhere the same: green rugs, green drapes, green leather chairs. A Kaiser executive who can't obtain a green rug, because of shortages, covers his floor with padding and waits for the right color or has a rug dyed to the proper hue. Otherwise, Mr. Kaiser would feel uncomfortable and unhappy and stop coming to his office. Kaiser is so fond of green it is the dominant hue in his apartments at Oakland and in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York.

To the people that surround him, Kaiser has already achieved the lonely eminence of greatness.

Creating a Legendary Figure

Relating a piece of earlier Kaiseriana a young subordinate will say, quite casually, "But that was before Mr. Kaiser became a great man." At Kaiser headquarters in Oakland, Calif., a full-time librarian has amassed a roomful of Kaiser memorabilia.

To keep in touch with executives scattered around the continent, Kaiser maintains interminable telephone conferences with voices chiming in from California, Michigan, Pennsylvania. Kaiser's telephone bill is $300,000 yearly.

Only those close to Kaiser know how near he came to losing his nerve and dropping the automobile venture altogether.

One summer night last year Henry Kaiser, accompanied by his younger son, Henry, Jr., and several other aides, en route from Chicago to Detroit, hurled himself into a Jovian mood of gloom, deep and despairing. Kaiser voiced the pessimism inside of him. The $5,000,000 he and Joe Frazer had put up to enter car making? It looked like peanuts now. Could you stay out of Detroit and make a car only in the West? You couldn't, because parts and engines are built in the Middle West. Was the Frazer crowd the right crowd to tie in with? There were other questions.

By the time the party reached Detroit, Kaiser had mentally put himself out of the automobile business, before he was even in it.

In a Detroit hotel four of his top aides, wearing the air of conspirators, awaited him.

"Tired, tired," Kaiser sighed, as he lowered himself heavily into a chair. "What have you boys to report?"

The boys had spent the day "casing the joint," i.e., Willow Run, and had caught fire from the war's most storied plant. But as Mr. Kaiser launched on his dark discourse, they said nothing.

Gene Trefethen, his chief administrative assistant and one-man task force, picked up the conversational ball.

"You're absolutely right, Henry, but suppose we do this . . ." He then quickly outlined the major steps: (1) lease Willow Run, (2) go to the public to obtain enough cash to storm the Detroit citadel. "And I think we can make the grade," Trefethen said.

Kaiser, taken aback by this assault on his flanks, looked unhappily at the clock. Three A.M. "This is no time to decide so big a question," he said and went off to bed.

At 6 A.M. Henry Kaiser was knocking at bedroom doors. "Hey, George, hey,

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America's First Gin

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

Gene and Junior! Get up, we're going into the automobile business!"

For Kaiser, this was the decision of his life. He had gone about as far as he could go in steel, magnesium, cement, contracting, and had cast about for something that would make Kaiser a giant industrial figure. Radios? Rail cars? They didn't measure up to the bigger picture he had conceived of himself: a last hope of making capitalism—and through it, democracy—work. The big, brawling automobile business measured up. It had lured him for years. It was the queen of battles of American industry in which a man could write an enduring name.

Kaiser knocked on the doors of his boys and was in.

This was in the summer of 1945, but Kaiser had dabbled with cars since 1942. In that year he commissioned Buckminster Fuller, the industrial designer, to design a car. Fuller came up with what he called a dymaxion car, a three-wheel job, with a motor that could be hitched to front or rear, or to any of the three wheels. He made a mock-up of the car's tear-drop body in plywood. This and engineering drawings he submitted to Kaiser, expecting Kaiser to commission him to do the further necessary engineering toward a completed prototype.

Kaiser shipped the plywood mock-up of the dymaxion car to his cement plant at Permanente, Calif. There, without waiting for such refinements as a specially designed motor, he slung a secondhand Willys-Knight engine on the three-wheel job and started riding.

The dymaxion turned over.

Undaunted, Kaiser brushed himself off and went to New York where he announced belligerently before a National Association of Manufacturers audience that if the automobile industry lacked the courage to plan postwar automobiles now, he would have to do it himself.

Detroiters were irked, but only one stood forth to joust with Kaiser. He was Joseph W. Frazer, then president of Willys-Overland. "Poppycock," said Mr. Frazer, and the subsequent exchange attracted such attention that the Cleveland Advertising Club invited the Messrs. Kaiser and Frazer to thresh it out in public debate.

For a Postwar "People's Car"

But the two men did not confront each other until three years later. The place was not a speaking platform but the San Francisco home of Banker Mario Giannini, son of Amadeo Peter. Frazer, in control of the moribund Graham-Paige Motors Corporation and armed with drawings for a car by Howard "Dutch" Darrin, designer of lush, custom-built jobs for Hollywood, had come West to win financial backing for a West Coast car. The result of the Kaiser-Frazer meeting was an emotional handclasp and a vow to make a postwar "people's car."

Three weeks later, Frazer visited Kaiser's north California domain, trailing a retinue of Detroit engineers and salesmen and New York public relations men, who assumed varying attitudes of incredulity as Henry Kaiser and Joe Frazer lowered their round bulks into a green plaster of Paris, mock-up model car readied by a Kaiser shipyard moldloft crew for the occasion.

Kaiser engineers, uninhibited by any loyalty to orthodox concepts of car making, had been taking foreign and American cars apart and putting them together since 1942, and the remains of secondhand French Citroen cars, from which front-wheel drive engines and torsion bar springs had been extracted, strewed the Kaiser shipyards. The car into which Kaiser and Frazer stepped was Experimental Car No. 10. It boasted a front-wheel drive with engine ahead of the axle, the torsion bar springs used in military tanks, and broader-than-average body width.

Kaiser, throwing the mock-up model into gear, tore off in a wild and jouncing demonstration. Over curbs and railroad tracks they charged.

Then, at the scene of Kaiser's greatest wartime triumph, where only a fortnight earlier the last Victory ship had been launched, Kaiser and Frazer talked finances.

Creation of the Kaiser-Frazer Corporation with a capital of $5,000,000, half from the Henry J. Kaiser Co. and half from the treasury of Graham-Paige Motors Corporation, had been announced several weeks before. Even with the promised $10,000,000 line of credit from the Gianninis' Bank of America National Trust & Savings Assn. (the world's largest) this sort of money looked somewhat less than the contents of a piggy bank compared to the $600,000,000 (prewar) working capital of General Motors or the $150,000,000 of Chrysler.

A Show That Shook the Waldorf

In the next 100 days Kaiser sold $53,200,000 stock, leased the Willow Run plant from the government, rushed two handmade model cars to completion. Then, in five days that shook the Waldorf-Astoria, he held an automobile show.

Fearful of underwriting a stock for a car company which had not yet produced a car, Wall Street would have nothing to do with Kaiser's first issue of stock late last year, and a Cleveland banker, Cyrus Eaton, underwrote the issue. But when the stock was offered to the public at $10 a share it was oversubscribed six times.

To sell a second batch of stock, Kaiser was required by the SEC to show at least a model or prototype car. In Detroit this usually requires some nine months.

With the hot breath of Henry Kaiser on his neck, a Detroit engineer, John Maxwell, set to work on a forced-draft, round-the-clock basis to do the job in three months. Seasoned Detroit talent appeared miraculously. Conrad Rehbien, chief metal and die engineer for Fisher bodies and in charge of General Motors models for 24 years preceding the war, supervised the job.

General Motors, dragging into its third month of strike shutdown, provided an unexpected mine of man power. From its research laboratories, happily located a block and a half away, came a procession of striking metalworkers, draftsmen and other technicians. From Chrysler and other producers came technicians to work a few-odd hours at night.

Finished in early January, two handsome new models were rushed to the luxurious Basildon room of the Waldorf-Astoria, where crowds gaped hungrily at the first new automobile models since 1942 and placed 9,000 orders, one every 30 seconds. Henry Kaiser now had models of a car, a plant to build them in, money to build them with, and 9,000 orders. All he had to do was build the car and distribute it.

A thousand promoters had tried it before him. Of these, by 1941, the financial bones of all but ten lay bleaching in the sun. Of the ten that were left in 1941, the Big Three, General Motors, Chrysler and Ford, did 90 per cent of the business. Of the other seven, two were dying.

When the doomed 990 tried their luck, steel could be had for the asking; parts suppliers begged you for orders; no established producers had yet captured most of the market.

Now in the year 1946, year of nationwide strikes, parts shortages, scarce steel, aluminum, copper, Henry Kaiser—first challenger to the automobile titans in two decades—throws his hat in the ring.

(To be continued next week)

That Fighting Rocky

Continued from page 29

who has parlayed a small starting sum into $65,000 by betting on Rocky, follows him around calling out to the world, "Here comes Rocky, the greatest fighter of the ages."

Yet, when Rocky decided to turn pro after winning the lightweight championship of the Metropolitan A.A.U. in 1941, he couldn't get a manager. Nobody would take him seriously. Fight men preferred to put him down as a wild kid who wouldn't train and couldn't make the grade even if he did manage to get into shape.

Several neighborhood managers turned down the kid. Finally, Graziano went to a neighborhood bookie and asked him to manage him.

The bookie turned honest for the moment and confessed he knew little about the ring business. He did, however, know of a Harlem manager named Eddie Coco who might be interested in Rocky. "Sure," said Coco, "go into the gym and start training."

Not Too Keen About Training

For a few days Rocky worked in the gym and then disappeared. The work was too tough and besides he didn't like the offhand manner in which he was being received in the gym. Coco forgot about Graziano, but some months later Rocky again decided to start training. This time he confided in a boyhood pal, Terry Young, who is now in Sing Sing but was then building himself a sturdy reputation as a prize fighter.

Young introduced Rocky to his manager, a meek, balding ex-lingerie salesman named Irving Cohen.

Cohen, a crafty, careful handler of fighters, agreed to manage Rocky. "But you gotta train." Irving told Rocky as he assigned Whitey Bimstein, the country's best ring trainer, to condition the kid.

Rocky amazed even himself by getting into shape. In three weeks he scored three straight knockouts in preliminary bouts, but a tough rival named Godfrey Howell then held him to a draw in a four-round fight.

It was a blood-letting and when it was over, Cohen told Rocky, "I made a mistake putting you in with Howell. You'll never fight him again."

Cohen had reckoned without Rocky. One afternoon a month later Rocky burst into Stillman's Gymnasium and announced to Cohen, "Well, I'm fighting that Howell again tonight."

"Hey, wait a minute," Cohen said. "I didn't sign you for that fight."

"Sure you didn't," said Rocky. "I just was down to the boxing commission and I found out they needed a guy to fight Howell at the Broadway Arena. I jumped in as a substitute."

Cohen's face fell. He knew he would have to allow the headstrong kid to take on Howell even though he considered the match too tough. That night Rocky knocked out Howell in four rounds. Then and there Cohen realized he had a real, if stubborn, fighter in his stable.

Managing Rocky wasn't easy, however, for a short while later Graziano fell in love with a pretty, black-haired, dark-eyed girl named Norma Unger, who lived down the street from him.

One night Rocky failed to show up at the St. Nicholas Arena for a fight and was ordered to appear before the New York State Athletic Commission to explain his absence.

Meekly, Rough Rocky stood before the late General John J. Phelan, then chairman of the Commission, to hear his punishment. "Well, young man," the general demanded, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

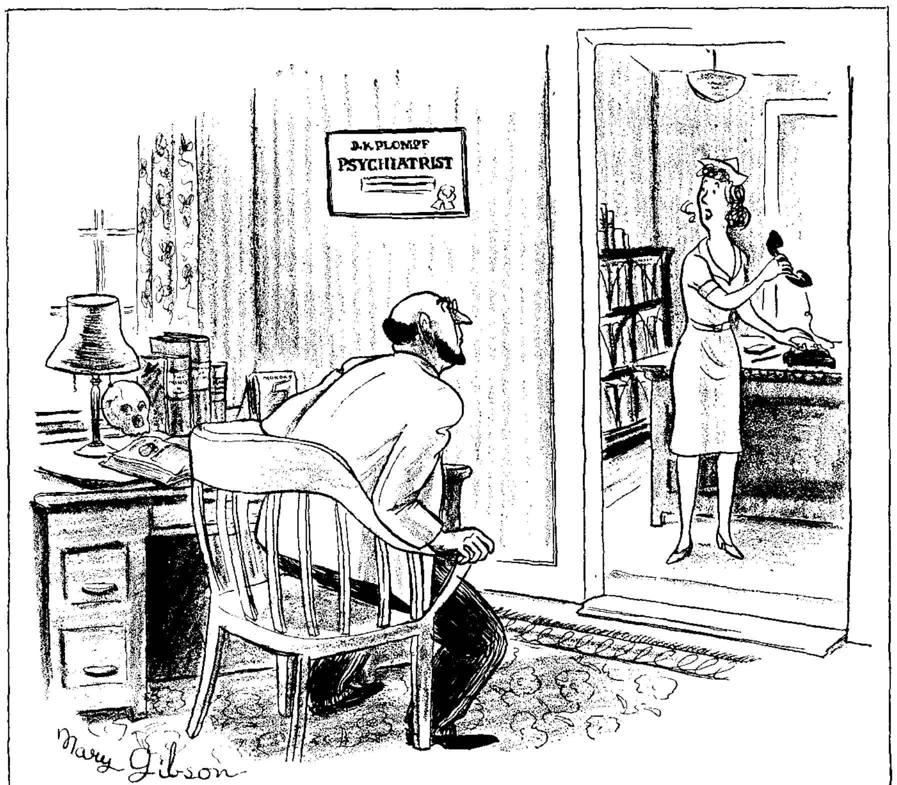
Graziano smiled and explained, "Look, General, when I quarrel with my girl I can't eat, I can't sleep and I can't fight. And we had an argument when I was supposed to go to the St. Nick's."

Phelan turned fall guy for Cupid. "Okay," he said to Rocky, "I'll not suspend you this time, but don't let it happen again."

Cohen was fearful that it would, however, and so he appealed to Jack Healy, an old friend who seemed to hold sway over Rocky. "Your job," said Cohen to Healy, "is to see that Rocky gets to all the fights."

Healy fulfilled his task faithfully, received one third of the 33⅓ per cent managers' fee for his troubles.

A short while later Rocky married



COLLIER'S "It's urgent, Doctor. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is having another psychological drama!" MARY GIBSON

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Norma. He took a more drastic step than the mere marriage vow by moving out to Brooklyn with his bride.

Except for short trips out of town for fights and his excursions to reform schools as a youngster, it was the first time Rocky had lived away from the crowded, roaring East Side.

Each afternoon, however, after finishing training in Stillman's Gym, Rocky goes back to his old haunts. "I like to do it because the people down there don't think I'm going high-hat on them," he explains. "They were my friends when I had no money and they're still my pals."

Despite his newly found opulence, Rocky still lives with his wife and two-year-old daughter, Audrey, in the three-room apartment of his mother-in-law.

As a Landlord, He's a Softy

Soon after earning $9,889 for his first two Garden main events—losing affrays with Harold Green—he put a deposit down on a two-family home in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. When Rocky learned he would have to dispossess another family in order to take over the house, he balked.

"We'll just stay where we are until it isn't tough for those other people to get a place to live," he explained. "Gee, I saw a lotta people get put out on the street when I was a kid and I don't wanna be the cause of it now."

He doesn't like to talk about it, but in moments of calm confidence Rocky admits that Graziano isn't his real name. He was born Rocco Barbella, but took the name of Tommy Graziano when he entered the ring because of an unwillingness to disclose his reform-school record.

Using the birth certificate of a pal, Rocky obtained his boxing license. The real Graziano has since joined the Barbella clan by marrying Rocky's sister, Yolanda.

"It's all in the family now," Rocky says.

Most of the uninitiated take it for granted that the ring name of Rocky is a natural consequence of Graziano's wild boxing manner and his ruggedness, but it isn't so. Rather, it comes from Graziano's first name, Rocco.

Whichever way it's spelled, Rocky is still just that and more in the ring. A knockout puncher first, Graziano is a sturdy fighter who can take a punch as well. Billy Arnold hit him with power blows but couldn't get him down. At times he looks hurt in the ring, but suddenly lashes out with the wide lefts and rights which bring him knockout victories.

Some say he plays possum to achieve an opening and Healy, who should know, agrees. Healy likes to point out that when Graziano was a youngster, gangs invading Eleventh Street, Rocky's block, always picked on him first because of his soft countenance and sissified manner.

It was just such an encounter which gave Graziano his first knockout. Rocky was a member of the Red Rain Social Club and at Christmas one year, the club decided to sell holiday trees to raise funds.

Graziano was assigned the task of guarding the trees and when a neighboring gang decided to hijack the evergreens, Rocky seemed an easy victim until the interlopers' leader was felled by a right to the jaw. Graziano had scored his first knockout.

Rocky's pals decided then and there that boxing was his future and they convinced him to become an amateur. He had only five fights as an amateur, winning all and earning a niche in Ripley's Believe It or Not hall of fame in the process.

He achieved this when he knocked out each of the Tucker twins in the identical time of 2:51 of the second round.

Even with such unusual success, Rocky didn't take the business of biffing foemen seriously. It was just a means of releasing some energy and nothing more.

Of course, Rocky's father, now a longshoreman, was a fighter twenty-five years ago under the name of Fighting Nick Bob, but Graziano can't recall ever wanting to become a pugilist just to follow in his father's fistic footsteps. The discipline of training was too much for him in the beginning.

His refusal to bow before discipline even proved his undoing in the Army. Rocky was drafted in 1942 but spent a year at K.P. when a sergeant who had assigned him to a second week of punitive latrine duty ran into one of Graziano's right swings and wound up with a broken jaw.

Even today, despite Rocky's record of 32 knockouts in 54 fights, there are men in the fight racket who insist he can't fight. "He's just a good puncher," they say.

When Rocky hears such criticism he merely lifts his square jaw and asks his critic to inspect his face carefully.

"My face ain't bashed in and you don't see too many scars," he says. "For a guy who can't fight I take pretty good care of myself."

Rocky never passes on the choice of opponents. Cohen has the last word in this matter, while Healy still plays the role of watchman. Coco, the manager on whom Rocky ran out, is back in the money picture now.

"He had Rocky at the start and deserves a piece," Cohen explains, "so he gets a one-third split from the 33⅓ per cent we get from Rocky."

They String Along with a Winner

It's a pleasant arrangement all around and will remain that way as long as Graziano keeps winning fights and making money. For sure, nobody would have given a plugged pfennig for Rocky's chances to spiral to the top after his two straight Garden losses to Harold Green in November and December of 1944.

When they matched Rocky with Arnold three months later, fight men cowered and murmured, "What are they trying to do, kill Rocky?" Graziano came through with the knockout which paved the way to the plush road ahead.

The customers who flock out in lush numbers to see him flail are assured of a good show. Something is bound to happen when he fights. Last September, for example, Rocky took on Green in a third meeting. Few gave Graziano a chance even though he had scored four straight Garden knockouts.

Rocky came through for his backers. He slammed Green to the canvas with such force that his victim went berserk on arising, causing a riot in the ring. Through it all, Rocky stood in his corner peacefully. It was a dramatic gesture that won him friends and influenced future Graziano gates.

Just before Rocky went into the ring to knock out Marty Servo in two rounds last March, a rumor was rampant in the Garden that an effort had been made by gamblers to bribe the officials in Servo's behalf.

Edward Patrick Francis Eagan, current chairman of the State Athletic Commission, visited Graziano's dressing room before the bout to assure Rocky that nothing was on the bias and that the man who won would get the official decision.

"Don't worry about that," Graziano told Eagan. "I got my own two judges."

For a moment Eagan was nonplused. Then, as Graziano raised his gloved fists, Eagan smiled.

"These are my officials," Rocky said, tapping one gloved fist on the other.

THE END

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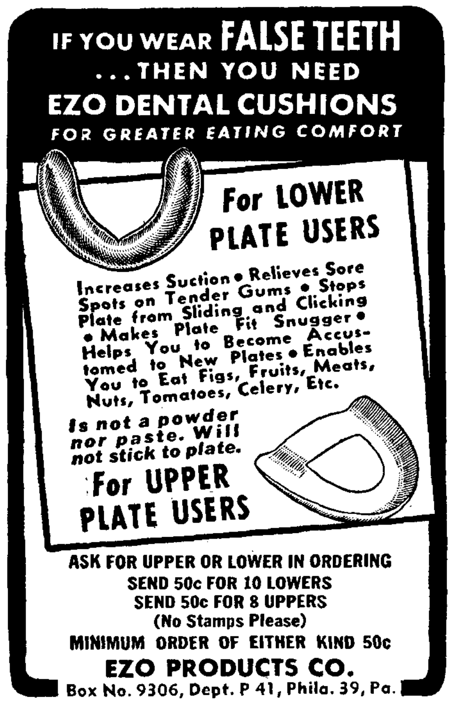

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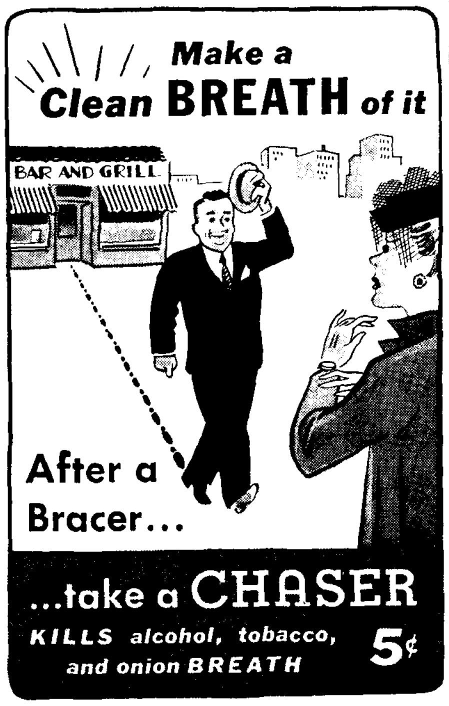

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After a Bracer...

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KILLS alcohol, tobacco, and onion BREATH 5¢

Young Lothario

Continued from page 21

cowboy, and he always looked after Rex when he went to the park. He was a friend of ours. We couldn't take the man to our house, where we moved when Father said the country was going crazy anyhow, and pretty soon money wouldn't be worth anything and we might as well spend what we had and go on relief, so if Mother wanted to bankrupt us, go ahead and buy the damn' place. So she did.

"We can't take you to our house," I told the man. "Once we met a man who had no place to sleep and took him home and Father got mad."

"He was a Hindu," Mitch said. "He ate light bulbs and one of Mother's best glasses. But Father said he was rag-tagged and bobtailed, and if we did it again we'd be sorry."

"I don't care where I go or what happens to me," the man said. "What difference does it make? What do they call you besides Red?"

"My name is Mitch and Edgar is my brother," Mitch told him.

"Pleased to meet you—my name is Lin Hawes."

REX was tied to a water pipe in the basement. He was glad to see us and barked, and Joseph opened the door where he lived and asked, "What's this, boys? It rains?" Joseph talked kind of funny on account of learning to in the old country where everybody talks like that.

"This is Mr. Hawes. A lady pushed him in," I said. "Because he didn't write. The policeman would arrest him for discouraging the ducks."

"Go away, mister," Joseph said. "I want no police here."

"She promised," Mr. Hawes told him. "Then because I got in the war and didn't get here as soon as we planned, she says, 'Not to you.' Is that right?"

"It's crazy," Joseph said. "Please to go away. Bad enough is this dog like an elephant."

"If I catch pneumonia that will show her," Mr. Hawes said. "It's silly to say I didn't write. And she says, 'If you must get married, go marry that girl in Montana, that she-cowboy with the big—' "

"Hah!" Joseph said. "You have been in Montana?"

"I live there," Mr. Hawes said. "That's where we met, when she stayed at Alberson's dude ranch, and we settled it about getting married. Anyhow, I thought so, until—"

"Montana!" Joseph said. "You are cowboy? You have horse?"

"Not with me. Look, her mother likes me, and the rest of her family, and everybody else was pleased when we planned to get married. I mean, it was all settled."

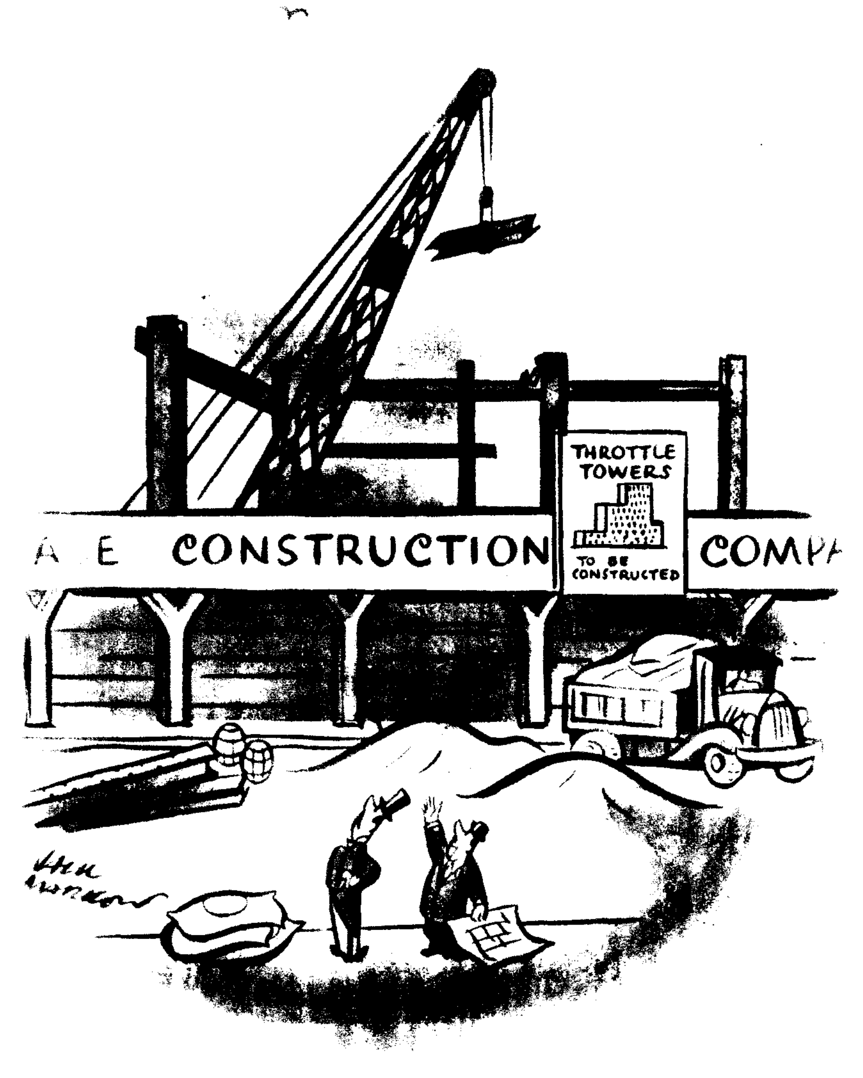
"Joseph is almost a cowboy," Mitch said, "but it's too far away."

Joseph smiled and held the door open. "A cowboy! Come in, my friend, come in."

We went into the room where Joseph lived and he made Mr. Hawes sit down and poured something into a glass for him.

Mr. Hawes swallowed it and made a face like medicine, and he said that was what the doctor ordered.

"The wooling West, bang-bang!" Joseph said. "Always I want to be cowboy. In the old country I think cowboys and Indians are here in the street. Ah,



"Your office will be right there where that pigeon is now"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

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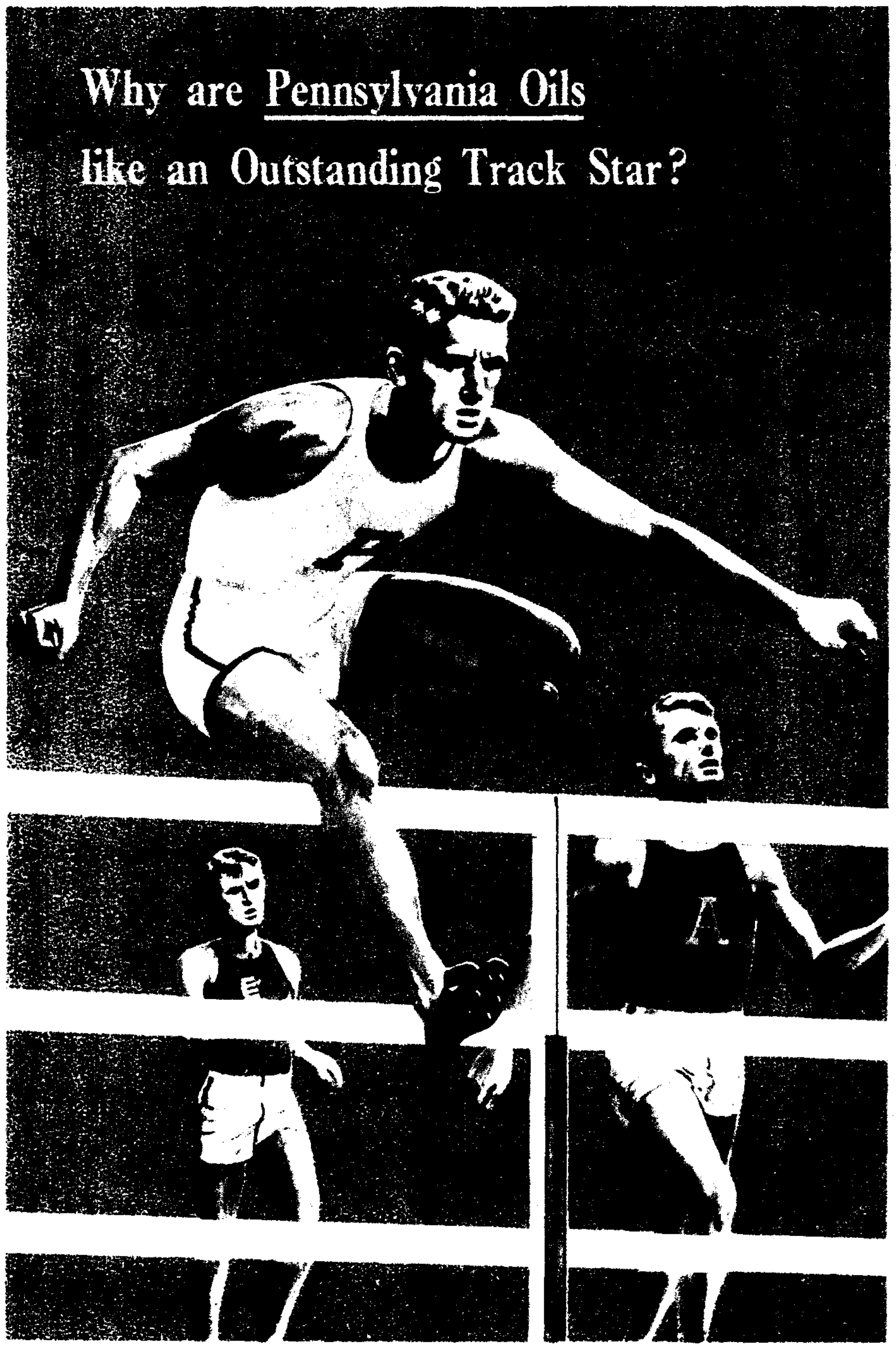

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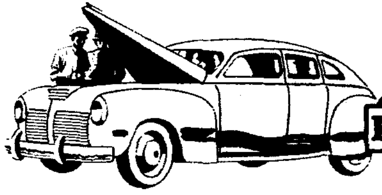

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Movie Wins Court Verdict

San Francisco, May 18—(Associated Press) Howard Hughes' movie "The Outlaw," featuring Buxom Jane Russell, was cleared of indecency charges by a municipal jury yesterday.

("The Outlaw" was closed by the San Francisco Police, April 28.)

In the instructions to the jury, Judge Twain Michelsen said as follows:

"We have seen Jane Russell. She is an attractive specimen of American womanhood. God made her what she is.

"There are some fanatical persons who object to Miss Russell in a low-necked blouse. The scene is in the desert -- hardly a place for woolens or furs.

"Life is sordid and obscene to those who find it so," the judge pointed out.

Some of the women in the courtroom hissed indignantly.

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In its first week, "The Outlaw" has broken every attendance record ever established by any motion picture or theatrical production ever shown in any theatre in the history of San Francisco!

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my heart breaks! You are unhappy here, also, hah?"

"You know how it is," Mr. Hawes said. "I love Shelley."

"Some poetry I read, but more cowboys. You have read Gunsmoke Guardian?"

"No. I flew straight here, even before going home, the day after I was discharged, and she pushes me into a lake. No wonder I feel terrible! I guess her mother was trying to tell me, at the house, but I didn't wait. I wanted to see Shelley. And she says, 'I'm getting married, but not to you.' Doesn't her promise mean anything? She couldn't really be in love with someone else, do you think?"

"Not if you are true cowboy," Joseph said. "You have horse, surely?"

"Dozens. If I thought she did love someone else, I'd go back in the lake."

"You'd get arrested," Mitch said.

"We were supposed to be married that fall, the man said, "right after the beef was shipped—"

"Rustlers and nestlers, bang-bang!" Joseph hollered. "Let me fill your glass again, my friend."

"—but I got in the Army. I wrote about that, and what else was there to write about? She knew about the war, and as soon as I got back we—I wonder what this other guy looks like?"

"He is a duke, or perhaps a banker's son," Joseph said. "But do not worry, a cowboy she cannot resist. So it is in A Rimfire Romeo. This you have read? This duke has money, good looks, but what else? No horse."

MR. HAWES emptied his glass, and Joseph filled it again. "I don't know why, but I feel better, talking to you this way. What's in that stuff?"

"Just plums," Joseph told him.

Mr. Hawes said it was hard to believe, and Joseph said, "My young friend, I will help you, no? But you will promise to help me be cowboy in Montana?"

"That I will," Mr. Hawes said. "Though I don't see how you can help me, not if she's made up her mind. Shelley is stubborn, sometimes."

"Trust me," Joseph said.

"We'll help, too," Mitch said. "But we have to be home for supper."

"Bah!" Joseph said. "We will cook buffalo hump on an open range. To be married is a simple thing, but for twenty years I try to be cowboy."

"My good friends, I pledge you in this plum juice," Mr. Hawes said. "Let us drink to the man in the saddle."

"And your wedding," Joseph said.

"Rex lets us ride him," Mitch said.

Mr. Hawes sat down again and put his hands over his face. "I'm just trying to kid myself. She said she was going to marry someone else, and she pushed me in the lake. You can't get around that."

"Trust me," Joseph said.

"You're all right, but it's no use. She wouldn't push anyone into the lake she was going to marry. I feel terrible."

"Listen to me," Joseph said. "She pretends to hate, no? But you are wounded, she nurses you, she confesses her love. Believe in me, Mr. Hawes, and allow me to fill your glass."

"I'd like to believe in you," Mr. Hawes said.

"When she is promise to marry, you are cowboy, no? Now you wear city clothes and where is romantic cowboy? Where is gallant Lothario riding out of the west? You know of Lothario? You come galloping and carry her off."

"Shelley would get mad," Mr. Hawes said.

"She pretends so only. I know this."

"Still, I couldn't be any worse off, could I? You think it would work, carrying her off?"

"It always does so," Joseph said. "You come riding, but in cowboy dress."

"Boots, saddle and horses are two thousand miles away," Mr. Hawes said.

"Did I not say to trust me?" Joseph said. "And then you will help me become cowboy."

Rex was tired of being tied to the water pipes and he began to howl, so I went to get him. When I came back Mr. Hawes was undressed and putting on Joseph's cowboy clothes. Joseph bought them from a catalogue and sometimes he put them on and let Mitch and me watch him practice shooting from the hip, only the pistol didn't work.

At first Mr. Hawes didn't want to wear the clothes. He said he felt funny enough after all that plum juice without wearing chaps that had come from a yellow-colored sheep, and a red shirt, an orange vest and a yellow necktie. But Joseph said they were true cowboy clothes and showed him in the catalogue, and Mitch and I said they were, too. Then Mr. Hawes drank some more plum juice and said he trusted us, we were the only friends he had in the world, and he would make us all the foreman on his ranch.

The clothes were pretty small and Mr. Hawes had to walk funny because Joseph's boots were tight, and on account of the spurs. He said if the spurs didn't weigh ten pounds apiece, he would eat them. He said they were incredible.

"Trust me," Joseph told him. "You are now unmistakably cowboy."

"All right, but now what?" Mr. Hawes asked. "You don't want me to ride Rex? Neither of us would like it."

He said that because Rex kept growling. Once Joseph had tried to ride Rex.

"I know a horse who is an actor not now employed as such," Joseph said. "For one thing, his front half was run over and injured."

"I'd like to meet him," Mr. Hawes said. "Any friend of yours is a friend of mine."

JOSEPH telephoned for a taxi. When it came, Mr. Hawes wanted to wear a blanket over his cowboy clothes, but Joseph said no, it would only confuse people because Indians wore blankets. The taxi driver didn't want to let us ride, especially Mr. Hawes and Rex, but we put Rex on a leash and Mr. Hawes gave the driver ten dollars.

Joseph's friend was named Stan. He wasn't a real horse, but only part of a stuffed one, the back part. At first he was mad and told us to go away, but Mr. Hawes gave him ten dollars, and Joseph gave him some of the plum juice. Then they talked about Mr. Hawes wanting to get married and Stan cried. He had a tender heart, Joseph said.

After a while they sang a song about Home On The Range, but Rex howled and Stan's landlady hollered upstairs. Stan cried some more and said just such jealousy and persecution had kept him out of the Grand Opera all his life.

Stan got into the back part of the horse and Joseph got into the front part and Mr. Hawes got on and Rex bit the hind leg. Stan cried some more and said even dogs didn't like him, but it was the horse Rex didn't like. I guess he thought it was a policeman's horse, like the one in the park.

Then Mr. Hawes gave Stan ten more dollars to stop crying and we went out to the taxi and Mr. Hawes told the driver where to go. On the way they stopped at a store, but Mitch and I couldn't go in. A lot of people came out with them and looked at Mr. Hawes, and Joseph brought Mitch and me some cherries on toothpicks.

Then we went to a street where there were lots of big houses and stopped in front of a white one. Mr. Hawes gave the taxi driver some more money and told him, "Now you can go. When I leave I'll be riding my horse, like young Lothario."

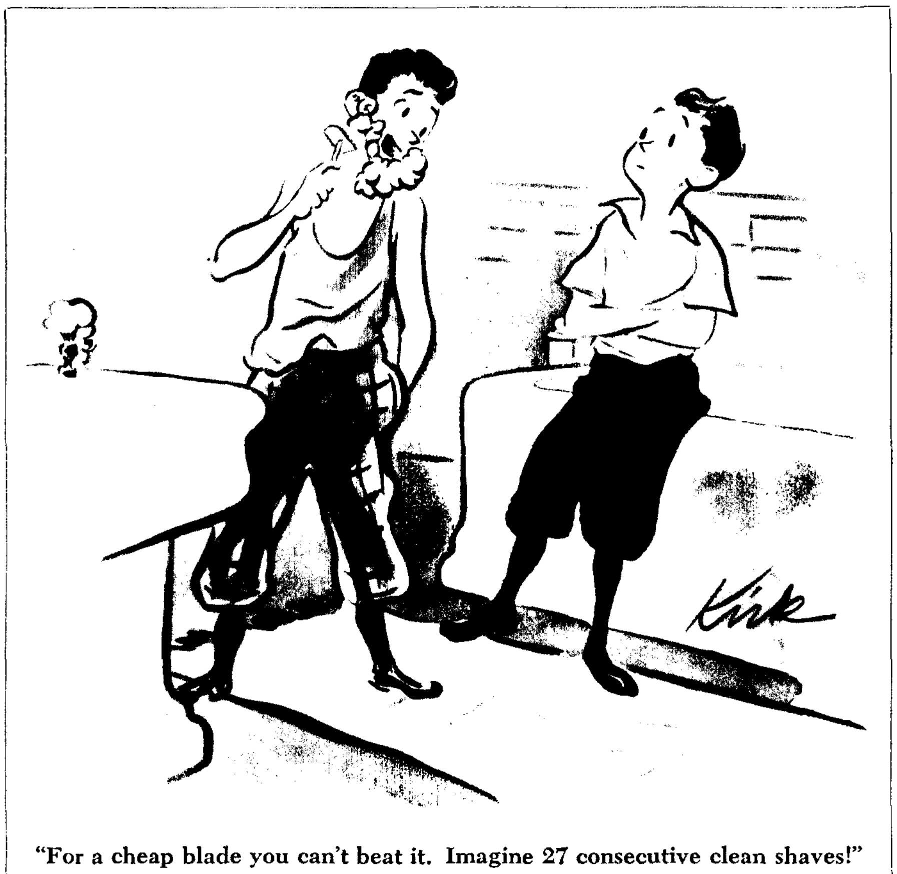
"I'll wait," the driver said. "I want to see this."

Joseph and Stan got into the horse again. Mr. Hawes got on and waved his hat and yelled "Yippee," and Rex thought he was being yelled at and wanted to go home, but I had his leash tied around me, and Mitch helped me hold him. Some kids came to watch, and two ladies and a bulldog. Some more people looked out of windows. One of the kids asked Mitch what his name was.

"Who wants to know?" Mitch asked. Rex growled at the bulldog.

The taxi driver said, "Oh-oh, this is it," as two policemen came along.

The fat one asked Mr. Hawes what he thought he was doing, and Mr. Hawes said, "I am merely calling on a young lady. Is there a law against that?"



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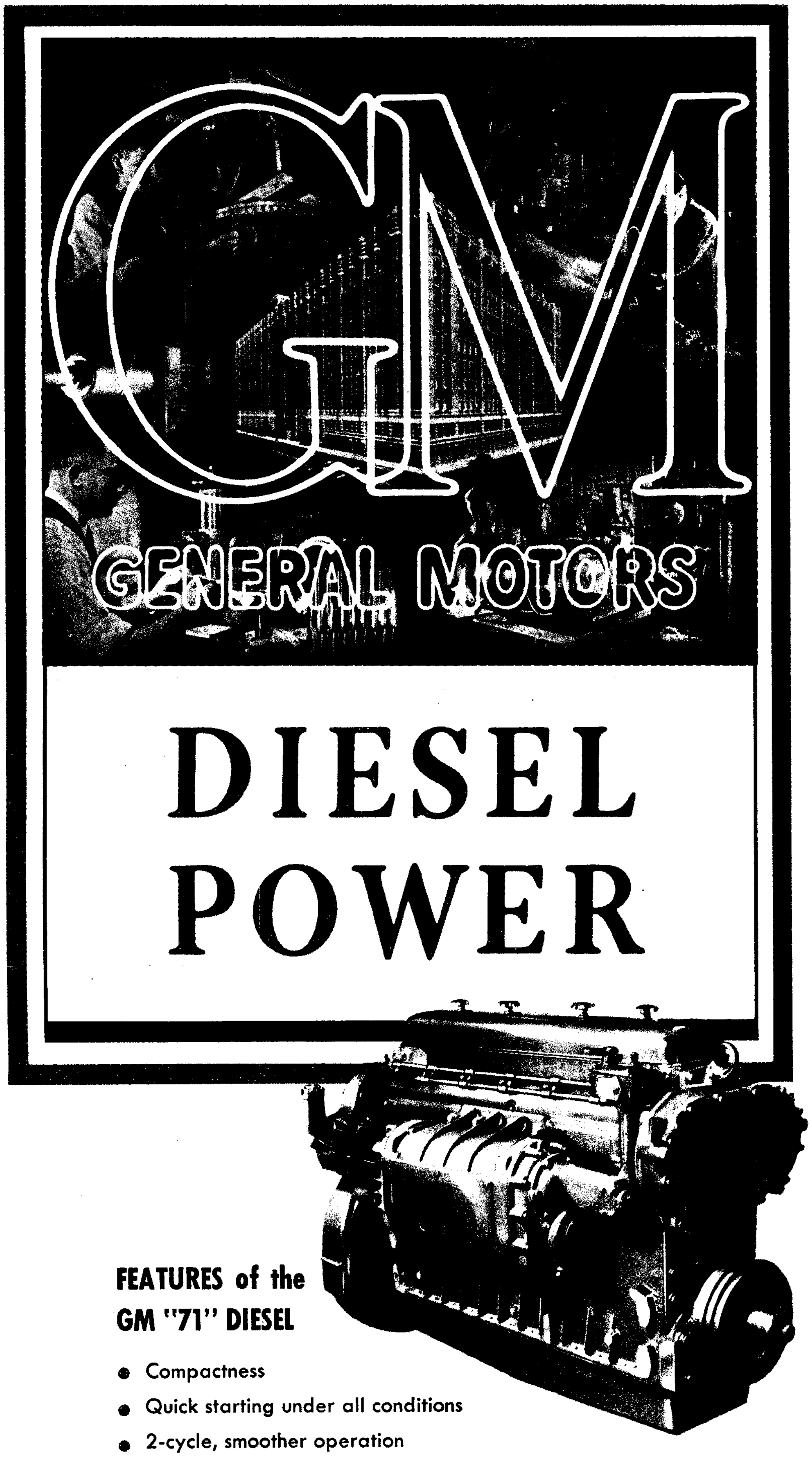

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GENERAL MOTORS

"Maybe there is and maybe there isn't," the policeman said. "What young lady?"

Inside the horse Joseph asked, "Who wants to know?"

"I do," the policeman said.

The kid told Mitch, "I do, carrottop."

"Right there," Mr. Hawes said, pointing at the big white house. "I'm about to get married, if that's not illegal."

"Watch him," the other policeman said. "He's packing a gun."

The kid said to Mitch, "Redheaded matches, five cents a package."

Mitch punched the kid, and Rex went after the bulldog. I had the leash tied around my stomach, so I went too. Mr. Hawes and the horse started to go away and one policeman grabbed them and the other one got tangled up in the rope with Rex and me and the bulldog, and Rex bit him and he hollered.

The ladies separated Mitch and the other kid, and the policeman kicked the bulldog. Then they took Mr. Hawes and the horse up to the big white house and went in. The fat policeman tried to keep Mitch and me and Rex out, but Mitch said we belonged to Mr. Hawes, so he let us in.

EVERYBODY was in the front room. There was the girl who had pushed Mr. Hawes into the lake (the one named Shelley) and a lady with white hair who was her mother, and a man called Wallace. Shelley still looked mad.

"This is amazing, Lin," the lady with white hair said. "What is the meaning of it? And where did you get those clothes?"

"Take her in your arms and we will gallop away," Joseph said, stamping his feet inside the horse.

Mr. Hawes said, "From this man in the front part of the horse. My own clothes were all wet. Shelley pushed me in the lake."

"Shelley, you didn't!" the lady said.

"Oh, Mother, that's beside the point," Shelley said. "Can't you see he's been drinking? Do you think I'd marry a creature like that? Can't you get them out of here, Wallace?"

"Certainly," Wallace said. "Will you remove these people, Officer?"

The fat policeman said, "He told us he kind of belonged here. Otherwise we wouldn't have bothered you."

"Is he the one?" Mr. Hawes asked. "He looks like a fathead."

The hind legs of the horse sighed and sat down. I guess Stan was tired. Joseph said, "Hah! She loves you, always it is so. You come galloping out of the West to carry her away from this tinsel life. Like young Lothario."

"Lochinvar," the girl said.

Mr. Hawes said, "Shelley—"

"What's the matter with Keats?" the fat policeman asked.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Hawes said. "I should have known it wouldn't work, but Joseph was so sure, and I hoped maybe you didn't mean it. I couldn't believe you really were going to marry someone else, but I guess you just didn't feel the way I did."

"You didn't even write," Shelley complained.

"You take Ode to a Nightingale," the fat policeman said. "One of the noblest poems in the English language. I know it by heart."

"You can lock me up now," Mr. Hawes said to the policeman. "What does it matter? What's the use of anything?"

"I'll lend it to you," the fat policeman told him. "You'll have time to learn it by heart, and it'll comfort you."

"Disturbing the peace, drunk and disorderly," the other policeman said. "And the two inside the horse for—for—and what about the dog? Is he real, or is someone inside?"

"Rex," Mitch said. "He lives there."

"I don't care if I stay in jail for life," Mr. Hawes said. "I wish I'd drowned in the lake."

"Well, my apologies again for bothering you people," the fat policeman said. "But we had to find out what mad pursuit, as the poet says, before we locked up this cowboy and his kids."

"His kids?" Shelley said. "Oh! No wonder you didn't have time to write! Was it—is it the one with the hips?"

"I guess we better go home now," I told Mr. Hawes. "Father gets mad if we're late for supper."

"They aren't mine," Mr. Hawes said. "They saw you push me in, and they and Joseph and Stan, and practically everybody else I met is trying to help me get married to you. But if you're against it . . . well—I'm ready for the handcuffs, Officer."

Shelley rubbed her nose and said, "What did you expect, you fool?"

"You promised," Mr. Hawes told her.

"Stop *saying* that. Why didn't you write?"

"I did—anyhow, I didn't write at all to anyone else. I hate to write letters and I thought you were waiting, the way I was. I would have waited a hundred years. Whenever I was miserable and lonely, I'd think of you, and everything would be all right. The minute I get back, I come straight to you, and what happens?"

"She pushed you in," Mitch said.

"Yes. And I wish I'd never come up."

Shelley didn't look mad any more. She looked more like she wanted to cry. She said, "For all I know you might have been k-killed, or even married to —to her, and I made myself stop thinking about it, and at least *Wallace* has sense—and then I turned around and there you were. What did you expect me to do? Say good morning?"

"Oh, well," Mr. Hawes said. "It was just a dream in the heart of a fool, I guess. What did I have to offer a girl like you, except a couple of hundred head of purebred Herefords?"

"Bang-bang," Joseph said from inside the horse, but he didn't say it very loud. He looked ready to cry, like Shelley and Mr. Hawes.

Wallace told the policemen, "It's a shame to interrupt this cowboy's slightly hammy act, but if you two don't remove him I'll phone for an officer."

"I don't think we should be too hard on Lin," the lady with white hair said. "After all, there are extenuating circumstances."

"They'll merely hold him until he sobers up," Wallace said.

"I don't want him to go to jail," Shelley said.

"What else? Do you want to put him to bed here, horse and all?"

"I don't see why you should object if we want to," Shelley told him. "It is our house, you know. Or are you starting to choose my guests already?"

"Not at all. Only this particular one —you might consider our engagement."

THE fat policeman said, "I've been connubially wedded for twenty years, and in my opinion a mutual love of poetry is a must. Every Saturday night I read my wife the Ode to a Nightingale."

"Oh, nuts!" Wallace told him. "Take this troupe out of here!"

"No!" Shelley cried. "And I'm not so sure we are engaged. You coaxed so, and Lin never wrote, and I thought I might as well."

"Hah!" Joseph said. "Young Lothario out of the West—always it is so. Now we all become cowboys."

"Mitch and me won't have time before supper. We'll be late now," I said.

The fat policeman asked Mitch where we lived, and while Mitch was telling him, Wallace asked, "So that's how it is?"

"I don't know what you mean," Shelley said.

Wallace told her, "I suppose I can be glad he came back before we were married, if we ever would have been. You'll excuse me now, I'm sure."

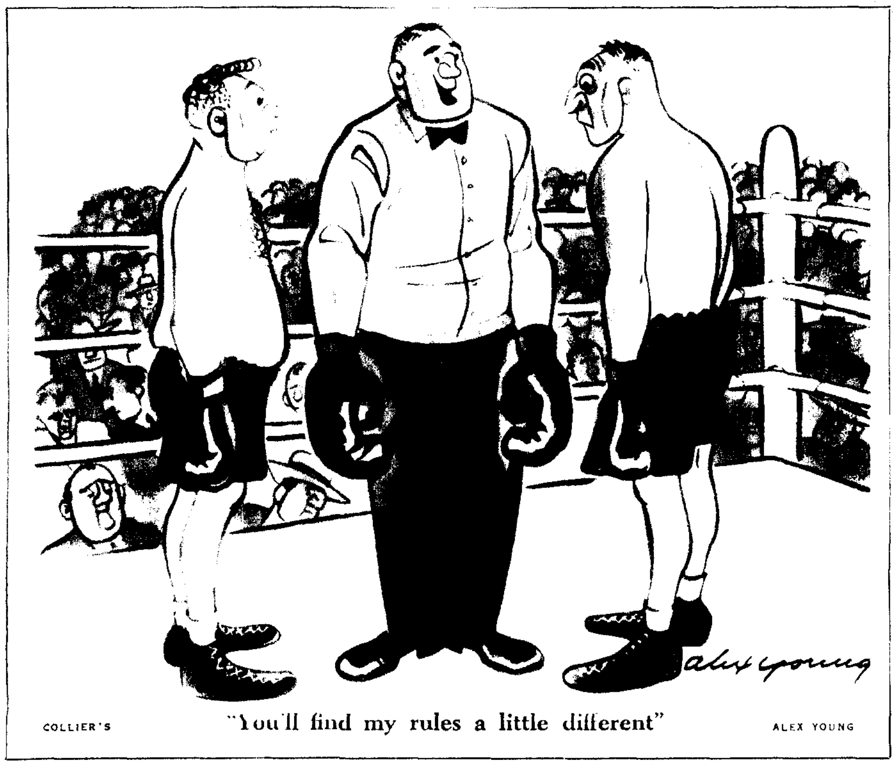
The white-haired lady tried to stop him, but he was mad and went away. He slammed the door so hard that Stan woke up, inside the horse, and started to cry.

"Farewell, the very word is like a bell," the fat policeman said. "Take my advice, son, and read her the Ode to a Nightingale at least once a week. Well, Mac, I guess we better shove. I told this redhead we'd get them home for supper. What about you, Horse?"

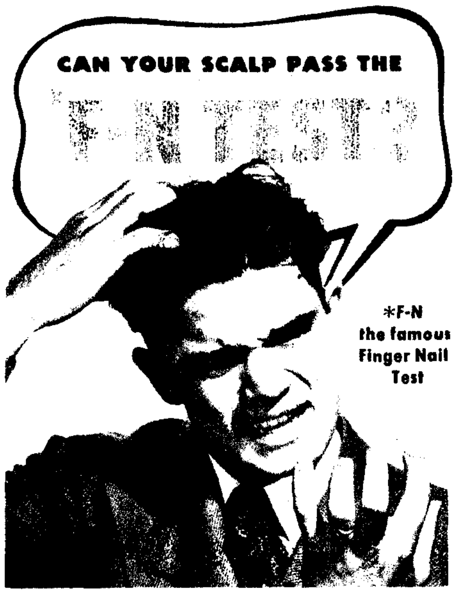
Joseph said, "Mr. Hawes is promise me to become a cowboy. Is not that so, Mr. Hawes?"

Mr. Hawes did not hear him. He and Shelley just kind of looked at each other without saying anything. Mitch and me and Rex and the two policemen went out and they made the siren go all the way, so we got home in time for supper, but Father was mad anyhow. He said hearing the siren and seeing us in charge of the police was only what he had been expecting for years and it had started his ulcers working again, so he couldn't eat anything but milk, and had to give his supper to Rex.

THE END



COLLIER'S "You'll find my rules a little different" ALEX YOUNG



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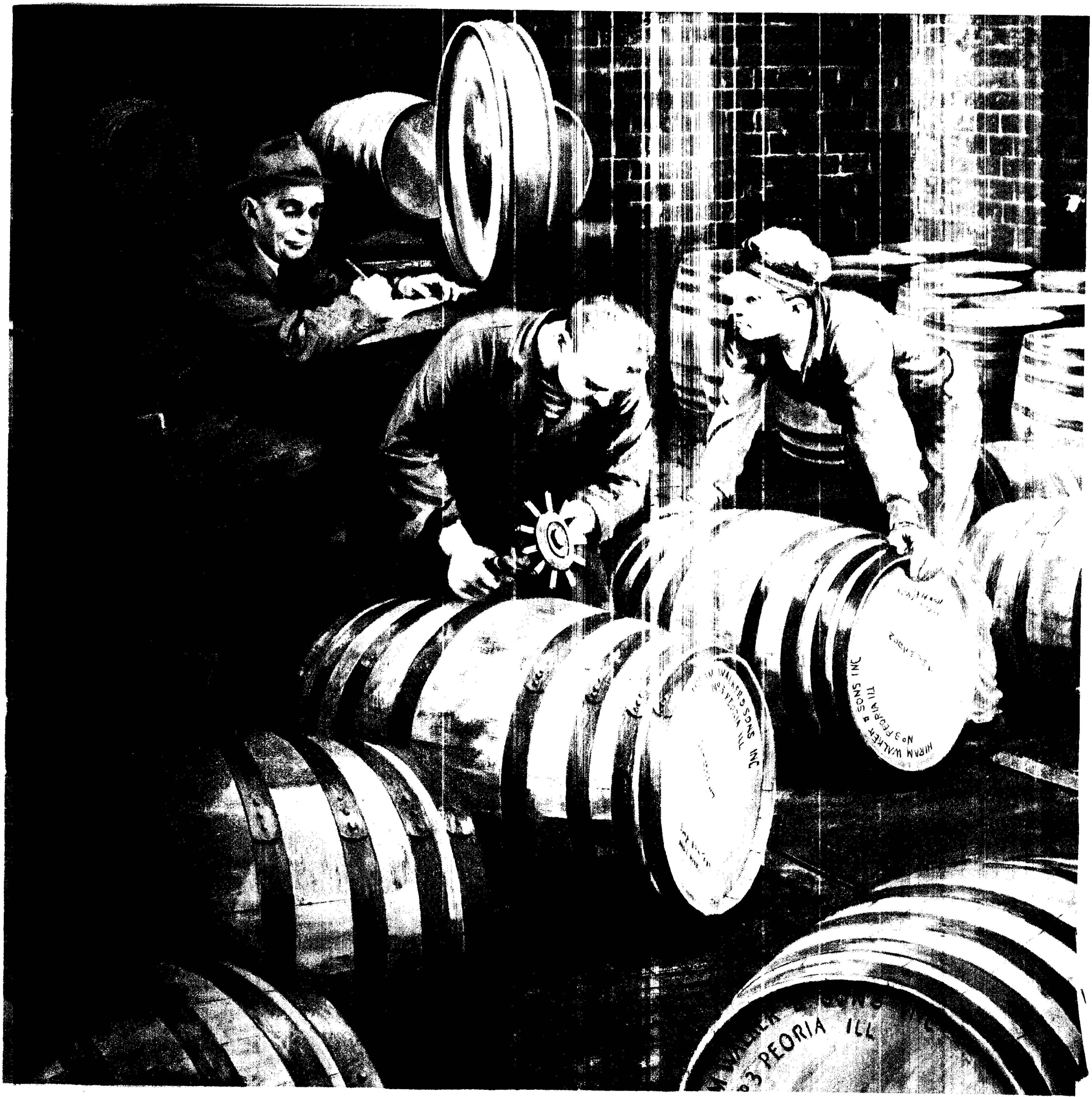
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Hoosier Holiday

Continued from page 25

history and as outstanding examples of the Indiana scene.

In 1944, during a vacation at McCormick's Creek, the old colonel died. He was buried among his trees at Turkey Run, where a memorial to "the father of state parks" was built.

By the time of Colonel Lieber's death, the state of Indiana had acquired 13 parks with an estimated value of $16,000,000. There was one acre of park for every square mile of Indiana and no part of the state was more than 100 miles from the nearest park. All of them had been given through public subscription; the state paid only for improvements and advanced money to build some of the hotels. The hotels, Hoosier-operated, are all self-sustaining. And the parks, whose superintendents change with the fate of political parties, have become a rich field for patronage.

Now, with a substantial profit on the books, the Hoosiers are planning to double their present park holdings. Indiana's Department of Commerce points out that state parks not only give citizens a place for recreation, but increase business volume and add to real-estate values wherever they're located. They needn't labor the point. By now, every county in the state has the idea and is searching each acre for its natural and historic possibilities.

Waterfalls are closely appraised; old log cabins are inspected for historic traces; communities are sending lobbies to the legislature to argue that Gene Stratton Porter, or James Whitcomb Riley, or some other celebrated Hoosier loved his community more than all others and that a state park should be opened in memory of each. If the state accepted all offers, Indiana might become one vast playground, with half its citizens converted into naturalists, guides and park superintendents.

Boosting Sand Dunes and Cactus

Which brings us back to the point that Indiana did perform a miracle; by rediscovering itself, it made others discover it, even if there wasn't much to begin with. On the north shore, where Indiana elbows into Lake Michigan, the Hoosiers built Dunes State Park in a sandy wasteland about as inviting as Death Valley. Behind sweeping sand dunes and cactus were gnarled, crooked trees, choked to death by the sand. Behind the dead trees was a swamp.

Today the Dunes are crisscrossed with nature trails, crowded with people who leave their grassy front lawns at home to study the sand and the desert shrubs. On Sundays a red light at the nearest intersection may jam a line of cars five miles long, crowded with bathing suits and basket lunches.

East of the Dunes is Pokagon State Park, once snowbound through the long winter and known only to near-by families for its summer bathing at Lake James. Now Pokagon, taken over by the state, is a winter playground, and roads are kept clear to its toboggan slides and ski runs. In the summer, when the snow melts, Lake James draws thousands of bathing parties who stay overnight, when there's room at the Potawatomi Inn.

There, around a log fire, the park naturalist tells them that the Potawatomis were the original Indians of Indiana, that Pokagon was their chief. The guests are usually impressed. By the time they leave, they can spell Potawatomi, pronounce it and wonder why it sounded strange in the first place.

To the southwest is Shakamak State Park, on some of the poorest coal-bearing land in America. With Hoosier ingenuity and an Indian name, which means "river of the long fish," the humble origin of Shakamak is well disguised. Old settlers remember how the power shovels moved in, searching for coal, and after turning up a damp, slate-streaked fuel, pushed on to better fields. With no competition, the three counties of Clay, Greene and Sullivan bought up the land and gave it to the state, as if glad to be rid of it.

Now what was once an eyesore is a thing of beauty. The old coal pits are flooded by artificial lakes, stocked with bass and blue gills, and the barren lands around are all reforested. Each year the swimmers, fishermen, bird hikers and nature lovers come to Shakamak. This year, as in the past, the lake that Indiana built on an abandoned coal pit will be the scene of the National A.A.U. women's swimming and diving championships.

Near Mitchell, Indiana, a deserted village became Spring Mill State Park, probably the greatest monument to Hoosier pride and Indiana's most popular park. More than 100 years ago in a wooded Indiana valley was the thriving village of Spring Mill, a settlement of log cabins and cornfields in the Middle West wilderness. Spring Mill held promise of becoming a city. Its grist mill and overshot water wheel were the largest in the region, grinding yellow corn and sawing timber for all the communities around.

TAKE IT EASY

Please don't fry my eggs in butter,
Save the sugar, spare the cream;
No, my wartime system's utter-
Ly opposed to steak supreme.

Just two gallons, sir, not twenty.
Four new tires would disconcert.
I can't stand this sudden plenty—
Give me time to reconvert.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT

Then came the railroad which might have linked the village to the Eastern seaboard and the new lands to the west. But the construction engineers, surveying the hills around Spring Mill, bypassed the village, and trade moved on. The water wheel rotted and the village fell apart.

Because of some rare blind fish swimming around in a cave near Spring Mill, an Indiana professor rediscovered the village. His strange experiments attracted attention, and the Hoosiers of Lawrence County, seeing the abandoned houses, got excited and called on Richard Lieber. Lieber was delighted. "You come down from the top of the hill," he said, "and you go back a hundred years."

Spring Mill was promptly admitted to the union of parks, its water wheel reconstructed, log cabins rebuilt and antiques offered by the people of Lawrence to put the settlement back on its feet. Now the little village that never grew up draws 50,000 guests a year.

As of this last spring, the state, surveying its present parks and looking critically at each new offer before throwing a fence around it, is planning on several additions. One may be the Angel Mounds along the Ohio, where Indian bones and pottery have been discovered and archeologists are hoping to excavate a complete Indian village. Another may be at the site of a deserted canal that once led from the Whitewater River to the Ohio. A third may be at the Whitewater River near Evansville, where four counties got together and raised $150,000 after finding Indian arrowheads and fossils on the premises. New parks, they reason, mean new tourists, and new tourists mean a bigger and better Indiana.

For many a visiting guest, the Hoosier parks are not merely vacation spots, but a kind of alma mater, demanding their loyalty. Some people come back every year on reunions, like the Ray Timmermanns of Cincinnati, whose family grew up on state park vacations; or Joe Potts, an architect from Louisville; or the Muncie, Indiana, schoolteacher who arrived when McCormick's Creek opened and has been coming back ever since. "There are two kinds of people here," a loyal booster of Clifty Falls used to say. "The tired and the retired."

There's also a third kind now, the honeymooners of World War II. The older guests at Spring Mill Inn, sitting by the great stone fireplace, make a kind of parlor game of counting and pointing them out. The front door opens and a fresh-scrubbed young lady of 18, with bright new clothes and rice in her hair, walks down the stairs. Behind her, struggling to balance three suitcases and a hatbox, is the young groom, dressed in corporal's clothes. This, says the Spring Mill management, goes on nearly every night now.

The Little Man from New Mexico

During the day, the state park guests can swim and ride horses and wear themselves out hiking over steep trails and looking at nature. While the lazy ones may stay in the park inn and drowse all day, Hoosier spirit routs most of the visitors out of bed. How it does this was best explained by the little man from New Mexico who used to rove America writing about the common people and lost his life in the Pacific writing about the common soldier. In 1940, Ernie Pyle visited Brown County State Park, where the leaves turn rust brown in fall and the folks live the homespun philosophy of Kin Hubbard, the Hoosier journalist, who made "Abe Martin" and his backwoods friends known all over America.

Happy-go-lucky in those days, Ernie admitted he had "fallen head over heels for the place, and the people, and the hills, and the whole general air of peacefulness." He wrote about living alone in a log cabin and how the Brown County people lock up their houses and then hang the key on a nail at the front door. And he wrote about how they woke him up for a bird hunt in the state park:

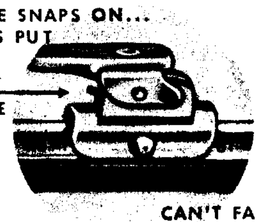
"John Horton came past my cabin at four o'clock in the morning and honked. I could have killed him . . . I was so sleepy I couldn't have seen a bird if one had lit on my nose. The only thing that kept me awake at all was marveling at the strange talk of these bird fanciers. . . . They saw birds in trees where I couldn't even see a tree. And they constantly heard birds where I heard nothing but a ringing in my ears.

"The only two birds I ever saw were a kingfisher and a scarlet tanager," Ernie ended up. "The kingfisher was sitting on a fence along a lake watching the fish in the water. And since he didn't move for five minutes, I finally did get a focus on him. The scarlet tanager flew past and was such a streak of violent red that even a man in a stupor couldn't help seeing it."

Perhaps the Hoosiers still think of Ernie Pyle that way—as a little man going along on a bird hunt at four o'clock in the morning, even when he couldn't see the birds, because this was Indiana where everything was wonderful.

THE END

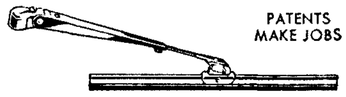
ANCO RAIN-MASTER
"Dead-Locker"
WINDSHIELD WIPER ARMS and BLADES



(A war-born invention—by ANCO—first for military aircraft—now for your car.)

DON'T SHOOT YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

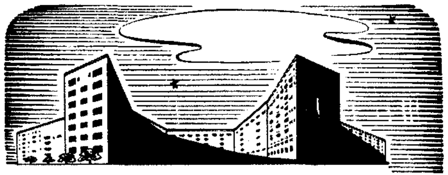
He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car... in stormy weather... with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them—Newest Models! But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? You can't shoot him for that!



After all, it's *your* car to protect. So *you* remind *him*. Get RAIN-MASTERS . . . patented features...original equipment on many makes of high grade cars and trucks...used in war—on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too...because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner . . . last longer. May save you a costly smashup.

Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Established 1918
GARY, INDIANA



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ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT HOTELS
Frank E. Weakly, President
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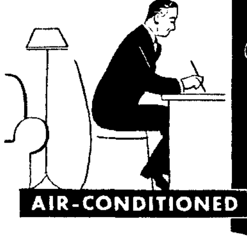

IT'S COOL HERE!
HOTEL
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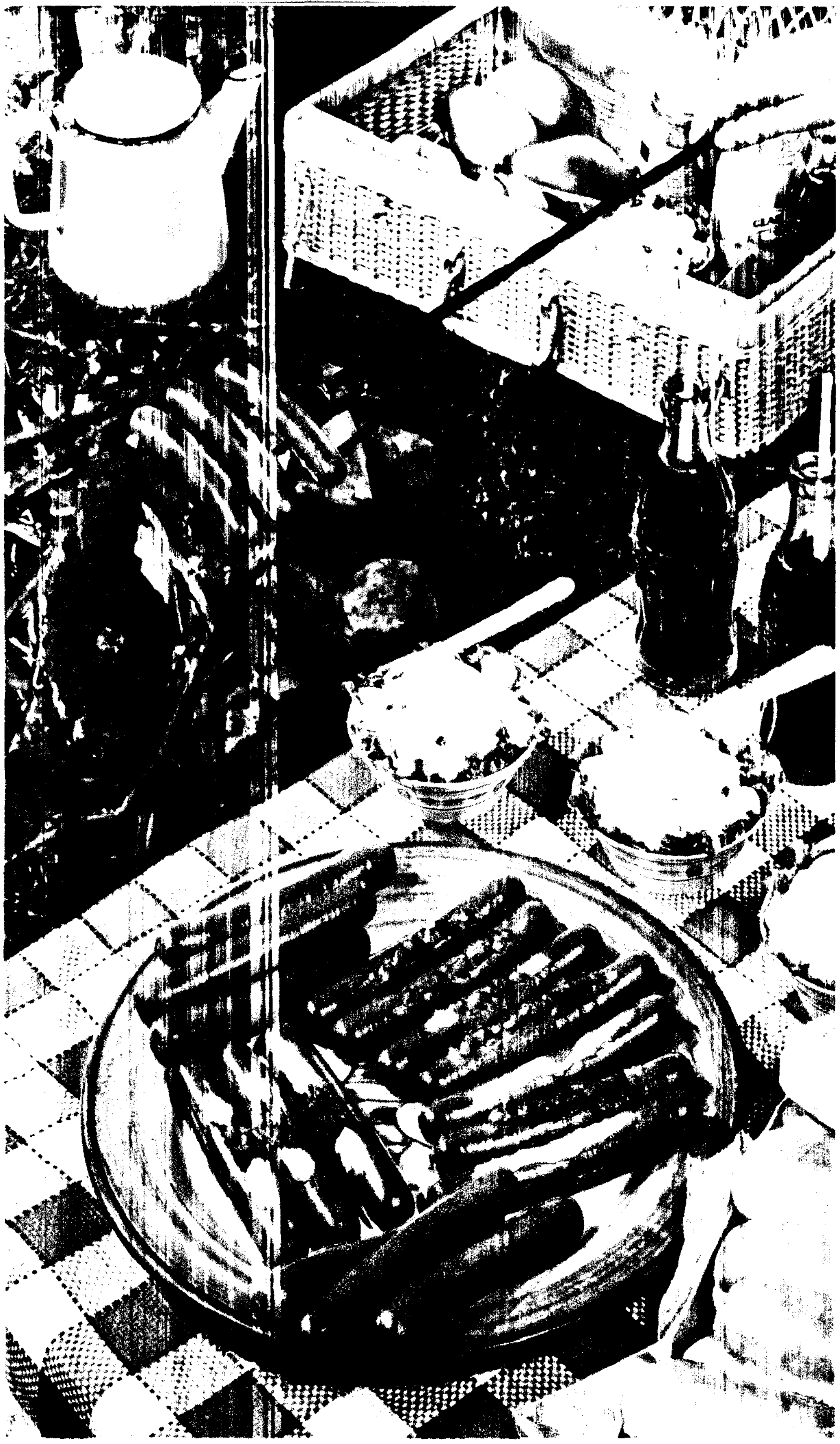


Skinless FRANKFURTERS
TRADE MARK

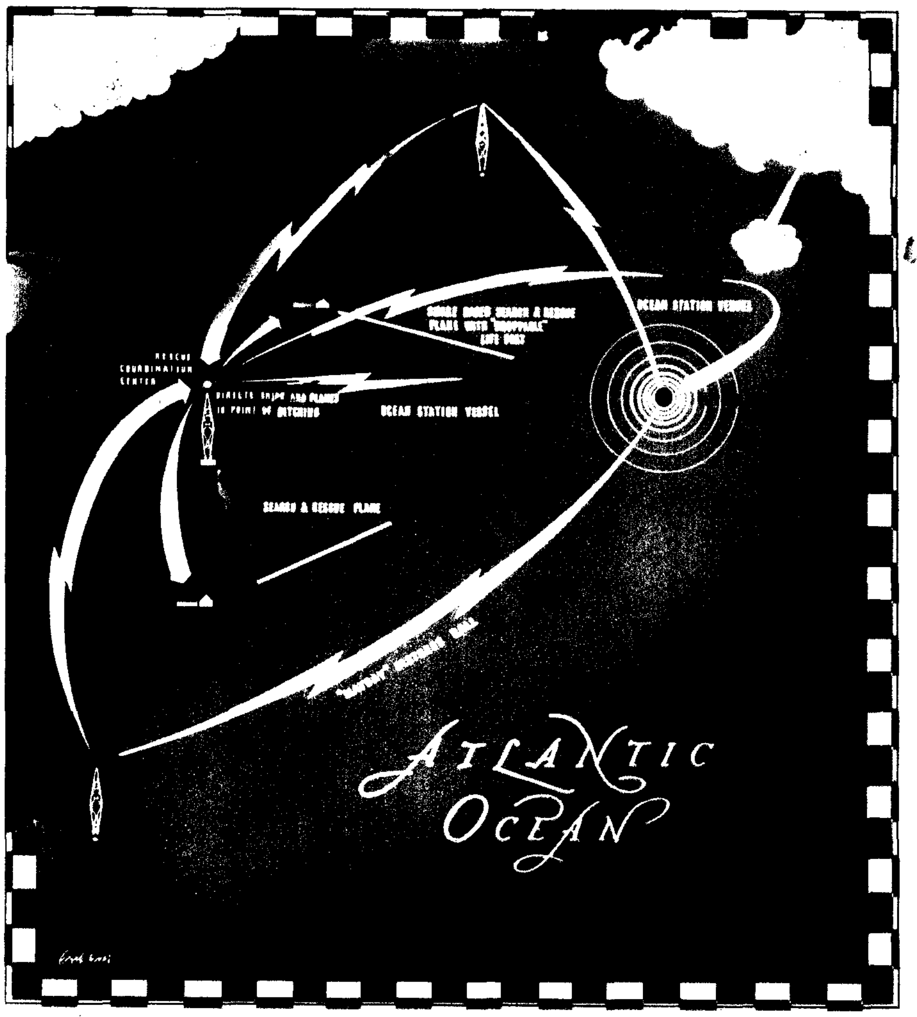
. . . whenever you aim to please!

Skinless franks have such winning ways! Tops in flavor. Extra tender. Always juicy. No skins! No waste!

Made the modern Skinless way, the frank's own natural surface seals in all the tempting goodness. Your favorite packer cooks and smokes these franks in Visking's pure, Cellophane-like casings, which he removes when taste perfection is reached. Result—you have a meat treat without a skin!

Just watch Skinless franks do a complete disappearing act from every plate. They're that much more delicious!

SAY *SKINLESS* WHEN YOU SAY FRANKFURTERS
THE VISKING CORPORATION, 6733 West 65th Street, Chicago 38, Ill.
SKINLESS FRANKFURTERS and WIENERS


RESCUE COORDINATION CENTER
DIRECTS SHIPS AND PLANES TO POINT OF DITCHING
OCEAN STATION VESSEL
SEARCH & RESCUE PLANE WITH "DROPPABLE" LIFE BOAT
OCEAN STATION VESSEL
SEARCH & RESCUE PLANE
ATLANTIC OCEAN

What about Ditching?

II

THERE are many combinations under which a four-engined land plane would have to ditch and there is no such thing as transocean pilots practicing it in their spare time. But the war-developed knowledge of how to build a commercial land plane for over-water service is now embodied in our DC-4s and Constellations.

Four-engined bombers were particularly vulnerable to quick sinking. The bomb-bay doors usually crumpled on impact and the ocean flowed in quickly.

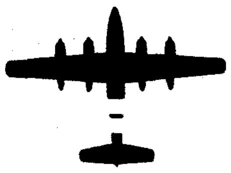
One of the most vulnerable to ditching, yet one of the most efficient bombers, was the B-24 Liberator. In addition to its bomb-bay-door Achilles' heel, its wing was mounted atop the fuselage. Before the flotation possibilities of the wing could become effective on ditching, the fuselage was practically submerged. Low-wing aircraft, like the DC-4 and the Constellation, can place some reliance on the flotation qualities of the wings.

There is one case on record of a commercial DC-3 which ditched off the Pacific coast before the war, and the cabin was kept high and relatively dry by the buoyancy of the empty gas tanks in the wings, though several persons were lost in attempting to swim ashore in the belief that the plane would sink fast. It finally drifted onto the beach.

To overcome the ditching disadvantage of the B-24, the Army Air Forces tossed the problem to the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, our governmental scientific aeronautical research organization. NACA built an exact model of the Liberator, about the size of a standard office desk, and catapulted it into the water. Slow-motion pictures recorded the result, which coincided with actual ditching experiences at sea. Then NACA engineers built another model, beefing up the bomb-bay doors and other spots never intended to withstand a hard smack on the ocean. This time the B-24 model performed handsomely.

NACA's engineers and the Army then took a life-size Liberator, stressed it up like the model and deliberately ditched it. The live full-scale ditching performance compared favorably with the model.

When the delegates to the International Civil Aviation Conference in Chicago in the winter of 1944 voted to establish an International Search and Rescue organization, they had in mind the brilliantly successful Air Sea Rescue work of the armed services in England and America which saved more than 6,000 members of the R.A.F. and more than 3,000 American airmen from the waters off Europe. Add to these the lives saved in the Middle East and in the waters surrounding Burma and India and the thousands of Americans saved in the Pacific, and the total probably is well over 20,000 rescued by Allied Air Sea Rescue teams.



Pending final organization of a permanent international civil aviation body, a provisional group was established in Montreal. To date 44 of the 54 nations in attendance at Chicago have joined up. Soon after it got under way in Montreal, this Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization (PICAO) established a Search Rescue Committee and divided up the world into areas for safe standards and practices of commercial aircraft operation. The North Atlantic area, being the heaviest traveled already and due to hold that lead for years to come,

MAP BY JIM LOCKHART

was tackled first, and the experts have worked out a manual of safe, efficient and uniform operating procedures for airmen flying in this region and detailed procedure for Search and Rescue.

Pre-eminent in their accomplishments, so far, is the decision to establish 13 ocean station vessels, modified destroyer escorts, to be strung out at 400-mile intervals along the principal and alternate routes from America to Europe. They are to serve as weather collecting and reporting posts, communication and navigation points, and be ready on a moment's notice to dash to the spot of a ditched aircraft. Now there are only four ships on the 1,800-mile airway between Newfoundland and Ireland.

The operating agency for America in this international organization is the Coast Guard, though for the present the Army Air Forces and the Navy are contributing airmen and aircraft to provide an efficient stand-by organization until a permanent one can be built back from the wreckage of demobilization.

Search and Rescue work took on permanent organized, official status in America early in 1944 when, at the request of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Navy established the Air Sea Rescue Agency with the commandant of the Coast Guard at the head and assisted by a board of experts from the Army and Navy. It still serves as a clearing house for information on all search and rescue equipment, devices and methods developed by the Army's Wright Field, the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics and private industry.

Its immediate head is Commander William B. Schiebel, U.S.C.G., who is also chairman of the American group on the PICAO Search and Rescue Organization. Thirty-eight-year-old Commander Schiebel is a native of Omaha and a graduate of the Coast Guard Academy in 1929. He won his wings 10 years ago and has had vast experience in Air Sea Rescue work, including a personal one when he had to ditch a patrol plane in the Pacific.

THROUGHOUT the war the Agency kept American and Allied services promptly informed on the latest equipment developed for saving lives at sea, in the tropics and the arctic; where to get it and how to use it. Its monthly Air Sea Rescue Bulletin, edited by Lieutenant Commander R. E. Fowler, U.S.C.G.R., of New York, is required reading for all airmen.

Personal plane owners and pilots now planning to expand operations to all parts of the Western Hemisphere could dispose of their safety worries if they consulted the Air Sea Rescue Agency on what to take along in the way of survival equipment and how to use it before departing on flights over isolated areas.

The Agency maintains an exhibit in Washington of current equipment developed for use on any part of the globe, and it is this exhibit which Captain Eddie Rickenbacker declares should be duplicated and shown in all large cities.

Impressed with the Air Sea Rescue Agency's wealth of material on Search and Rescue, the Dublin conference requested the Agency to prepare a number of motion-picture films for circulation to all nations now members of PICAO. They want a complete picturization of a ditching at sea of a transatlantic land plane near an ocean station vessel viewed both from plane and ship.

This work is now being undertaken by Lieutenant Commander Don Farran, of Iowa, who wrote and produced training films on all phases of Navy life from submarines beneath the surface to aircraft in flight for three war years. Commander Farran, a writer and producer of plays before entering the service, will use a Constellation for the picture but a model of the plane will be employed for the actual ditching scenes.

Rescue Co-ordination Centers for the North Atlantic Area are now established at Halifax, Nova Scotia; Bordeaux, France; Reykjavik, Iceland; Shannon, Ireland; Amsterdam, Holland; Stavanger, Norway; Argentia, Newfoundland; Prestwick, Scotland; Lisbon, Portugal; the Azores, Madrid, Bermuda and New York City.

In New York the Coast Guard operates the master co-ordination center for the East coast. There, on boards and charts, are plotted the location, name, nationality, port of destination and cruising speed of every surface vessel on the North Atlantic. The same information is kept current for all aircraft. Weather information at East coast landing fields is available on a moment's notice as well as weather conditions along the airways and shipping lanes.

BEING unable, fortunately, to detail how this organization leaps into action on receipt of the first "Mayday" distress message from a commercial airliner out over the ocean (because at this writing there have been none), the Coast Guard has to dig back in its records to the closing days of the war when a Canadian C-47 (military version of the DC-3) got into trouble en route from Montreal to Bermuda.

The C-47 left at 11:38 A.M. and at 4:18 P.M. Montreal received a message that the port engine was acting up. Montreal immediately notified the Coast Guard at New York, which promptly alerted the Army Air Transport Command at Manchester, New Hampshire. It, in turn, informed its people in Bermuda. At 5:03 the C-47 radioed that its starboard engine also was failing and that it was preparing to ditch 200 miles north of Bermuda.

New York's board showed four merchant ships in the vicinity and word was sent to them to be on the lookout for the distressed plane or its survivors. Commercial planes would have been alerted but there were none in that vicinity at that time.

Two minutes after the distressed plane sent its 5:03 message, ATC told New York that it had two planes en route to Bermuda and that it would attempt to divert them to the lame C-47. All was silent until 5:41 when the C-47 reported it was climbing slowly, indicating it was recovering some lost power. Ten minutes later an Army B-17 Flying Dutchman, carrying a droppable lifeboat, reported it was on its way to rendezvous with the crippled plane, and at about the same time came word that a British crash boat had been dispatched from Bermuda.

Meanwhile, direction-finding stations in Bermuda and Canada were taking frequent radio bearings on the plane and were relaying its current position to New York. Then at 6:29 the Flying Dutchman reported he was alongside the C-47 100 miles north of Bermuda, ready to parachute his power-driven rescue boat to the surface the moment the plane ditched. This reassurance undoubtedly influenced the C-47 pilot to expend every effort to stagger on in rather than ditch, so he somehow managed to keep the plane in the air. At 7 P.M. he sighted the Bermuda field as he was slowly running out of altitude—he was then down to 300 feet—and six minutes later he put the wheels on the runway.

The Coast Guard is especially pleased with this performance because it brought into action on a highly efficient basis the Royal Air Force Transport Command, the Royal Canadian Air Force, the Royal Navy, the Army Air Transport Command, the United States Navy and the Coast Guard—an example of co-ordination and co-operation which it hopes will always endure.

THE END

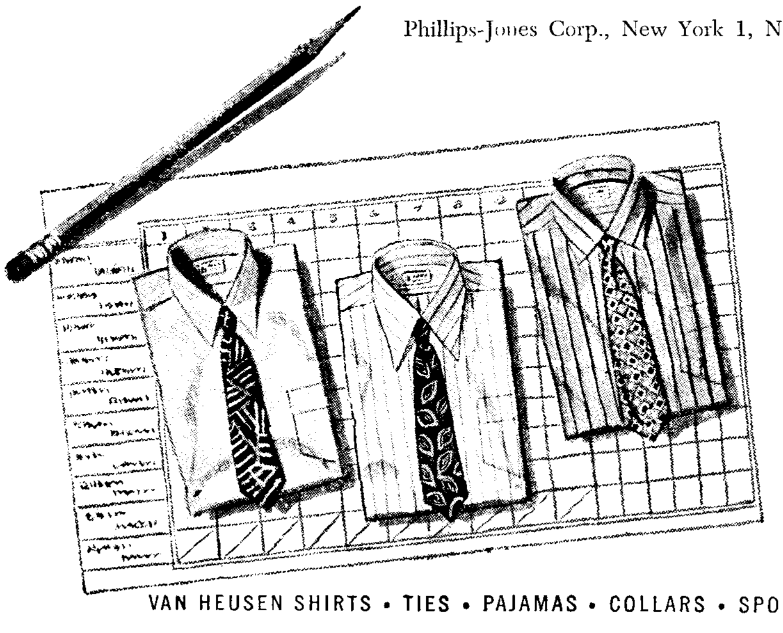
LINE-UP FOR TODAY
VAN HEUSEN

high scoring stripes by

Van Heusen

You're a Big Leaguer in these colorful Spring stripes by Van Heusen . . . every one bats a thousand for good looks! • Van Heusen quality is in there pitching too! Fabrics and tailoring are laboratory tested . . . bathed, pulled, pounded, pressed, dried, even ultra-violet-rayed to prove they'll give you tops in wear, comfort and style. Sanforized—a new one free if a Van Heusen Shirt ever shrinks out of size!

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y.



VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

[illegible] e's Foot

[illegible] tested!

Clinical tests, laboratory tests prove Absorbine Jr. may relieve *your* Athlete's Foot symptoms, too!

To kill laboratory cultures of the organisms which are the cause of painful Athlete's Foot is one thing, but to reach these organisms on the living tissues of human feet so as to relieve the symptoms is far more difficult.

That is what Absorbine Jr. has been proved to do in 3 out of 4 cases which were tested under strictest clinical and laboratory control.

REPEAT—3 out of 4 suffering from Athlete's Foot got complete relief—not partial relief, complete relief, from the symptoms of this painful skin condition by application of Absorbine Jr.

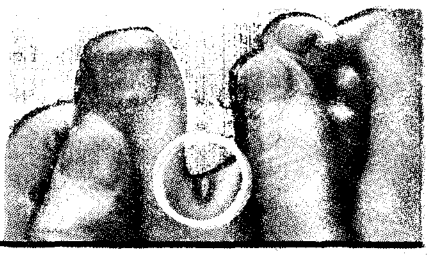
ATHLETE'S FOOT ORGANISMS DIE AT TOUCH OF ABSORBINE JR.

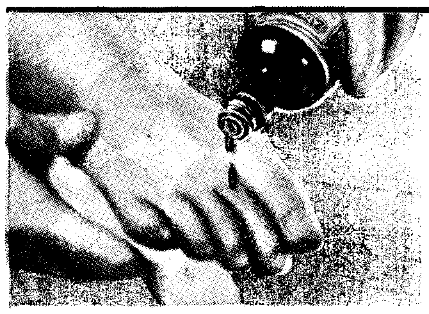
Photomicrograph shows Athlete's Foot organisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.

Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact—they can't grow causing you pain and misery.

Cracks warn of danger

Examine the skin between your toes tonight! Is it cracked, raw? Is itching present? These signs often mean that your feet have been infected with Athlete's Foot organisms.





Drench these cracks with Absorbine Jr.

At the first signs of cracked skin between the toes apply Absorbine Jr. at once. Pour it on full strength. Often a swab soaked in Absorbine Jr. will help remove loosened patches of dead skin, if rubbed gently.

Guard against reinfection! Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect your shoes. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all drugstores.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Absorbine Jr.

Kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact

The Week's Mail

Continued from page 8

DEAR EDITOR: So many times I have heard parents teach their youngsters the simple prayer of childhood beginning "Now I lay me down to sleep," and I have often wondered what a child's reaction is to the line, "If I should die before I wake." I much prefer the following version of the lovely old prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
And pray the Lord my soul to keep,
To guard and guide me through this night
That I may wake with the morning light."

JEANNE C. SCHNEIDER
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR: As a writer and teacher of scriptural subjects, I am deeply impressed by Sidney Shalett's article, The Deadliest War, in your issue of June 15th.

Biological warfare existed long ago. In the Book of Zechariah, 14:12, a "war plague" which would smite the people of that day with a disease beyond the ken of science was predicted.

The term "inhuman" is often misused. Is *any* weapon of war "human"? Is war itself?

C. W. DEAN
Norfolk, Va.

A passage from the prophecy: "And this shall be the plague. . . . Their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their sockets, and their tongue shall consume away in their mouth."

DEAR EDITOR: If Mr. Lewis is so interested in the proper hospitalization and care of his miners, why doesn't he have each miner pay twenty-five cents a month—which would amount to a million two hundred thousand dollars a year—to finance the business?

H. W. DERUYTER
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Referred to Mr. Lewis.

DEAR EDITOR: In his article dealing with filibusters, in your June 15th issue, Senator Morse pleads for minority rather than majority rule, since he specifically admits that without majority acquiescence filibusters could not exist.

It is my observation that the opponents of the filibuster tactics are usually a minority who know or feel that if a vote can be had on a certain day, enough of their opponents will find it politically inexpedient to vote their convictions, so that the minority will prevail.

I venture the opinion that in most cases filibusters tend to protect the people from ill-advised or badly drawn legislation.

CHAUNCEY P. CARTER,
Attorney at Law
Washington, D.C.

Filibuster: "A member of a legislative or deliberative body who, in opposition to the proposed action of the majority, obstructs or prevents action by the extreme use of dilatory tactics, such as speaking merely to consume time."—Webster's New International Dictionary.

DEAR EDITOR: As commandant of the Third U.S. Army School Center, I have taken the liberty of mimeographing extracts from Joel W. Westbrook's Our Army *Is* Undemocratic and distributing them to student officers attending the Company Grade Officers Course.

Mr. Westbrook's concept of discipline and the officer-enlisted man relationship is entirely in accord with the thought of our Regular Army.

JOHN T. COLE, Colonel, Cavalry
APO 209

DEAR EDITOR: In The Week's Mail in your issue of May 25th you print a letter by Justin Gray, of New York City, who says—in his cloud of dust: "Democracy is no idealist term. It can and has existed in armies." I would like to know in *wh* armies.

E. H. SHERIDAN, Captain TC
Camp Gordon, Ga.

DEAR EDITOR: I was in Newark, N. J., the day your April 13th issue appeared on the newsstands, and I read the article in it by Kyle Crichton, Our Schools Are a Scandal. The next day I addressed a group of about two hundred business, labor and professional leaders from all parts of the state. In the course of my talk, I referred to the article and asked how many in the group had read it. To my delight, I found that over half of those present had seen it.

I believe that in the printing of that splendid article you have done public education in America a very real service.

RICHARD B. KENNAN
Washington, D.C.

DEAR EDITOR: Although I read Kyle Crichton's Our Schools Are a Scandal some time ago, somehow I can't forget it, for it made a tremendous impression on me. I hope it proves fruitful, and that the newspapers and other magazines follow your lead in giving the public the truth about the educational system of this country—what's wrong with it, and what should be done about it.

WAYNE L. KING
San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR: Until they make more practical salt and pepper shakers "A Collier's Fan" should try placing strips of cellulose tape over the openings of the "pretty china ones." The strips will hold the contents as securely as corks and will eliminate the trouble caused by corks breaking or pushing through where they can't be reached.

WILLIAM SWALLOW
Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the issue of June 22d a reader in Randolph, Mass., complained about the salt and pepper shakers that are in use today.

DEAR EDITOR: Collier's is using marvelous judgment in its selection of artists and their work. All of the pictures you use are good, but one—in your issue of May 18th—especially charmed me. That one, by Nathan Machtey, illustrates a story called Bright Message.

Your technical processes also deserve some credit. How do you get such rich, warm, delicately natural coloring?

B. STEPHENSON
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Collier's color pages are produced by the rotogravure method at a top speed of 20,000 an hour. Gravure ink dries instantly and thus each color is deposited on a clean, dry paper surface.

DEAR EDITOR: Ex-G.I. Karl O. Simonson and his wife have a garden here in Elkhart. One of their neighbors, Jesse Davenport, also has a garden. When M Davenport learned that Mr. Simonson—who won a Purple Heart in Italy—couldn't plow his garden with a horse-drawn plow (the ground being so soft the horses always bogged down) he got busy.

One evening, a platoon of about twenty men descended on the veteran's place, where, working hard for three hours with spades, rakes and hoes, they prepared the garden for planting.

After all, there are a lot of wonderful people in this world, aren't there?

(No signature)
Elkhart, Ind.

The Week's Work

Author Velie and photographer Knopf view Kaiser's shipyards from every angle. Their crane-borne chariot is guided by a skilled rigger

WE KNOW the kind of story the new serial, Sleep, My Love (p. 13), should be, because of the way the author signs his name. "Make it 'By Leonard Q. Ross,'" he said.

Here's how this author decides on which name to use where. "I like to write serious stuff under my own name (Leo C. Rosten)," he says, "light fiction and fun as Leonard Ross; and humor and satire under the name Leonard Q. Ross. As Leo Rosten, I've often been accused of having no sense of humor; as Leonard Q. Ross I've often been accused of not being serious enough. Most of my friends are psychoanalysts and none of them has called me schizophrenic yet."

Maybe his friends are too tactful with Mr. Rosten, because if Sleep, My Love is humor, as the by-line indicates, it is humor so frightening it might have been written by a schizophrenic.

However, the label shouldn't interfere with the readers' pleasure. For our money, there are a lot of happy shudders in this tale of psychological horror.

Rosten is a Ph.D., Phi Beta Kappa kind of fellow, who has lectured at several universities. Writing fiction and melodrama is his escape, he says. "I enjoy it as some men do drink, gambling or scratching Hindu maxims on pinheads."

THE fishermen three in the big steel bucket are Lester Velie, author of The Truth About Henry Kaiser (p. 11), Hans Knopf, who illustrated Velie's articles, and a rigger at Kaiser's Richmond shipyards near Oakland, California.

"We took the bucket ride to get a bird's-eye view of the shipyards," Velie says, "but give me a roller coaster or a Ferris wheel anytime. The thing is suspended by what looks like a very thin strand of wire, and it wobbles and rocks around in a way to make you sure it is about to tip you out."

Velie spent some six weeks on research for his Kaiser series, traveling up and down the West Coast, and to Detroit and Washington to gather the intricate strands of the Kaiser enterprises.

When Velie and Knopf had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Kaiser at their Oakland home, they enjoyed some of the very best caviar—a gift Molotov made to Kaiser during the San Francisco U.N. conference. Dinner was served by Louis On, a dignified Chinese, who on V-J Day clasped his employer's hand and said, "Thank you and America, Mr. Kaiser, for helping China to win the war."

ANDRE FONTAINE tells us that some days in the life of a Collier's associate editor are more trying than other days. Like one day last week which started for Andy with burned toast, a crying child, a missed train, and rushed maliciously on to a baffling climax with the arrival on his desk of a manuscript which began as follows:

ЧЕРНИЛА И КРОВЬ

Соединенные Штаты страна большая, многообразная и своеобразная. Я провел здесь два месяца. Этого, конечно, мало, чтобы узнать Америку, но этого достаточно, чтобы узнать, насколько мало мы знаем американцев и насколько американцы знают нас.

Илья Эренбург

That last was the signature.

Andy engaged a translator from the American Russian Institute, and the manuscript emerged as Ink and Blood, by Ilya Ehrenburg on p. 17.

This week's cover: It is an unposed action shot of Joe DiMaggio, in color, snapped by photographer David Peskin. Such a picture as this, a candid photograph in color, would not have been possible a short time ago, because until recently speed and color did not mix.

This picture was taken during an actual game between the Yanks and the Dodgers, with the photographer crouching less than fifteen feet from home plate. You will find more of Peskin's work on p. 62. . . . A. P.

A TRULY GREAT NAME

Among America's Great Whiskies

Neither time nor circumstance has altered our adherence to the distilling methods which have earned for Old Crow the esteem of many generations

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

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Kentucky Straight

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OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
W.A.Gaines

Spring house, over 70 years old, at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still in use.

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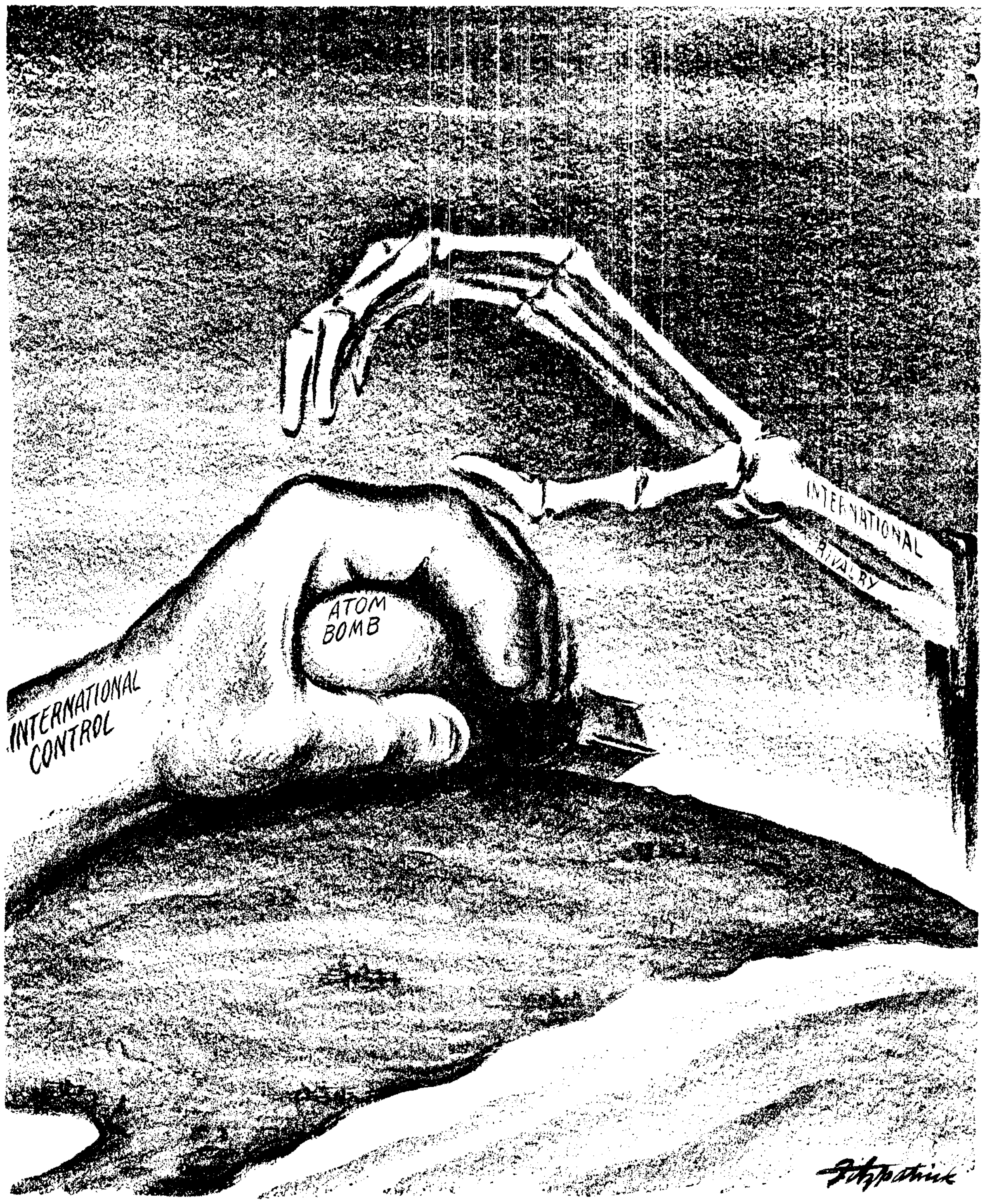


CONTROL OR CHAOS

THERE are two phases of the problem of controlling atomic energy exploration in such a way as to avoid an atomic finish for the human race.

One of these phases has to do with control in the United States, the nation which produced the first atom bombs and up to now has the only plants for making them. The other phase of the problem concerns international control of atomic energy development. A good start toward solving the American part of the problem was made, it seems to us, when the Senate passed the McMahon bill.

This bill offered an answer to the question whether civilians or military and naval men were to predominate in directing atomic energy research and development in the United States. The civilians won—and that victory is in tune with the long-time American principle that civil authority in our democracy must always be superior to military authority.

Under the McMahon measure, members of the National Atomic Energy Commission would hold their jobs by Presidential appointment subject to Senate confirmation. The chairman's salary would be $17,500 a year; the other members would be paid $15,000 each.

This commission would encourage research in atomic energy peacetime uses—with special reference at first, presumably, to medicine and to power production. Private business would not be permitted to own fissionable materials. But the NAEC would contract with private business to handle government-owned fissionable materials and operate government-owned plants for production of atomic energy.

However, the McMahon bill's framers also took cognizance of the fact that up to now the only known use of atomic energy is the war use embodied in the atom bomb. Accordingly, it was stipulated that atomic war research should be carried on under the supervision of a Military Liaison Committee, so called, this committee's members to be appointed by the secretaries of War and the Navy, and the committee itself to be responsible to the Atomic Energy Commission.

This setup should accomplish two things: It should push research in atomic energy for peacetime uses as safely and speedily as can be hoped; and it should keep military atomic research in the United States at least abreast of such research elsewhere.

Altogether, this looks like the most practical answer that can be devised at this time to the problem of atomic control in this country.

How about the international phase of the problem?

We could go in for one of two extreme answers to that question. For one, we could at once publish to the whole world every technical secret we possess about how to make atom bombs, so that every country desiring to do so could build bomb plants and start producing. Or we could refuse ever to let any other nation in on any of these secrets, and challenge the rest of the world to surpass our atom bomb achievements if it could.

In the first of these cases, we'd be simple-minded suckers; in the second, we might be inviting catastrophe to our own country. Somewhere between these two extremes should lie a common-sense solution to the problem of world atomic energy control.

Such a solution seems to us to have been outlined in the report which David E. Lilienthal, chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and a small group of scientists got out a few months ago at the instance of the State Department.

Lilienthal's proposal is that we release our atom bomb secrets if, and only if, we are 100 per cent sure that all other nations will keep us informed up to the minute, of their own progress in development of new weapons. This all-around constant exchange of scientific war information would be supervised and enforced by top scientists of all nations, as the only persons qualified to know whether every nation was or was not playing fair.

Thus, the price of admission to our secrets of military science would be a constant look-see at everybody else's secrets.

It remains to be seen whether all nations ever can be sold this proposition which we've laid in the lap of the U.N. Commission on Atomic Energy, via the Baruch report. If they can be, the world should stand a reasonable chance of avoiding an eventual atomic, biologic, radioactive-particle and guided-rocket war. If they can't, then civilization's prospects of long survival don't look too bright.

STORY ABOUT A MAYOR

PICTURESQUE, brawling, romantic, gambling New Orleans, Louisiana, has a new mayor, named De Lesseps S. Morrison. Morrison is a realist, and a while ago he determined to do something about gambling in New Orleans.

People are going to go on gambling, Morrison reasoned, so why not legalize gambling so as to control it and tax it? He worked out a plan to authorize 3,000 slot machines and 250 racing handbooks in New Orleans, and to permit roulette, dice and card gambling in private clubs.

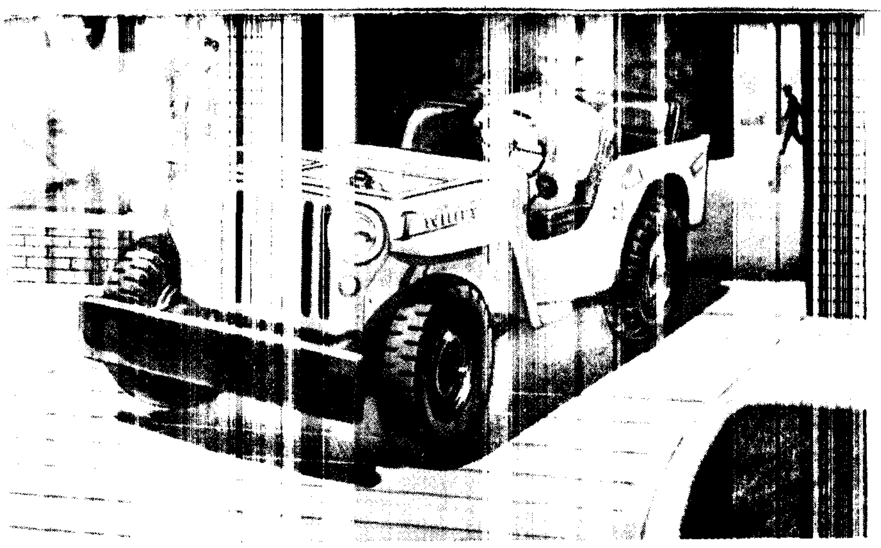
At a tax rate of 20 per cent on these activities, Morrison estimated that the city would collect about $7,000,000 a year.

Morrison submitted his plan to the Louisiana legislature; and a storm of righteous indignation came roaring down on his head. Moralists howled and clergymen of the straiter-laced denominations yelled, and the gambling bills died in the process. Morrison then polled the people of New Orleans to see whether they approved his ideas, and the score was 50,683 votes in his favor and 7,334 against him. But that is all the good the poll has done him up to this writing.

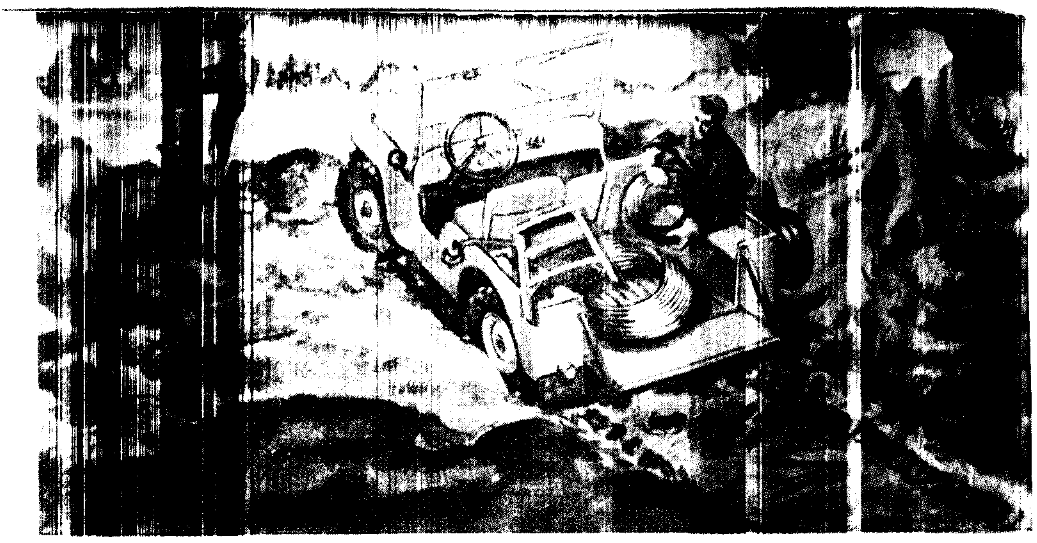
What Morrison ran afoul of, clearly, was a curious dualism which exists in the American character. We have a strange fondness for trying to eat our moralistic cake and have it, too.

We pass a federal prohibition law, but all those who want to drink go right on drinking, until finally the dry law is laughed off the books. Gambling is unlawful in many of our communities, but that doesn't keep anybody who wants to gamble from gambling. We outlaw national lotteries, but buy scads of tickets in foreign lotteries. And so on and so forth.

If we ever get over this dualism, which some bluntly call hypocrisy, we'll have taken a long step toward national honesty and forthrightness. But the signs that we ever shall get over it are few and far between.



POWER, [illegible] ed of the Universal "Jeep" make it a per- ...ervice [illegible] stations and [illegible] owners. Truck bed hauls ...ies and to [illegible]



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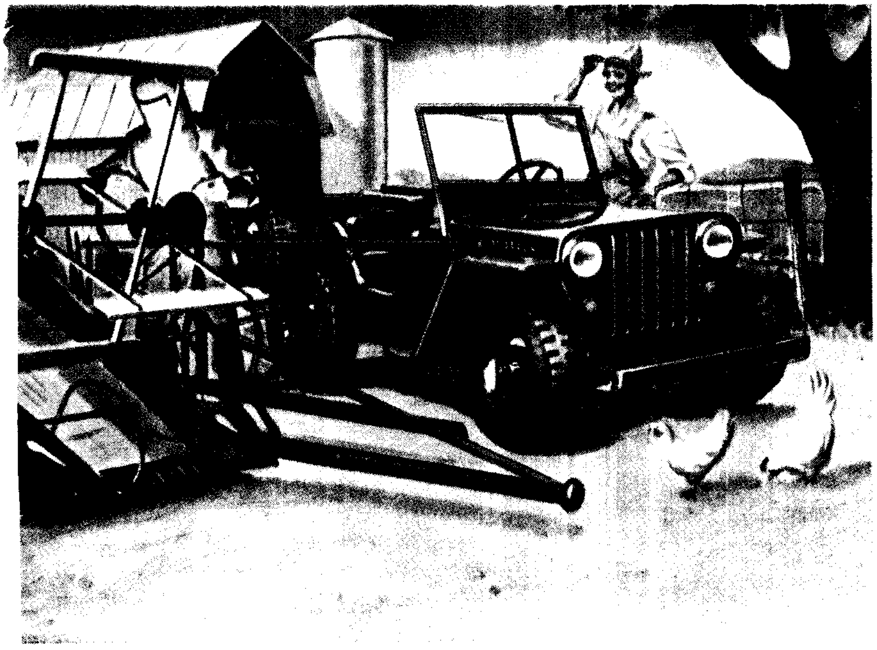
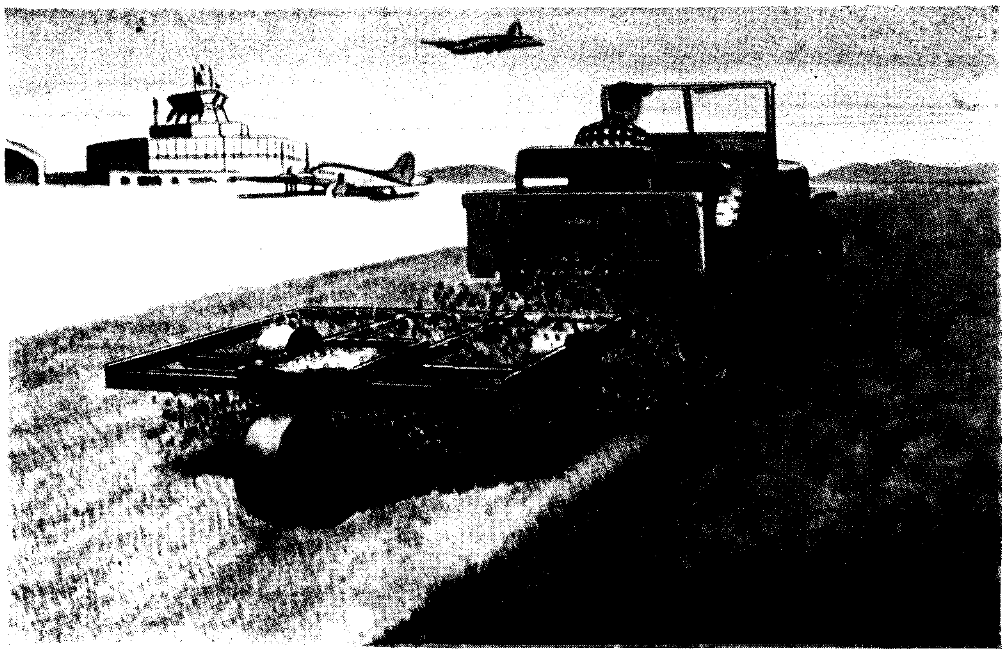
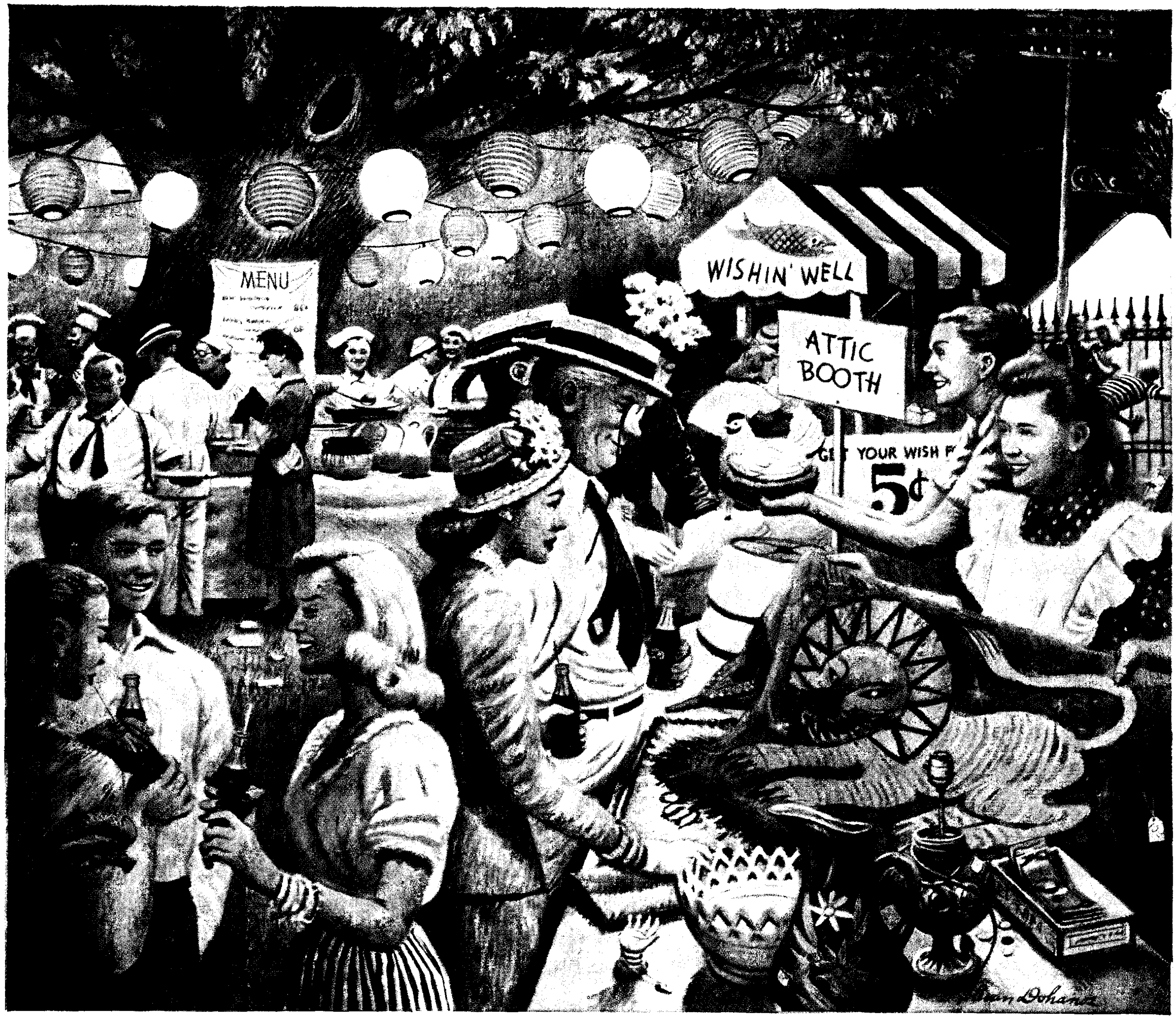
OBILE ARC-WELDING SERVICE anywhere, any time, with the "Jeep" equipped [illegible] this 200 amp. arc-welding unit, with generator operated by V-belt drive [illegible] power take-off. Ask your dealer about it.



USED AS A LIGHT TRACTOR, the "Jeep" pulls gang-mowers at airports or clubs . . . tows trailers . . . operates most farm implements. Rear power take-off runs equipment driven by spline-shaft or pulley.



Pitch in, folks...Have a Coca-Cola



...*fun, friends and refreshment*

It's a great time when the whole town turns out for a lawn social. Everybody arrives in high old spirits and all set to have a whirl at the food and games and bazaars. But best of all there's fun and friendliness all 'round. *Have a Coke* says friend to neighbor, meaning *Mighty glad you're here*—and they enjoy *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola.

* * *

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Drink
Coca-Cola
5¢

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